This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

052
G338
v.239

W. E. Horn

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

VOL. XIII.

JULY—DECEMBER.

STANFORD LIBRARY

LONDON:
GRANT & CO., 72 TO 78, TURNMILL STREET, E.C.
1874.

LONDON
GRANT AND CO., PRINTERS, 72-78, TURNMILL STREET, E.C.

166395

STANFORD LIBRARY

# PREFACE.

THERE is one respect in which Sylvanus Urban from generation to generation has been singled out for special favour. His friends have always been very outspoken in his behalf. I am not able to say that in these twelve months during which the latest successor of Edward Cave has occupied this chair, any poetic appreciator of the ancient periodical in its modern guise has addressed a poem to Mr. Urban, like that which filled the place of a Preface to the volume which was made up one hundred and twenty-five years ago, commencing thus:

> Though hard the task each different taste to please,
> 'Tis yours that labour to perform with ease.

Such honour as this has perhaps never been deserved since the melancholy day when the founder of the magazine, as Dr. Johnson tells us, "died, on January 10, 1754, æt. 63, having just concluded his twenty-third annual collection." But in the public journals and in private epistles, in very good and satisfactory modern prose, a great deal of kindly testimony has reached me, conveying assurances that my endeavours to sustain the credit of the magazine among its old friends, and to gather new readers around it, have not been altogether misdirected.

While I express my grateful sense of these generous acknowledgments, I offer some slight explanation of the course I have sought to pursue, and of the spirit which will direct my future exertions. This is due not only to a few readers who, while presenting congratulations, have at the same time proffered counsel, and have asked for a revival

of this or that particular literary feature which has been conspicuous at some period of the magazine's history; but also to the numerous ladies and gentlemen whose literary exercises reach me by every post, and whose contributions, if I could but set them in print, would fill five or six magazines every month. In anything like exact terms I fear I cannot define my aims, but I hope to be understood when I say that I desire that the magazine should maintain a high intellectual character, and that every article in it, every stanza, every sketch, each chapter of a story even, should add some mite to the genuine literary wealth of the time, to the true portraiture of the period, to its history, to the artistic expression of original sentiment, to the embodiment of current thought, to the portrayal, and, perhaps, the elucidation of the mood and feeling of the age. Reading in these days is a necessary part of every occupation and every pursuit, and much of our daily reading is not in a high sense of the term literature. But every page of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE should be a contribution to actual literature, and appeal to—and, if possible, help somewhat to increase—the general stock of literary feeling in the constantly augmenting world of readers. So when one correspondent asks me to give greater attention to a record of sporting affairs, and another writes for a continuation of the old Monthly Obituary, and a third wants a Parliamentary summary, and a fourth a periodical account of the doings of the Archæological Societies, I am not able to comply in the sense of my correspondents' communications. Unless there is something in the subject—or in the writer—which lifts the contribution into what seems to me to be the genuine atmosphere of literature, history, art, intellectual development, or portraiture of life and character and *manners,* these pages do not seem to be the place for *them. I hope to* be pardoned if I glance for a moment

at some of the material of the two volumes for 1874 in illustration. Angling, for example, is evidently a very fascinating pastime to those who have been brought within the influence of its captivation, but I should not have run a series of nine articles on fishing through successive monthly numbers if the author of "Waterside Sketches" had not been a man of reflection and a lover of nature who knew how to place himself in sympathy with a large class of thoughtful, cultivated, and observant minds. Those sketches of "Men and Manner in Parliament" are an actual reflex, from a certain point of view, of particular fleeting phases of the Parliamentary life of the hour, and, intelligently interpreted, form as truly a chapter of the record of the times as House of Commons Blue Books, or the State Papers of 1874. Articles bearing some relationship to obituary notices, like Mr. Townshend Mayer's on "Barry Cornwall," and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's on Shirley Brooks, are not compiled biographies, but original and substantial additions to the biographical material in print concerning those famous men departed; they are papers which, by reason either of the facts presented or the relations of the writers to the subjects, would be consulted by any efficient and conscientious biographer of those men. There is a paper in the number for December, upon certain events in Dublin forty years ago, which may be described as a chapter of intensely interesting political and social history snatched from oblivion, written as it is by the only man now living from whom the world could expect to extract the salient details of the story. I will not dwell further upon the contents of this or the preceding volume. Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate the motive which guides the selection of articles, and in the fiction and poetry of this volume—*as in the fiction and* poetry of the next—I

hope that elements will be found not inconsistent with the plan and purpose which I have attempted to set forth.

It would not be judicious, perhaps, to speak of the high anticipations of public favour for Mr. McCarthy's new novel "DEAR LADY DISDAIN," which I have formed upon reading a large batch of the author's MS. By the time of the publication of this Preface most of those whom I address will probably have read "LIKE A SNOWBALL," the first Christmas number of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE in the form of a seasonable story, or rather set of stories in one. The writer of the fifth "Link" of that work, headed "The Giant's Grave," is the author of "AL LYN SAHIB," the novelette which will accompany Mr. Mc Carthy's novel through the first six or seven months of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for the coming year.

THE EDITOR.

# CONTENTS.


PAGE.

At Sterling's Grave. By HENRY W. LUCY . . . . . 315

"Barry Cornwall." Unpublished Letters, Personal Recollections, and Contemporary Notes. By R. S. TOWNSHEND MAYER . . . 555

Boswell and his Enemies. By ARTHUR CLIVE . . . . . 68

Buchanan's (Robert) Poems:—

The Wedding of Shon Maclean . . . . . 36

Love in Winter . . . . . 178

Giant Despair . . . . . 301

The God-Like Love . . . . . 430

O'Connor's Wake . . . . . 569

The "Midian-Uara" . . . . . 739

Candidate for the Leadership, The. By THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS . . . . . 434

Christmas Dinner in the Bay of Biscay, A . . . . . 682

Dublin Political Satire and Satirists Forty Years Ago. By the KNIGHT OF INNISHOWEN . . . . . 685

Frederick Lemaître. By CAMILLE BARRÈRE . . . . . 447

Giant Despair. By ROBERT BUCHANAN . . . . . 301

God-Like Love, The. By ROBERT BUCHANAN . . . . . 430

Great Towns and their Public Influence. By SEXAGENARIAN:—

I.—Birmingham . . . . . 43

II.—Manchester . . . . . 182

III.—Bristol . . . . . 290

IV.—Liverpool . . . . . 474

V.—Newcastle-upon-Tyne . . . . . 599

Grouse Shooting. By ARCHIBALD FORBES . . . . . 305

Immortality of Song, The. By G. LINNÆUS BANKS . . . . . 323

Love in Winter. By *ROBERT BUCHANAN* . . . . . 178

PAGE

£ s. d. of Literature, The. By the Author of "Authors at Work."
Part I. . . . . 575
Part II. . . . . 713

Men and Manner in Parliament. By THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS:—
IV.—The Talker . . . . . 78
V.—The Silent Member . . . . . 192

Men, the Masters, and Public Opinion, The. By HENRY W. LUCY . . 592

"Midian Uara," The. (From the Irish.) By ROBERT BUCHANAN . 739

New World Watering Place, A. By HENRY W. LUCY . . . . . 30

O'Connor's Wake. By ROBERT BUCHANAN . . . . . 569

Olympia. By R. E. FRANCILLON:—
Part II.—Lachesis. Book II.—Beauty and the Beast.
Chap. I.—III. . . . . 1
,, IV.—VI. . . . . 129
Book III.—Puss in Boots.
Chap. I.—III. . . . . 257
,, IV.—VII. . . . . 385
Book IV.—King Crooked-Chin.
Chap. I.—IV. . . . . 513
,, V.—X. . . . . 641
Part III.—Atropos . . . . . 680

Our Modern Archers. By AN EDINBURGH SALISBURY:—
Part I. . . . . 160
,, II. . . . . 343

Paris under the Septennate. By BLANCHARD JERROLD . . . . 423

"Paul Pry," The Author of. By PERCY FITZGERALD . . . . 336

Picnic at Vaucluse, A. By HORACE ST. JOHN . . . . . 485

Rambling Story, A. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE:—
Part II. . . . . 111
,, III. . . . . 230
,, IV. . . . . 356
,, V. . . . . 489
,, VI. . . . . 623
,, VII. . . . . 745

PAGE

Scientific Pilgrims. By J. E. TAYLOR . . 197

Seaport and Seaside. By HENRY W. LUCY . . . . . 220

Sylvain Van de Weyer. By BLANCHARD JERROLD . . . . . 93

Table Talk. By SYLVANUS URBAN, Gentleman . 125, 250, 379, 506, 636, 766

Waterside Sketches. By RED SPINNER:—

IV.—About Dartmoor . . . . . 55

V.—Midland Streams . . . . . 207

VI.—Wharfedale and its Grayling . . . 325

VII.—The Angler in Ireland . . . . . 460

VIII.—Pike Fishing. . . . . 610

IX.—Our Closing Day . . . . . 731

Wedding of Shon Maclean, The. [A Bagpipe Melody, from the Gaelic.]

By ROBERT BUCHANAN . . . . . 36

With the Herring Fleet. By W. SENIOR . . . . . 702

Stanford Library

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1874.

## OLYMPIA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "EARL'S DENE," "PEARL AND EMERALD," "ZELDA'S FORTUNE," &c.

### PART II.—LACHESIS.

### BOOK II.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

#### CHAPTER I.

A Friend!—In truth a glorious word:
The hand ne'er grasped in vain,
That gives thee hope, help, home, and hoard,
And never asks again:

And if thou'ldst have thy friendship stand
And never find an end,
Ask all things of thine own right hand—
And Nothing of thy Friend.

ONCE again Gerald Westwood found himself in the long gloomy coffee-room in Covent Garden where he had come to look for life a week or two ago. It was life of another sort that he had come to look for now—not its pleasures, but the means of paying for them.

Something of the obstinate blood of his mother's ancestors, the Smiths—a resolute English race, as everybody knows—must have been mingled with the impulsive blood of the pupil of Olympia. After a final battle he had proudly declared his unalterable determination to throw up his profession and to carve out his own fortune in London with his own right arm. Mrs. Westwood left no argument unturned to prevent this piece of madness—but in vain. She told him *he was the foolish* victim of a cunning and

good-for-nothing girl. She taunted him with his smooth boy's face and tossed up her sharp chin scornfully when he talked bravely of all he meant to do. She threatened him with disinheritance and with the husks of the prodigal. Such reasonings, though based on practical wisdom, naturally had the effect of a breeze upon flame. It was not likely he would be turned aside by threats, or by doubts of his power to do all that he had the will to do. His father tried more soothing measures; but the Captain could hardly succeed where the Captain's wife failed.

"Go, then," said Mrs. Westwood at last, consoling herself with the thought that, in any case, he would be parted from Olympia. "When you come to the husks you will come back on your knees, and own that I was right after all, and that I told you so." "He must be starved into obedience, John," she said to her husband afterwards, with Roman dignity.

"Certainly, my dear," said the Captain mournfully. And so it was arranged.

"And you won't give him a penny, John."

"Not a farthing. Poor young fellow! And I'll go over to Melmouth at once—that is to-morrow, don't you know—to see if I can hear of a place for Olympia."

So Gerald, with just enough shillings in his pocket to reach Tom Harris, took a secret farewell of Olympia, embraced his bewildered sisters, and then shook hands with his father before he left The Laurels behind him. When he withdrew his hand he found a five-pound note between his finger and thumb.

"It's all the ready cash I have, my boy," said the husband of fifteen-hundred a year, with a heavy sigh, and in a voice so pitched that the brick walls might not hear. "Your mother wouldn't like it if she knew, and you mustn't expect a penny more—I've promised her, don't you know. Only I didn't like to think of your going without your dinner, that's all."

Gerald, man as he was, felt half inclined to cry.

"It could be all right in a minute, father," he began eagerly, "if"——

But the Captain was gone: and Gerald had nothing to do but pocket his capital and hurry off to the coach that was now due at the Black Prince on its way to London. Olympia peeped at his departure from the window—his mother kept her room, and had not even sent him a message of good-bye. He set out to his campaign with a heavier heart and a sharper feeling of domestic guilt than, in the excitement of the last few days, he had expected to feel, though

his pride was unbroken and his courage strong. With five pounds in his pocket he was surely better qualified, he thought, to open London, that most formidable of oysters, than hundreds before him who had done so with much cheaper knives. He did not know what an unlucky sum of money he bore. If he had been wise, he would have changed the note, thrown four sovereigns seventeen shillings and six pennies into the first ditch he came to, and have arrived in Covent Garden with exactly half-a-crown.

He was rich for to-day; to-morrow he would begin to economise and beat up his friend. So he dined comfortably, ordered his bottle of wine like a gentleman, and felt himself fit for anything that might fall in his way—so long as it did not require arithmetic, or book-learning, or book-keeping, or foreign languages, or standing behind a counter, or menial labour, or quill-driving, or capital, or special knowledge, or experience. With these trifling exceptions there was nothing to which he was not ready to turn his hand. That was enough for the meditation of a single evening. He ended by being rather pleased with his prospects, retiring into the smoking room, and watching Fortune as she took shape from the blue clouds of a cigar.

The next morning he lost no time in calling on his friend Tom Harris, now staying with his people—the magician who was to catch Fortune for him, and hand her over, with her wings ready clipped, into his hands. Tom had just finished a very late breakfast, and began by carrying Gerald off to a quiet billiard-room where he usually killed his mornings. It was there that, having the room to themselves, Gerald opened his affairs to his friend.

"Tom, old fellow," he began, "I'm in a fix, and I want you to help me out of it."

"All right. Consider it done. What is it? Who is she?"

Gerald coloured, wondering at his friend's power of penetration.

"You've hit it, anyhow. I'm engaged—to be married."

"What!"

"I can't help it now, Tom. It's true."

"That's something like a fix, by Jove! I never went as far as that. No, hang it, spooning's all very well, but that's a step too far. Of course you want to get out of it. That's hard, though, sometimes. That's the worst of being down in the country—they do spoon a fellow so unmercifully there, and they've *all* got mothers.—Missed, by Jove!"

Gerald began to feel a little ashamed.

"But it isn't *that, Tom, at all. It's* my own cousin, Tom, and I

don't want to get out of it. I mean to marry her, and it's my own people that don't see it."

"You've been making an ass of yourself, Westwood, that's as plain as the canon I'm going to make if you'll stand out of the way. Well, boys will be boys. She's got money, I suppose? Then run off with her, and I'll be best man."

"She hasn't a penny."

"Then, my dear fellow, there's only two things to be done. You must either marry her, or you mustn't. My advice is—mustn't. But of course you'll do as you please—people always do. Shall we have a game?"

"Well, we won't argue that. I must marry her, and the question is, how?"

"Let me see; there are things called banns, I believe"——

"Do be serious, Tom. It's very serious to me. I've quarrelled with all my people about it, and they're no more likely to come round than I am. The long and short of it is, I'm turned neck and crop out of doors, and I must get my own living, and enough to keep a wife besides—now, this minute. That's what I ask you. What's a fellow to do? Of course I leave the service"——

Tom Harris stopped in the middle of a stroke.

"The Devil!" he said. "Then you've come to the wrong shop, I'm afraid. If you'd out-run the constable I could have told you where to raise the wind—I could have got you out of any bother with women—let me alone for that—and I would too, for I'm your friend. But you've ruined your look-out—you couldn't raise the wind now if you tried. You want to marry a cousin that's as poor as Job. Your people are quite right, Westwood. I won't interfere."

"Tom! I daresay you think me a fool; but you might advise a fellow, all the same."

"I'm hanged if I do, though. I won't help a man to run his head against a brick wall. There—I've had enough of the balls. I've got an appointment with some fellows in half an hour, and must be off now. By the way, cash is tight just now, old fellow—I don't want to mention it, but I suppose you haven't forgotten you owe me a fiver?"

Gerald took out his crumpled five-pound note and gave it to Mr. Harris—Tom Harris no more.

"There," he said bitterly, "keep your appointment. I won't trouble you again." Tom stared, but took the note. How should he know that there were no more?

*Gerald had paid* one debt, but it was at the expense of another—

there was his dinner of yesterday, his bottle of wine, his bed, his breakfast, and his cigar. A great deal has been said of the shame of the first visit to a pawnbroker, but Gerald, when he parted with his gold watch, was thinking too much of the vanity of friendship to find room for personal shame. He was ashamed of the universe.

He settled his bill with the air of a millionaire, and gave his old acquaintance the automatic waiter a tip that very nearly made him stare. Then, having arranged to leave his trunk at the hotel until he should send for it, he went out with a few pence in his pocket to look for something or other that would enable him to support a wife like a lady. If Mrs. Westwood could only have seen into his pockets she would have had the fatted calf killed instantly; or, if that might be thought extravagant, have ordered at least an extra pound of steak from the butcher for next day.

She certainly could not have entertained the bare possibility of his determination to starve literally before going home a beaten man —his resolve to return either with or upon his shield.

There is nothing like walking the streets to make one feel that one is doing something very energetic without the trouble of doing anything at all. In the City the lounger feels himself to be a busy man, walks hurriedly, and fancies that he, too, is interested in the rate of discount and the ups and downs of shares. The instincts of the sailor led him past the Tower to the waterside.

It was evening: and since breakfast-time the young man had tasted nothing but a glass of beer in the billiard-room, while he had ignominiously failed in finding out how to take the very first step in the complex art of finding something to do. His chances of finding food and shelter, for even a single night, looked worse than doubtful. Even his feeble arithmetic was strong enough to teach him that he had been a little premature in paying Tom Harris—Mr. Thomas Harris—twenty shillings in the pound. Had he stood as alone in the world as he stood in London he might have gone to sea before the mast if unable to get employment on board ship of a kind more befitting his birth and breeding. But there was Olympia to be thought of now—she must not be the betrothed of a common sailor. It might be necessary to turn his hand to anything for a day or two while looking out for something better, but he must not forget that Olpmpia was a lady, bred and born.

There were not many signs of labour about him just then, for the warehouses were closed. He was staring at the river from the edge of one of the wharves, almost in solitude. There is no call for alarm, however—*he was very far from* taking a desperate plunge

into the great sewer. He was only thinking of a certain joint at home, and doubting the superiority of a dinner of herbs, under any circumstances, to a stalled ox even though there might be discord therewith. While thus engaged, he was accosted by a good-humoured young fellow whose arm bore the badge of a waterman.

"Want a boat, sir?"

"No, thank you. That's your boat, down there?"

"That's she, sir. You'd better take her—I'll have you over in no time, if you don't mind waiting for a party."

A thought struck Gerald as he looked at the boat and the waterman—a man so rich as to be no doubt able to treat himself to beer as well as to bread and cheese. That was just the sort of work he could do, and it would be no degradation to pull on the river for a few days while looking out for something better suited to the husband of Olympia.

"I suppose you make a pretty good thing out of her?" he asked.

"Bless your heart, sir, no—what with the bridges and the new steamboats, we're the dog that's had his day—lots of work and little pay."

"You see all sorts of people, I suppose?"

"Bless you, sir!—every sort alive—but you're a navy gentleman, begging your honour's pardon? I thought so, sir—I've got to know most sorts of cut by now."

"I suppose so," said Gerald absently, beating round the bush and thinking how he could best learn all about a waterman's calling without making the man stare by coming at once to the point. One does not forfeit the touched hat and the title of "sir" without a blush and a pang. He wanted to ask what the man made—and he did ask,—

"What are the queerest sort you see?"

"That's hard to say, sir. Chinamen are a queer lot, and so are the French. But you'ld never guess, your honour, what's the queerest lot I ever sculled over—and that's the party I'm waiting for now. He comes every evening—and the chaff I get over him, me and my mate—you'ld split your sides, begging your honour's pardon."

"And who is he?"

"You'ld never guess, sir. Now, which would you say—man or woman?"

"Man?"

"Ha ha ha! No."

"A woman, then?"

*"No—nor a woman!"*

"Then I give it up."

"I thought you would, sir. 'Tis a bear! You never heard of a bear in a boat before, I'll be bound."

"A bear?" asked Gerald, opening his eyes.

"Yes, sir—a bear. If your honour'll wait a minute, you'll see him, and if you like to cross too—'tis wonderful how he behaves like a Christian beast. I didn't half like such a customer at first, but 'tis beautiful to see how quiet he keeps in the stern. And there he is, sir, just coming round the corner"——

And, sure enough, Gerald looked round and saw, coming towards the edge of the wharf, a party of three. One was Oscar, another was Monsieur Drouzil, and the third was—Firefly.

## CHAPTER II.

Hast thou not heard these men, my Julian? Those
Who keep the rule because they make the law,
And, when they'll break the law, reform the rule:
Who then, with modest justice, judge themselves,
Quoting that Cases follow Circumstance,
And that what's wrong for Jack is right for Jill,
And what is true in May is false in June:
Who'll find ten loopholes in the Decalogue,
And, when close pushed, will gently smile, and say,
"I'm human—therefore, not infallible—
And yet—I know not how—but so it is,
I'm always right, and you are always wrong"?
Yet, in their own conceit, they're honest men.

When Forsyth had posted his letter he returned to Beckfield, so timing his arrival that he might catch Lord Wendale in his dressing-room before dinner. He had something very serious to say; and though the half-hour before dinner is the worst possible thirty minutes for talk out of the whole four-and-twenty hours, it was his only opportunity. He felt bound to protect his kinsman, benefactor, and friend from making such a fool of himself about an Olympia as his uncle had done in former times. One of that name was surely enough to last the Calmont family for another generation to come.

The Earl was not in a good temper.

"Oh, it's you, Forsyth, is it?" he said, from the sofa. "Did you ever know of such fatality? My ass of a valet has just broken that pitcher I brought from Venice. I wouldn't have had it happen for anything you could *name*. *I shall clean my* china myself in future.

Nothing has gone right since that confounded ball. You were quite right to make your escape yesterday; Beckfield isn't a place for a pig. There's a confounded county air about it that I hate and abhor."

Forsyth smiled with compassionate sympathy.

"I quite agree with your lordship," he said. "When do you mean to go back to town?"

"Town's just as bad. There's a confounded London air about town."

"True," sighed Forsyth.

"Hang it, Forsyth, you're as bad as Polonius, with his 'Tis like a camel,' and 'Very like a whale.' Well, I hope you found Gressford Wood more interesting than Beckfield."

"A great deal more. Not only did I find squirrels and rabbits, but I lighted on a little romance besides."

"Bah!—there's no such thing."

"Perhaps not; and yet it was a talk between a pair of lovers."

"What!—Phillis and Corydon?"

"Exactly. Phillis and Corydon want to be married—not very idyllic, perhaps, but highly proper. Unhappily there are cruel parents in the way. She has no money, nor has he—that, at any rate, is Arcadian. So what do you think Phillis coolly proposes? That she should go to Mantinea—Melmouth, I mean—set up a studio, and paint any number of fancy portraits for ten pounds apiece, on which she would keep Corydon in idleness. She presumed to think she was the rival of Apelles. Well, Love invented painting, or *silhouettes* at any rate, so perhaps she may succeed as well under his inspiration as an old bachelor without it. But Corydon, who seemed a sensible sort of young fellow"——

"The deuce take your Phillis and Corydon! You don't mean—— You are not talking of Miss Westwood?"

"Which Miss Westwood? There are four, I believe."

"The other three are not Miss Westwoods. And if they were, you talked to her long enough to know who I mean."

"Well, then, Phillis was Miss Olympia, and Corydon was the cousin."

"What!—you heard her say all this to that lout of a boy! Why, I hardly looked at the fellow. Let me tell you that girls like her cannot care for boys like him. It's unnatural—impossible!"

"In the name of Venus, why?"

"I always thought you had more common sense. It's out of all *psychology*. Why, she's the only girl I ever saw that had an ounce

of brains—and you're rather hard of hearing, you know, Forsyth; it's some stupid fancy, that comes of being mewed up in a place like The Laurels."

"You seem to take a great interest in this little idyll. I felt sure its simplicity would amuse you."

"Forsyth, I always thought you had one great fault, and now I know it. You have no chivalry—no large-mindedness— no spirit of self-sacrifice. I know such virtues are not fashionable nowadays, but I was born after my time."

"You need hardly tell me that, my lord," said Forsyth sadly. It was a little hard to be told by the very man for whose sake he had given up a coronet and a fortune that he had no spirit of self-sacrifice: such pricks, however unintentional, were hardly part of his bargain. "And who but you," he asked, sharpening the irony of circumstance with his own hands, "would expect to find chivalry in one who"——

"How often have I told you that it is just in men like you that I should expect to find it—men who have been taught by their own misfortunes to take a large view of everything? And yet you—even you—can you, in cold blood, see a girl like that sacrificed to a lout of a boy that doesn't know so much as how to lounge in a doorway, and has all that cock-pit style that to me is worse even than pipe-clay? Fancy a girl like Miss Westwood tied for life to some dolt of a gouty half-pay lieutenant who has no more sympathy with art, or literature, or beauty, or great ideas, than his own wooden leg!"

"Well—such things have been. And, after all, is it not an open question whether a wooden leg may not have just as much to do with a happy marriage—supposing there to be such a thing—as art and literature and ideas?"

"And you call yourself an artist!"

"I beg your pardon—I call myself a painter. But there is this difficulty—what can we do? You do not propose to carry off this princess for the sake of chivalry? Forgive me; I do know your chivalry, seeing what it has done for me. But it seems to me that marrying one girl to save her from one gouty half-pay lieutenant is both an imperfect and invidious measure. In logic, you ought to marry all, while by marrying one you put it out of your power to save some other who may be doomed to marry two wooden legs instead of one. And then, if chivalry is to be the only guide, are you to leave unprotected those who are already married, who of course are the worst off of all?"

"This is no joking matter, Forsyth. I have been thinking a great

deal lately about some of the duties of my position that I fear I have rather neglected in attending to others. For a man in my position a wife is as necessary as it is for a physician to have a brougham."

"Oh, if you put it on the ground that a countess is as necessary for an earl as a brougham is for a physician, that is another matter. It was the importation of higher motives that I was objecting to."

"Don't think I've been caught at first sight by a pair of eyes. I've gone through all that kind of thing. I'm really in earnest, Forsyth, from a purely common sense stand-point. I have always intended to make what people call a *mésalliance.* One should always choose one's friend from a little above oneself and one's wife from a little below. I can't follow the rule about the friend, but about the wife I can. Now what are the qualities I ought to look for in a wife? She must be a lady—she must not be of high rank—she must not be rich—she must be a little younger than I—one who is at home in my own county—who is not spoiled by the world—who has a taste for art—who can sympathise with my own career"——

"'And, above all, who is marked with the small-pox?'"

"With the small-pox? What on earth do you mean?"

"Don't you remember what Talleyrand said to Mirabeau? I mean, above all, one who is named Olympia Westwood."

"Rubbish. I only mean there is only one girl I ever met who is all these things."

"'So convenient is it,' says some book or other, 'to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.'"

"Confound it, Forsyth, you are going too far. Of course I have a mind to do what is prudent for myself and generous towards her. If the thing wasn't too absurd, I should almost think you had some reason of your own for dissuading me from doing a wise thing. You certainly had a long enough talk with her"——

"Why, this is love at first sight—its jealousy and all! And do you seriously mean to couch your lance against a good and worthy young man for the sake of a queen of beauty whom you don't even know—without rank—or fortune—or bearable relations"——

"This is unbearable. I won't listen to it any longer. Every word you say confirms me in my own opinion. I do know the girl—I can read any face like a book, and hers is open. And she shall not be sacrificed to that midshipman. As for rank, an Earl of Wendale has enough for two; and as for fortune—why I should be ashamed to think of such a thing if I were a labourer on the road."

"*Then I will say no more.* Well," he thought to himself, "perhaps

it is best to let things take their own way. The sooner he knows his doom the better, and the sooner I shall know if the ring of Olympia's voice is true gold or only sham."

In the mean time, while Gerald was wandering about the streets of London, Olympia was undergoing troubles to which his were nothing. She was the one who was left behind.

The Laurels was not a cheerful house at the best of times; but now it would be hard to find one that was gloomier nearer than Weyport Gaol. The Captain wandered about whistling without time or tune, wondering why so much worry and bother should be heaped upon the head of a well-meaning man. The three Miss Penders kept their heads close together like frightened chickens, and wondered at the strange and unaccountable depravity that dared rebel against their mother's will. Mrs. Westwood, for the present, kept her room: and the house was given to understand that she was heart-broken. Olympia began to feel as if burdened with the weight of some awful crime. Dreaded by her only companions, timidly avoided by her uncle, and guilty of her aunt's martyrdom, she, who had lived alone all her life, first realised what it means to be alone. She had been the means, and not the innocent means, of turning Gerald out of house and home, of costing him the profession that he had chosen out of love for it, and of making a whole household wretched. She could not even write to her future husband, for even she knew enough of the outer world to be aware that the address of "Gerald Westwood, Esquire, London or elsewhere," would be a little too vague.

She had not even the heart to carry her troubles into her old green asylum, where the trees and flowers would only rebuke her now. "Oh," she thought over and over again, a hundred times in the day, "if only I were a man and Gerald were the girl!" It seemed unnatural as well as miserable that she, the leading spirit of the two, should have to bear the passive part of sitting down and of letting him work for her. It shamed her so much that she could look nobody in the face, not even the foxgloves and nettles that disgraced her by fulfilling all their destiny.

The natural and normal condition of open war would have been infinitely preferable to the oppressive peace that reigned at the dinner table that day. Scarcely the soup itself interfered with the Captain's constant whistling, and his wife was not present to call him to order. He did not lose his appetite, for he was one of those upon whom trouble has the effect of bitters; but he did everything so dismally that *Olympia, waiting till the other girls* had gone into the drawing-

room, summoned up courage to approach him humbly. She wanted to say something very much to the purpose, and managed to bring out—

"I *am* so sorry, Uncle John."

"Of course, of course; so am I, my dear. I wouldn't have had it happen for a thousand pounds." And he escaped from the room without giving her the chance of saying a word more.

As she lay awake at night, however, she made up her mind to have a thorough explanation. The Laurels was evidently no place for her now: she would make her uncle go to Melmouth at once and find out what governess's place she might be able to get there, as her more ambitious plan seemed to have fallen to the ground. So, in the morning, she made a resolute attack upon the Captain in the very citadel of his study, where she found him softly whistling over an account book that he hurriedly closed and shoved into a drawer as she entered.

"It's you, is it?" he asked. "I thought it was your aunt again."

She noticed that his eyes looked bloodshot, as though he had not been able to obtain much more sleep than she.

"I want to speak to you, Uncle John. You know Aunt Car'line thinks I ought to get my own living. Please manage it as soon as you can, and I'll be ready to go to-night if you please."

He looked at her nervously, but gratefully. "Perhaps that will be best. I'll speak to your aunt"——

"No—don't do that, please; or anyhow, don't tell her the idea comes from me. She'ld think I meant to do something wicked. Please do it yourself, without asking Aunt Car'line. When'll you be driving to Melmouth?"

She might have known that she might as well have asked him to take a flying leap over the moon as to drive into Melmouth without asking Aunt Car'line.

"All right, my dear; plenty of time, plenty of time, don't you know. But your aunt must know, don't you know. Only do give up thinking about Gerald, there's a dear good girl. By Jupiter, you don't know what you're doing, you and he. It's—it's awful. I know it's not your fault, my dear. It's mine; but how the deuce could I know?"

"Your fault? How your fault, Uncle John?"

"Never mind, my dear." And he fell to whistling again.

"But if you'ld only tell me, perhaps"——

"Hold your tongue! No, I don't mean that; but when one sees *a gaol on one side,* and on the other—— God bless my soul, I'm

going out of my wits, and no wonder. Did you ever know the feeling that you'ld like to take up the poker and knock out somebody's brains? Because I'm hanged if you don't I do. No, my dear, you needn't look scared; I don't mean yours."

"A gaol, Uncle John? You see a gaol?"

"Bless my soul, no. Did I say I saw a gaol? Of course I meant—well, one does see Weyport, you know, from the Downs. There, go along; I'm busy now."

"Have you—have you heard from Gerald?"

"Not a word."

"And you *will* see about a place for me? If it's a cook's I won't care."

"All right, my dear. Plenty of time. We mustn't hurry your poor aunt, don't you know. She's awfully cut up. She didn't let herself sleep a wink last night, nor me either."

"Please forgive me, Uncle John."

"All right, my dear. It's only deuced unlucky, that's all. Holloa! What is it now?" he asked nervously, as the page brought a card into the room upon a silver salver. "Bless my soul, what the deuce is to be done now? Look here, my dear. And your aunt in bed, and me in my old jacket and all! Where are Carry, Julia, Molly? At the school? Confound the school! I can't see him, that's clear. What's to be done?"

"But who is it, Uncle John?"

"Bless my soul, look there—the Earl of Wendale!"

"Wouldn't it do to say we're all out?"

"That's true; thank you, my dear. Say I'm out, William. Or you go yourself, my dear. He may be come on business, and if it's very important you can let me know quietly somehow, and I'll manage to be just come in. Will you, my dear? You'll do me a great favour, you will indeed."

Olympia was certainly in no mood to see the Earl, but her consciousness of guilt in great things bound her to be officiously complaisant in small. She went slowly to the drawing-room, without so much as paying a visit to a looking-glass on her way. Yet perhaps Mrs. Westwood, had she known who was about to receive the Earl all alone, would not have been quite so ill.

This morning fate was on the side of Lord Wendale. Considering the large family at The Laurels, he could hardly have expected to find nobody at home but Olympia. He had looked forward to a difficult game at hide-and-seek with Mrs. Westwood, and to have found so clear a field looked like a fortunate omen.

Olympia blushed and curtseyed; the Earl bowed gracefully. He was always at his ease.

"I am so sorry," he began, with less regard to truth than to courtesy, "that Mrs. Westwood is unwell. I hope I am not responsible—the ball, I mean?"

"Oh, no. I'm sorry they're all out—my uncle and all; but he told me to say that if it was anything about business"——

He smiled: she was clearly no adept in the art of telling polite lies.

"Business? No; I only looked in on my way, and," he went on, a better excuse for a special visit striking him, "to ask you when you could come over to see my pictures. I shan't be down here much longer, I expect, and I must be the showman. When will you come?"

"Ah, I don't know. You must settle that with Aunt Car'line and the others. I'm going away myself soon—to-morrow, may be."

"You—going away—to-morrow?"

"I hope so."

"You mean it, really?"

"Yes. Ah," she began, more quickly, suddenly remembering that a talk with a great man like Lord Wendale was a chance not to be thrown away, "perhaps you can tell me something I want to know. It's settled I'm to be a governess, but"——

"What, *you* a governess?" he asked, looking at the face and figure that he was unable to associate with any place lower than a throne. "Surely, Miss Westwood, you are not serious?"

"Sure I am, though. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because—because you don't look like one."

"What do they look like, then?"

"Why, you'll have to hide those large eyes of yours under blue spectacles, to drudge with stupid children—the idea's horrible. You don't mean you're obliged to work for your living?"

"Why'ld I have to wear blue spectacles? And why wouldn't I have to work? But all the same, I'ld rather do better than that if I can. I want to be an artist, and I want to know how to begin."

Lord Wendale called to mind Forsyth's idyll. It was true, then, about her cousin the midshipman, and he felt both scorn and envy of the boy upon whom this girl had thrown away her fancy. That she had thrown away her heart he could not believe. Was not he, Lord Wendale, within a hundred miles? But the existence of a rival was more than enough to add fuel to the fire. He had had his *own way in all things* too long to endure losing it now; and, after all

he had said to Forsyth, victory was as much a matter of honour as of desire. The hero of the whole picture trade was not going to let himself be outbidden by a midshipman. If love at first sight is uncommon, fancy at first sight, or even before sight, is common enough to make up for it, and is far more impulsive than the real thing; and then, as Forsyth had suggested, the Earl was one of those happily constituted people who are able to find lofty motives for everything they have a fancy to do. There are no such slaves of passion as self-analysts; and the piquant romance of a *mésalliance* could not fail to find favour with one who prided himself on making the world stare at his advanced ideas. He who had chosen an interesting convict for his bosom friend was likely to find an interesting governess equally to his mind.

The popular form of hypocrisy, which consists in pretending to be worse than one really is, was too common and stale a trick to please him. He took the far more unusual course of piquing himself upon always acting wisely, justly, and well, and upon always making inclination agree with duty. So his heart, or his fancy, having made itself up, he had little or no difficulty in deciding that he was doing right by himself in marrying out of his sphere, and right by her in making her disloyal, for his sake, to her plighted word.

"I don't know how to begin," Olympia had said, little guessing what was passing behind the eyes that regarded hers so intensely. It was scarcely her fault that her own eyes, like those of Olympia the First, were in the habit of saying a great deal more than she was aware.

"I should think not, indeed! How on earth should a girl like you know how to begin the world? Don't think of it. Such as you fulfil their lives by being beautiful and charming, and nothing more; by inspiring others to do great things."

She opened her eyes very wide indeed. This was a new view of life altogether, and its application to herself was not a little bewildering. Then she was really beautiful, after all! She had lately begun to guess as much; and, coming from such an authority as Lord Wendale, it must be true. She blushed with pride, and it was not from false modesty that she did not know how to reply.

"Do you know you are the most beautiful woman I ever saw?" asked Lord Wendale, warmly, thinking he had lighted upon her weak point—perhaps not altogether wrongly. Was she not the same Olympia who had once stolen the cream in order to make herself fair? "What is more, since I saw you—since we talked together before that *picture of your childhood*—I feel as if I had

known you all my life long. Ah, one can never mistake that inborn sympathy between two minds—two souls." She had never heard this kind of nonsense talked before, though she had read much of it, and it came effectively. How could she help gratefully looking up, with blushing eyes, and then down again, in a fashion that he could interpret in only one way? The paleness had left her cheeks, and she looked even more beautiful than at Beckfield; and Lord Wendale's fancy grew towards love by at least the distance of two blushes more.

He came nearer. His love-making was rather rapid, considering that it was but his second interview with her, but what reason was there for delay when she seemed not unwilling, and when he had made up his mind? Already he felt that there lay between him and her only the barrier of one unspoken word that need not take long to say.

Every moment that passed assured Lord Wendale more and more that she would make a countess who would do no discredit to Earl Cophetua: and, more clearly than another Lord Wendale had spoken it to another Olympia, he spoke the word.

"When I said sympathy," he said in a low voice, "I meant something much more than sympathy. Can you understand what I mean? I am sure you must."

"Sympathy," said Olympia, profoundly interested as a matter of course in any talk that seemed to soar above The Laurels, "is very wonderful. But it's like most things I read about—it never comes to Gressford."

"How could a girl like you expect to find it in a hole like this, where all the people are fools, and boors, and bores? Yours is one of those natures that must expect to go through life without sympathy unless chance brings you across the one man who has been born to understand by instinct all you think and feel. I, too, despaired of ever finding one who could sympathise with me till I saw you. We care for the same things—we have the same tastes, the same opinions, the same feelings—except for each other we are alone in the world."

The difference between the solitude of an Earl of Wendale and the solitude of an Olympia Westwood did not strike her—her face crimsoned, and her eyes glowed with pride and pleasure.

"Is it true? Have I found a friend—a real friend?"

"A Friend! When two people like us have found out that they are friends—that they are made for one another—that is not Friendship—*that is Love*, Olympia!"

For a moment she stood amazed. Without having included the Grand Cyrus in her course of reading she had an idea that Love is made according to rule and that, even when it is born at first sight, its confession implies delay.

"*You* should not be astonished at my telling you so suddenly. There—it is out now. There is nothing sudden when there is sympathy. We knew one another before we were born. But, for Heaven's sake, tell me that—tell me at once: with us two there is no need of waiting."

What could she do or say? Of course there were, as usual, exactly three courses open to her. She might have answered her second offer of marriage by saying "I am very much obliged, but I am engaged." Or she might, more wisely, have said "Yes" at once, seeing that Gerald was only Gerald, while the Earl was an Earl. Or she might have referred her magnificent suitor to the Captain. But to take either of these courses implied presence of mind: and her powers of reflection were like Lord Wendale's valet—always at hand except when wanted.

He naturally read her silent bewilderment in the way that pleased him best, and did not reflect that one who could so easily change her lovers at a moment's notice could scarcely be worth the winning. She let him take her hand, scarcely knowing that he did so, so absorbed was she in the very prosaic effort of seeking for something to say. That she, Olympia Westwood, should all in a moment be told by the greatest man in her universe that he loved her the third time he had ever seen her—the second time he had ever spoken to her! Was she awake or dreaming? As usual, her words came first, even before an impulse had time to set itself free.

"Do you mean you want to marry me? Oh, what *would* Aunt Car'line say!"

"If you will have me, Olympia." So he said, but his tone meant "I intend so far to honour you."

A wild vision of glory rushed through her brain.

She to be suddenly transformed from the poor relation into the lady of Beckfield—into a countess—into the wife of such an Earl! It was overwhelming: and her ambition rose at the bait like a fish at a fly. She with Aunt Car'line at her feet—that would be no less glorious to behold! She would graciously pardon her aunt, for such a triumph would be all-sufficing revenge. And what a great lady in all things she would be—she saw herself at once in the position of all the great *ladies she had ever read of*: in her vision she even saw

herself presiding at tournaments, defending castles, surrounded by courts, fulfilling all the destinies of all her heroines whether in ancient or modern times. All the school-children in Beckfield should have a feast—the church should have a new organ—and Gerald——

Down came her castle with a run.

She drew away her hand and hung her head with shame. There was one thing her heroines had never done, and could never do. They could not throw over a poor man for the sake of an empire. She remembered Gerald's sacrifice of all things for her—of his home by sea and land, of father and mother—of all for her: and here she stood listening to the words of another lover before he had been gone away two whole days.

Why should men, or women either, be so off-handedly condemned for want of faith when it is sometimes so terribly hard to be true? The Earl was one whom she could not hate, whom she might easily think she loved, and who offered her the fulfilment of all her soul's desires: and all this she was expected to give up for the sake of an engagement that everybody condemned. Had she been a self-analyst like Lord Wendale she could have easily found a hundred good reasons for breaking her word. Gerald would be a very contemptible sort of hero if he sought to keep her to an engagement that would interfere with such a marriage. He was too young to break his heart. He was a first cousin—that is to say, she might consider it wrong to marry him if she pleased. That occult sympathy of which Lord Wendale spoke has transcendental claims. She could do Gerald more good as his patroness than as his wife. Peace would be restored to The Laurels. The parish, the county, the kingdom, the world would be the better for such a countess as she would be. Lord Wendale's happiness ought not to be ignored. But then, alas, she was not a reasonable girl.

"Oh, what can I do? what can I say?" she asked, with tears for the downfall of her castle just beginning to show themselves in her eyes. "I am so sorry! Oh, Lord Wendale, if you only knew—sure I'ld marry you if I could, but it can't be."

"What!" he exclaimed with a look of amazement to which hers had been nothing. "Pray, don't play with me—I want you to say 'Yes,' and now."

"Indeed I would, too. But it can't be. I wish you'd never seen me, if you really care."

"Olympia! You don't know what you're saying. Have I taken *you by surprise? Do* you wish for a day to think it over?"

"No, it isn't that, indeed. If you asked me in a year, I'ld only say the same."

He did not plead—he thought of the midshipman, and frowned.

"There is only one thing that can make you dream of saying 'No,'" he said. "And that is something that must not interfere. No, don't speak yet," said this fluent and coherent young man, who could not lose the habit of finishing his sentences, even when passion had got the better of temper. "I have heard something—and I tell you at once that I will let nobody, whoever he may be, persuade you into throwing yourself away."

"You mean Gerald?" she asked, beginning to feel a little afraid of a lover who, contrary to all her precedents, seemed to bid her throw herself at his feet instead of throwing himself at hers.

"Gerald—is that the fellow's name? Then I suppose I do mean Gerald. Surely, you don't mean to sacrifice yourself and me to a boy?"

Her eyes had grown wide before, but they grew wider now.

"If you tell me it is so," he went on, beginning to walk up and down quickly, "I tell you it is not so. There may have been a boy and girl fancy—that's human nature: one doesn't expect one's wife never to have had a flirtation. But anything more I can't believe. Such entanglements are made and thrown up every day, until the real thing comes. I will kneel at your feet, if you like—but, before you have said 'Yes,' before you have obeyed your own heart, I will not go."

Had he enjoyed the advantage of Aunt Caroline's experience he would have recognised a gleam in her eye that had already dried up the gathering tears. He must have known far less of the meek Olympia than he thought if he really believed this to be the right way to woo her to take even a queen's crown. He, however, only observed the flush and the silence, and advanced another footstep upon her treacherous calm.

"No—I will not go, though I stay here for a year. Who is your cousin that he should part us? I saw him at Beckfield, if he was the young man who did not know what to do with his hands and his jealousy. He fit for you! He would never be able to understand you, or the smallest bit of you, in a hundred years. I should think the very word 'Art' was Greek to him. Your husband must have a soul above tar and rope's ends. Think what we could do together—what we could do for art—for philanthropy—for all the great things worth living for"——

"Yes! I am to be married *to Gerald;* and when you hear that perhaps *you won't abuse him to me,*" she broke out, losing all her

shyness in a moment. "That isn't the way to make me false anyhow; and the less he's thought of, the more I'll stick to him. I've never had anybody but him, and he's got nobody but me now. Sure there's not much sympathy between us if you speak ill of a boy because he's poor and think I'll stand by and hear."

He was not so jealous but that her wakened spirit showed him that she was even better worth the winning than he had supposed; and he was as nearly being ashamed of himself as his nature allowed at having so utterly mistaken his ground. Even now he could not conceive that her indignation came from love for Gerald: no doubt she would have stood up for an absent cat, he thought, just as bravely.

"Forgive me, pray!" he said eagerly. "I know nothing of your cousin—but when men love as I do they can't pick and choose their words. I quite understand—you consider yourself bound to this—this—young man. I honour you: true in one thing, true in all. But I don't despair. I won't allow the sacrifice. Just think—if you wish your cousin well, think how much better it will be for him to have the influence of an Earl of Wendale at his back than to be hampered with a wife—he shall have a ship when he's served long enough—he will be an admiral in time. Think what he'll lose if you keep him bound—think what he will gain by your breaking a bond that only your thoughtless promise keeps you to—that your heart has broken long ago."

"What—you want Gerald to sell me? Ah, I'ld do anything for the poor boy, but I'ld rather he'ld starve than I'ld make him do what's mean."

"Olympia!" he said, angrily, "you must be mad—do you think one of my name, a Calmont, would propose anything mean—would ask another to do what would disgrace himself? What I suggest cannot be mean. Well, if you prefer to ruin Gerald, to crush your own heart, to make three people wretched for life, all for a stupid scruple—I will give you five minutes to reflect, and if you say 'No,' then"——

"And what'll happen if I say 'No' then?"

Such an offer sounded like a threat, and he saw that she took it so.

"I mean I do not ask twice"——

"And I mean I don't say 'No' when I mean 'Yes'—that's all. I've promised to be true to Gerald, and true I'll be. If I don't give in to Aunt Car'line 'tisn't likely I'ld give in to you. I'm sorry if you care for me, but I don't think you'll care long. And for myself, *saying* 'No's' as easy as saying A B C."

*That had not* been true—but it was true now. She had worked

herself up into greater pride at having refused a coronet for the sake of loyalty than if she had been crowned a queen in full sight of a whole legion of Aunt Car'lines.

As for Lord Wendale, he could scarcely even yet realise that it was a real girl who had not only rejected him but had done so almost with scorn. Not only love but vanity had received a formidable wound.

"You will be sorry for this," he said, with an accent that seemed to mean "And I will take care that you shall."

She did not reply, for she had nothing more to say. Lord Wendale had received her answer—why did he not take it and go? That self-possessed young man was standing before the girl who had once been awe-struck by his earldom as if it were he who did not know what to say or do—how to leave or how to remain. It was incredible that he should have been refused, and yet he felt that if he stood there for a thousand years he would only get a thousand "No's" for all his pains.

To the relief of both, Mrs. Westwood came gracefully into the room. Her retreat had been hideously disturbed by the news that the Captain had been so unutterably stupid as to have actually arranged a *tête-à-tête* between Olympia and the Earl, and she had hurried upon the scene.

Lord Wendale at once put a fair face on the matter, but Olympia made no attempt to recover her lost serenity. Mrs. Westwood would have been blind had she failed to see that something out of the common had happened among the mice while the cat was away.

Her guess was confirmed when Lord Wendale took up his hat even before she could sufficiently express her sorrow at not having been in the way to receive him sooner. She began to suggest something about lunch and the girls, but he only said—

"I am afraid I have already stayed too long. Pray remember me to them all. I only called to—to see Captain Westwood, and he is out, I hear." And he was gone before Mrs. Westwood could ring the bell.

"Olympia," she said, sharply—it was the first word she had spoken to her since Gerald went away—"what is it? I insist on knowing directly."

"Oh, nothing. Lord Wendale asked me to marry him, that's all."

"Heavens! *You?*"

"Yes, me."

"Impossible! Preposterous!"

"*So I told him, Aunt Car'line.*"

"What—you mean to tell me you refused the Earl?" she cried out, in a state of the most utter astonishment that anybody ever felt since the world began.

"Am I not engaged to Gerald?" asked Olympia, who felt bold enough now to face all the world. "So how could I marry Lord Wendale too?"

Mrs. Westwood could only hold up her hands and stare.

## CHAPTER III.

*Cornelius.* *(holding up a mirror)* Behold!
Art thou content therewith?
*The Duchess.* *(after a long pause)* Aye—as content
As Faith with falsehood!
*Cornelius.* Now I breathe on it—
What see'st thou now?
*The Duchess.* A legend, that doth read
"*Good Faith in Word is oft Unfaith in Deed.*"

GERALD'S mother ought to have been highly gratified that her son had outrivalled an Earl. Indeed it would have been with a very half-sort of satisfaction that she would have welcomed his escape from a penniless marriage at the price of having to see Olympia made Countess of Wendale. To be step-aunt by marriage to a real countess would have been sublime, and no doubt Cinderella's step-mother benefited in the long run by the adventure of the glass slipper. We read that her own daughters married great lords. But still, we may be sure, she never got it out of her head that there had been some blunder in the measurement of the girls' feet after all, and that her Marian had really the smallest foot in the family, if the truth were known. So Mrs. Westwood bore the result of Olympia's perverse and unaccountable conduct with tolerable equanimity, even though it postponed Gerald's escape from his entanglement. The Earl would, no doubt, call at The Laurels again, and then she would take care that he should see more clearly which of the girls best deserved the golden apple. Meanwhile she did not tell the Captain of this episode—he would probably do something stupid and spoil any hand that she might see her way to form.

The Earl rode back to Beckfield in no amiable frame of mind. Had he read in a story-book of a girl refusing a rich lord for a poor sailor he would no doubt have been touched by generous sympathy, *and have expected the* nobleman to retire gracefully from the field *and to become the* friend and patron instead of the lover in order to

avoid being branded as the villain of the tale. But, though people may be fond, like Olympia, of identifying themselves with the heroes and heroines of romance, who ever suspected that his own conduct, whatever it might be, could possibly identify him with that wicked nobleman whom we know, in books, so well? "*Brise le miroir infidèle Qui vous cache la vérité*"—by all means, if *infidèle* means "faithful" and if *cache* means "shows."

So Lord Wendale, very naturally, told himself that he was a singularly ill-used man. Olympia was of course still worth the winning simply because she was still unwon: it was poor Gerald who was the villain of the piece by selfishly keeping the girl from her true lover. The Earl, in short, kept a conscience—that is to say, a continual apologist and never-failing talisman that saved him, in his own opinion, from ever doing wrong. As he approached Beckfield, "Confound that fellow Forsyth!" he thought. "I wish he was back in London—I as much as told him what I was going to do. I wonder what he and she were talking about all that morning. She must be under some strange influence that I don't understand. The idea of such a rival as the cousin—it's too absurd. It's an insult to me in my own county." He had reached home, and was refreshing himself with a glass of wine in the library when Forsyth himself returned from his forenoon wanderings.

"I beg your pardon," said the painter, "I did not know you were here. I only came in for a book.—And how are our friends at Gressford?" he asked with a more careless air than usual. "Did you manage to keep clear of the Dragon this time? Have you brought off the imprisoned damsel?"

"If there's one thing that's more contemptible than another it's a joke out of season. Can't I be alone in my own house for five minutes if I please?"

Forsyth apparently deserved the uncomplimentary nick-name that he had gained among the studios. So far from resenting his patron's ill-tempered rudeness he retired at once without a word beyond saying to himself—

"Thank God!—She is true gold after all!"

In the afternoon he also found his way to The Laurels. Such constant comings and goings between the great and the little house ought to have filled Mrs. Westwood's heart with pride—especially as it was herself and not Olympia whom the Earl's friend and guest on this occasion asked to see.

Olympia also was at home: but her days for assisting at morning calls from Beckfield had now been numbered. She heard that

Forsyth was there, and her heart beat—she somehow suspected that her never-to-be-forgotten interview of the morning was connected with this speedy visit of the Earl's Mephistopheles in waiting.

The visit lasted a long time. It passed the formal quarter of an hour—then the friendly twenty minutes—then the twenty-five that showed the two were not boring one another—the thirty that marked an interesting conversation—the forty that made the visit no morning call at all. It must be a negotiation. The Earl, having failed in person with the ward, was making love by proxy to the guardians. The other girls grew curious, and made occasions to pass by the drawing-room door: but the two voices spoke in such a confidential tone that they could not catch a word. Some plot was plainly brewing against Gerald that would require all Olympia's wit and stubbornness to subdue.

The visit seemed interminable; but at last it came to an end. Olympia was walking up and down near the shrubbery when she heard the house-door close, and looking up, saw Forsyth shake hands with her aunt and walk at his usual slow pace down the carriage drive. Her first impulse was to retire among the shrubs whence the house derived its name; but it was just too late: Mephistopheles had seen her, and she could be no open coward.

"So," he said, with a different sort of smile on his plain face than any she had seen there before, "I hear you have refused to be a countess?"

That was coming to the point at all events, and she nerved herself to do braver and perhaps harder battle with the ambassador than with his principal.

"And if I have," she began, with something saucy at the tip of her tongue, when she suddenly paused. The new smile on his face faded away, and was followed by a yet newer glance that seemed to answer her unspoken words.

"You are a good girl," he said. "Keep your word like a lady, and let nothing turn you aside."

He took her hand for a moment, made a few steps forward, and then returned.

"By the way," he said, "that face we were talking about was ill-drawn after all, and I can't bear to let people draw badly. I am idling away my time here, and I'll show you how such things ought to be done. Oh, never mind Gerald. I am no handsome young earl, and you'll run no risk of hurting what an acquaintance of mine *would call such an old* campaigner as I am; unless I find you a *more hopeless subject than* I fancy I shall."

The old fellow, then, was deeper than she had thought him. He had no doubt come over her aunt somehow, and now she was to be exposed to the treacherous society of a pretended ally. Why should a man like Forsyth wish to waste his time in giving her drawing lessons? Why should he have called her a good girl for refusing his friend? What meant these new looks and new words? She was more scornful than angry at the easy way in which these conspirators thought she was to be taken in and kept in an atmosphere of covert persuasion and treacherous espionage. But it would not do to let them think that she saw through their plot, especially as her quickened wits caught, in a flash, a way to divert their own stratagems against themselves. She would take Forsyth at his word. She would learn to be a real painter; and then, as soon as she had learned all that he could teach her, she would put in practice her grand design.

"Oh, you are too good!" she exclaimed eagerly. "No, Gerald, poor fellow, won't mind; and if he did, I wouldn't care. When will you begin? Now? But what will Aunt Car'line say?"

"I have already spoken to Mrs. Westwood," he answered, thus confirming all her suspicions. "We will begin to-morrow. So good-bye till then."

If her suspicions had not rendered her proof against surprise, she would, five minutes afterwards, have been yet more astonished. Mrs. Westwood came out to her with a beaming smile.

"Olympia, my dear," she said, with no more sharpness of voice than was natural to her, "how can you be so silly as to think we're vexed with you, your Uncle John or me? Of course we were put out about you and Gerald, because we couldn't think it anything but a fancy; but to refuse real aristocracy for my boy's sake! My poor dear girl, how fond you must be of him, to be sure! It's quite a romance. I don't know another girl that would have done such a thing. You're headstrong, my dear, and self-willed, but that runs in the blood. Your heart's in the right place, and that's the great thing. I always knew that, and it's pleasant to think I've always done my best to put it there."

So they were to humour her until they had acted out the fable of the sun and the wind.

"What, Aunt Car'line," she asked, "you mean I'm to marry Gerald after all?"

"How can you ask such a thing? Do you think I want to break the heart of my own *boy and girl?*"

"*Ah—but when'll he come back,* Aunt Car'line?"

"My dear, I shall write to him this very day."

"What—do you know where he is, then, after all?"

"Didn't I tell you? How forgetful of me to be sure. Yes, we had just a line from him on his way to London to say he was to be written to at the care of T. Harris, Esquire, R.N., at number something, somewhere, London—I've got it down."

"Uncle John told me there hadn't been a word."

"Well, my dear, your Uncle John does go wool-gathering sometimes."

"I think I'll write myself, Aunt Car'line, if you'll tell me where."

"No, my dear. I think you'd better not, till he's heard from me."

"I see. Very well, Aunt Car'line." She could not help smiling with scorn at a trick so palpable. She was not to write, but to be put off with promises, and "I don't think," she thought, "we'll see Gerald yet awhile if he's to be brought back by a letter from Aunt Car'line."

"My dear, how happy I've made you look! But you mustn't call me Aunt Caroline any more—you must call me mamma now."

"Aunt Car'line!" Olympia, fresh from her own little piece of hypocrisy towards Forsyth, stood aghast at the thoroughness with which Mrs. Westwood seemed resolved to play her *rôle*.

"Yes, my dear," she said as she kissed her with sharp and frosty tenderness. "I've always felt like a mother to you, and now you'll see. There's only one thing I must beg of you as a personal favour."

"What's that, Aunt Car'line?" Not even for the sake of policy could she make her tongue frame the new title.

"That you won't say anything about all this to your Uncle John. He's still very angry, my dear—very angry indeed. A father isn't a mother, my dear, and never was and never will be, and he insists that Gerald shall be the first to hold out the olive branches"——

"But surely, Aunt"——

"Now, do call me mamma."

"Surely Uncle John will think what you do, won't he?"

"My dear, you don't know your Uncle John. He's quiet, and all that, but he's as obstinate, if he once takes a thing into his head, as a flock of mules. Indeed he's more so. Therefore, I shall write to Gerald, without saying anything about it, so that the first letter may seem to come from him. There's a tact in doing these things, my dear, and though I can't bear closeness, still you know we're told that the means justify the end. All's well that ends well, you know, my dear, and that's the right way to look at such things."

*This was so original* a view of the Captain's character that Olympia *could only hold her* tongue and watch events as they came.

All at once, from the hour of Forsyth's visit, she found her position at The Laurels entirely changed. There was no talk of her being sent out as a governess now. The half stormy, half frosty atmosphere that she had hitherto breathed there changed to an all-pervading and even monotonous sunshine that, though it might be treacherous, was undeniably a pleasant variation. Mrs. Westwood not only left off provoking her but took to absolutely petting her. Marian herself was thrown into the shade. Nothing was too good, no trouble too great, for Olympia. The Captain himself could not help noticing the transformation, and in spite of his ignorance of its cause, could not help expanding in these halcyon days of peace and quietness. He never made any attempt to understand his wife, and had always been in the habit, whenever he opened his mouth to receive the fruits of her rare good humours, of shutting his eyes.

Mrs. Westwood had written to Gerald—at least so she told Olympia—and was daily expecting his answer. Meanwhile Forsyth had called, according to appointment, and had given the first of those lessons which were to render Olympia independent of plots and conspiracies for evermore. She threw herself into her work with a will.

A week went by, and still no sign from Gerald. "Just as I thought," said Olympia to herself, and worked on. "He's making his fortune in his way, and I'll make mine in mine, and we'll see which is the better plan." She was no more anxious than when he left her, for his silence proved that her suspicions of her aunt's good faith in promising to write to Gerald had been perfectly well founded. It was true that Mrs. Westwood began to grow fidgety, and to express alarm lest he should have run away to sea before the mast; but Olympia was not to be taken in by acting, however well it might be done.

"I shall go out of my senses, my dear," Mrs. Westwood said, at the end of a fortnight. "I have written to him four times. What in the name of goodness is to be done? What do you think has become of him?"

She spoke with an accent of such real distress that Olympia almost admired the hypocrisy that disgusted her.

"I'll tell you what I think, Aunt Car'line: Gerald has never got those letters, and never will. But I'm not afraid. He was always the boy to fall on his legs, and I wouldn't like him to come back again just because he's forgiven, like a good boy. He'll be back soon enough when he's made *himself his own master*, never fear."

"*Well, of all the girls—I declare one* would think you didn't care *for him.*"

"Why, he was once away three years, and I wasn't afraid—why would I be now?"

"You weren't going to be his wife then. It's your duty to be anxious now."

"Who'ld care for a boy that can't be trusted to run alone? I envy him, Aunt Car'line; and as for his not writing, I don't think that need be very odd to you."

So Mrs. Westwood had to digest her anxieties alone. She would not quarrel, and was not allowed to complain.

Meanwhile, during this fortnight and afterwards, a new and complex relationship, little understood by either, was growing up between Olympia and the great painter who condescended to be her drawing master. A little to her surprise, he made no attempt, even indirectly, to speak to her of Lord Wendale, though she tried many times to force him to show his hand. His being a conspirator against her peace and loyalty did not prevent the necessary result of her finding herself, for the first time, in almost daily companionship with one who was in all things her master. After a time, shyness began to take its place among her numberless failings. She found out that he whom she had once prided herself upon shocking and bewildering had been amusing himself, not with the originality, but with the childishness of her fancied heresies, and she was ashamed whenever a chance allusion reminded her of her ball-room follies. His was by no means what the Earl would have called a sympathetic soul. Presently, instead of merely listening to her nonsense, he took to setting her down sharply. The scoldings, without which life to her would have been unintelligible, were transferred from her aunt to him. He had special crotchets. He would not allow her to use the word "flirtation," which so experienced a novel-reader could not fail to employ once, at least, in a few weeks' time. "Aiming a loaded blunderbuss at one's friend and killing him," he told her, "is not murder if it can be shown that it is only done in fun, even though the most utter fool must know the almost certain risk he runs. I suppose remorse for killing one's friend for a joke is considered a more severe punishment than hanging; but what ought to be the penalty for chancing the murder of a man's life instead of nothing but the man? I wish you would call things by their right names." This was the only remark that she could twist into an allusion to her rejection of Lord Wendale. For the rest, she rather liked being scolded than otherwise—at all events in this new way. "How I wish," she thought sometimes, "*that Forsyth was* not a friend of the Earl, and that Aunt Car'line *would be as she used* to be!"

*She used to rise* as soon as it was light, and to remain till

breakfast time at her easel. Soon afterwards her master came, and they worked together out of doors whenever the weather allowed, or indoors if it was not a day for the woods and fields. When he left, Mrs. Westwood used to take her in hand, showing an amiable desire for her niece's companionship in her village and household occupations that would not be denied. But the afternoon gave time for work again: and the evening was devoted to books, not from the library of The Laurels that she had known by heart years ago, but from Beckfield. That looked like an attention on the part of the Earl; but she was fighting her enemies with their own weapons, and did not scruple to use any that came to hand. Such a life as this, into which she threw all her energy, gave little time for brooding. Even Gerald soon ceased to be in her mind all day or even every day.

There was nobody in the village to make a gossiping romance out of these constant visits of a middle-aged gentleman to The Laurels. No doubt the servants formed their own opinions and discussed them with one another: for the relation of teacher and pupil was not comprehended in Gressford St. Mary beyond the limits of the village school. Caroline, Julia, and Marian, however, interpreted Olympia's unaccountably sudden reception into their mother's favour in what seemed to them the most natural way, and made mild fun of Olympia and her elderly *beau*. Whenever he was announced in the morning they looked meaningly at one another, and, when asked what it was all about, exploded into their coffee-cups in spite of their mother's frown.

"I was only wondering what Gerald would say," said Marian, still the licensed *enfant terrible* of the family, with an unlimited capacity for saying the very oddest things. But on this occasion Mrs. Westwood revoked the licence.

"Marian! I'm shocked at you. Why, Mr. Forsyth's old enough to be Olympia's father."

"He doesn't seem too old for a flirtation, though. And those old flirts are the worst of all."

"Marian, you are letting your tongue get the better of you. What you say is very improper."

"Mr. Forsyth is not old," said Olympia, who had not been out of temper for so long that she was ready to accept the first challenge as eagerly as a practised duellist who had been too long without an affair on hand. "He isn't a day older, I'm sure, than Uncle John. And I hate the word 'flirtation'—'tis like killing a man with a blunderbuss for fun—I wish, Molly, you'ld call things by their right names."

*(To be continued.)*

# A New World Watering Place.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

EXCEPT the sea, Llandudno has nothing in common with its old world connection on the other side of the straits round Great Ormes Head, and the common possession is held under vastly different tenures. At Beaumaris there are times and seasons throughout the day when the sea utterly retreats from the foot of the castle, leaving for the consideration of the occupants of the four seats upon the sward, and of the loiterers upon the pier, a waste of watery beach with the Lavan Sands peeping up in mid channel. At Llandudno the tide may come and the tide may go, but for ever the water flows on in the little bay round which the bathing machines are drawn up in continuous array. Of course there are periods in the day when the water is nearer to or farther from the parade. But the worst state of the beach at Llandudno is better than the best at some other bathing resorts, and one has the certainty of being able to bathe at a given hour on any morning without having occasion to study the tide-table and from the basis of to-day's flood make exhausting calculations as to what time a dip may be taken on a given day in next week.

This and some cognate advantages arise from the fact that Llandudno is a watering place made to order. Twenty-five years ago the row of lofty houses that girdle the beach existed only on paper, like the mansions of the city of Eden of which Martin Chuzzlewit was sometime part proprietor. A few scattered cottages inhabited by fishermen and workmen from the copper mines in the Great Ormes Head, a public-house or two, one church, and three chapels comprised the village of Llandudno, of which an Itinerary of North Wales published in the early part of the century makes no mention whatever. In 1849, however, the idea of manufacturing a new watering place occurred to some enterprising persons, and the point of the little peninsula rounded off by Great Ormes Head was selected as an eligible site. The public were duly advertised that the Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn, M.P., had "instructed Mr. Lloyd of Ruthin to sell by auction in 176 lots that part of Gloddaeth Estate consisting of the projected new town of Llandudno." The sale went off

satisfactorily, the lots were cleared, an army of builders set up their huts by the sea-shore, and in less than a year Llandudno was built.

The effect of this building to order is to endow Llandudno with an eminently respectable, not to say tiresomely monotonous, appearance. All the streets are wide and all the houses lofty. The curve of the long terrace facing the sea is exasperatingly correct, and with the exception of little architectural breakings out at the corners where the frontage of the crescent is bisected by the streets —which might all be "called Straight"—running down to the beach, one house is so scrupulously like another that Mrs. Brown at No. 913 need not have been so eloquently indignant when, the other evening, a lodger from next door but one walked in and, under the impression that he was in his own temporary domicile, rang the bell and protested against the presence of a foreign pair of slippers and an unaccustomed hat. These large white-fronted houses monopolise the sea view, and are backed up by a parallel row of houses with the basement floors turned into shops; and behind these again, kept decorously out of sight, are huddled together a few rows of cottages, which, like all other habitable constructions in Llandudno to-day, are crowded to overflowing with visitors.

Where, I wonder, do the original inhabitants of Llandudno sleep from the middle of June to the middle of September? The parlour boarder, coming down to breakfast at an unexpectedly early hour in the morning, may have his suspicions as to where his landlady and five of the children passed the night. But what about the other three children, the maiden aunt who has come to "help," the servant girl, and the boy who cleans the knives, brushes the boots, and washes the dishes, therein exhausting his energy and leaving his hands and face wholly disregarded? It would be a marvel how all these should be disposed of supposing the house were in its entirety devoted to their accommodation. But when, as the student of the *Llandudno Visitor* may gather is the fact, the parlour and two bedrooms are let to Mr. Manchester and family, the drawing-room floor is occupied by Mr. Liverpool and his bride, the top front bedroom, with the reversion of the kitchen, is rented by Mr. and Mrs. Wigan and an infantile Wigan who spends several of the choicest hours of the night in weeping, it becomes positively bewildering to be confronted by the necessity for providing sleeping accommodation for the resident family and its retainers. This is a dark side of life at the sea-side in the height of the season which has never yet been thoroughly explored. It *is one of the* prospects upon which the

holiday-maker resolutely turns his back, for it is truly no business of his. But, nevertheless,

> In the dead, unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof,

the thought of the small boy and the maiden aunt, and the mysterious arrangements by which they and the rest are packed away till morning, comes back with increasing perplexity, and casts a shadow over the enjoyment of a moderately comfortable bed and the conveniences of a fairly sized bedroom.

No one strolling along the beach would guess from its appearance how full Llandudno is, or that at the present epoch its ordinary population is supplemented by the addition of some seven thousand visitors. From seven in the morning till one in the afternoon there is a constant succession of claimants for the bathing machines, and for the half dozen hours that lie between 7 a.m. and 1 p.m. the sea inshore is dotted with human figures. But though the flood is constant the ebb keeps pace with it, and the beach preserves its half-deserted appearance. At the western end there are little groups of nursemaids with outlying squadrons of children engaged in the construction of bastions and circular forts for resistance to the tide when it shall arrive. There is here, also, a denser group of children labouring at the building of a more pretentious work which takes the form of an amphitheatre, with rows of seats rising one behind the other, and a little mound in the centre of the inner circle. This is "The Children's Church," and this evening it will be filled with little people assembled for the special service to which they have been invited by an itinerant missionary.

In that exhilarating moment when the tide has rolled up to the foot of the parade and begun its attack upon the fenced places, the excitement which rages in the hearts of the engineers is communicated to their fond parents and their sisters, next reaching their elder brothers, who mix themselves up with the sisters in a promiscuous manner, and all stand looking on the advancing tide as it rapidly creeps onward, taking one by one and mercilessly levelling the battlemented towers and the round forts whose walls are fully half a foot thick. When the tide reaches a certain point it runs in with exceeding rapidity on Llandudno beach, and the hair-breadth 'scapes of the sisters, thanks to the gallant daring of other girls' brothers, are truly marvellous. This afternoon there is a special interest in the tide, owing to the circumstance of two stalwart youths, whose united ages might make twenty-one, having, before the tide came up,

> Built themselves a lordly pleasure-house
> Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

The water is round the stronghold now, as it stands nearly ten yards from the dry land, and the two youths proudly face the sea, dry-footed and secure within the well-beaten sand walls. Faster and faster the tide rolls up; closer and closer the other girls' brothers get to the pretty sisters, and more promiscuous still is the family mixing up as the cunning water, making strategic movements round little sand heaps, suddenly surprises the other men's sisters, surrounding them and making it absolutely necessary that the other girls' brothers should hold out the hand of friendship and help the fearfully-frightened prisoners to leap the roaring torrent. Perhaps if they had waited the momentary ebb of the tide would have left the passage dry and they could have escaped before the wave came back again. But there is nothing like presence of mind and prompt action, and there is no doubt that the other girls' brothers like to rush into the water, which comes *quite* over the soles of their boots, and, regardless of the raging sea, bear off their sisters' friends. Still the two stalwart youths, in white flannel jackets and blue serge trousers tucked up high over their dainty white legs, stand in their moated grange defiant of the rising tide. Yet another moment and the sand walls begin to crumble down; little screams are heard from other men's sisters; other girls' brothers draw nearer prepared for the worst. A breach is made in the ramparts, the sea rushes in, and the two youths come dashing through the water, with a great wave chasing them and breaking in white foam at their feet as they gain the shore.

But this is an exceptional incident, and when the tide has turned and the afternoon sun pours down its rays on the blue sea and the grey sand there is a general exodus from the beach, and surely the solitary bathing woman who is hanging out to dry towels which are supposed to have undergone some process of washing must

> feel like one
> Who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled,
> Whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed.

Where has everybody gone to? Walking up the pathway leading to Great Ormes Head, musing on these things, we suddenly and unexpectedly come upon the solution of the mystery. Seen from the beach the Head is a hill and nothing more. But if we follow the path we shall find it leads to a wonderful little valley, an enchanted vale shut in on either side by gently sloping hills and looking out upon the sea. From *the top of the hill* to the right we can see

Llandudno lying below, clustered round the perfect little bay that curves inward to the beach and guarded from the rough sea by Great Ormes Head and the lesser Head opposite. Some who like excitement rest up here and enjoy the commanding vision over sea and land. But by far the greater and the wiser portion elect to lie or sit upon the slopes of the valley, shut in from all view except the glimpse of sea and the green and dark grey heights of Great Ormes Head.

There is a marvellous silence and an infinite indolence reigning in this valley. Some bring books, but they do not read; others have tatting or crochet in their hands, but they tat not, neither do they crochet. No one speaks above a whisper, and the silvery laugh that sometimes breaks the silence falls on the soft air like an echo. It is Lotos Land, and we have all "sworn an oath," and mean to

> keep it with an equal mind,
> In the hollow Lotos Land to live and lie reclined
> On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind.

This last condition of mind has extended itself even to the other men's sisters, who a few hours earlier showed themselves so fully alive to the gallantry of their bosom friends' relatives. Quite careless are they now of mankind; and if, as is plainly the case with a group sitting up there under the shadow of a crag, young Manchester in a fit of abstraction gradually steals within his own the ungloved hand of Miss Preston, she takes not the slightest notice of the action, but lets her hand lie imprisoned, the while both look out seaward, watching with dreamy interest the struggles of a tug-boat which, away out on the horizon, is bringing on its last homeward stage a battered and weary looking barque.

Presently there is a movement in the valley. Five o'clock is chiming, and Manchester, Preston, Liverpool, and Wigan having followed their habitude of dining early are going home to tea. Tea is a transaction that may be engaged in every day, but it is not every day we can walk round Great Ormes Head, and so we will go. It is a long walk, fully six miles from point to point, but well worth the time and trouble. For some distance the path lies along a narrow ledge crossing a cliff, at the foot of which, 400 feet below, the blue waves are playfully dashing themselves into spray.

> Half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade.

The youth himself, on being questioned, shows a disposition to *argue the latter assertion* with Shakespeare, affirming that the trade is

not so bad after all, especially when, as now, Llandudno is full and there is a run on "samphire pickle." Skirting Pen Trwyn, or Nose End, the northernmost headland; past the old church of St. Tudno (whence Llandudno derives its name); past Gwylfa y Ceirw, the watchplace for deer; past the lighthouse, we get round the headland, and, facing the setting sun, come full on a view which would be dazzling if its beauty were not softened by the immensity of the space it comprehends. Conway Bay lies like a pond at our feet, bounded by the low purple line of the shores of Anglesea, in which, at the eastern extremity, the white cluster of houses that we know to be Beaumaris glistens like a pearl. There is Puffin Island further east, and beyond that the sea, with white sails that from here seem but sea-gulls' wings. The thread that spans the straits away up yonder is the Suspension Bridge, and for the long-named mountains that overtop the Straits all the length of the mainland eastward from Conway, it is sufficient to know that the summits of the loftiest among them are lost in the soft embraces of the fleecy clouds whose westward edges the setting sun is burning away in hues of gold and red.

It is a place to stay in till the last tip of the sun's disc has disappeared, and then there is plenty of light left to find the way back to Llandudno. There are still some lotos eaters in the valley. But it is the turn of the beach now, and looking down from the hill path by the pier we can see Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, and Wigan pacing the parade, and probably beginning to think of supper. There is quite a crowd round the little sand church whose building we watched in the morning. A man standing bareheaded on the mound seems to be praying, for the children in the liliputian seats are bending forward, and the men in the crowd that surround them have half raised their hats. We cannot hear the voice, but by-and-by the little congregation stands up, the man on the mound puts on his hat and reads something from a book, and then up through the still air rises the voice of the children singing their hymn. We catch the reiteration of the words "love" and "Jesus," and then in loud and joyful diapason come the voices of the full choir—

> When in the land of glory
> We join the ransomed throng
> We'll find the old, old story
> Is still the new, new song.

Let us go down and see if Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, and Wigan have left us any tea.

# THE WEDDING OF SHON MACLEAN.

[A BAGPIPE MELODY, FROM THE GAELIC.]

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

AT the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together
Came in the wind and the rain
Playing over the heather;
Backward their ribbons flew,
Bravely they strutted and blew,
Each clad in tartan new,
Bonnet, and blackcock feather:
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together!

He's but a Sassenach blind and vain
Who never heard of Shon Maclean—
The Duke's own Piper, called "Shon the Fair,"
From his freckled skin and his fiery hair.
Father and son, since the world's creation,
The Macleans had followed this occupation,
And played the pibroch to fire the Clan
Since the first Duke came and the Earth began.
Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
Like the sough of the south-wind in the trees,
Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
Like Ocean itself with its storms and its calms,
Were the pipes of Shon, when he strutted and blew,—
A cock whose crowing creation knew!
At last, in the prime of his playing life,
The spirit moved him to take a wife—
A lassie with eyes of Highland blue,
Who loved the pipes and the Piper too,
And danced to the sound, with a foot and a leg
*White as* a lily and smooth as an egg.

So, all the Pipers were coming together
Over the moor and across the heather,
All in the wind and the rain :
All the Pipers so bravely drest
Were flocking in from the east and the west,
To bless the bedding and blow their best
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
'Twas wet and windy weather !
Yet, thro' the wind and the rain
Came twenty Pipers together !
Earach and Dougal Dhu,
Sandy of Isla too,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather :
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together !

The knot was tied, the words were said,
Shon was married, the feast was spread,
At the head of the table sat, huge and hoar,
Strong Sandy of Isla, age fourscore,
Whisker'd, grey as a Haskeir seal,
And clad in crimson from head to heel.
Beneath and round him in their degree
Gathered the men of minstrelsie,
With keepers, gillies, and lads and lasses,
Mixing voices, and jingling glasses.
At soup and haggis, at roast and boil'd,
Awhile the happy gathering toil'd,—
While Shon and Jean at the table ends
Shook hands with a hundred of their friends.—
Then came a hush. Thro' the open door
A wee bright Form flash'd on the floor,—
The Duke himself, in the kilt and plaid,
With slim soft knees, like the knees of a maid.
And he took a glass, and he cried out plain
"I drink to the health of Shon Maclean !
To Shon the Piper and Jean his wife,
A clean *fireside and a merry life !*"

Then out he slipt, and each man sprang
To his feet, and with "hooch" the chamber rang!
"Clear the tables!" shriek'd out one—
A leap, a scramble, the thing was done!
And then the Pipers all in a row
Tuned their pipes and began to blow,
While all to dance stood fain:
Sandy of Isla and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu from Kilflannan shore,
Played up the company on the floor
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together
Stood up, while all their train
Ceased their clatter and blether.
Full of the mountain-dew,
First on their pipes they blew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Red-cheek'd, with lungs of leather:
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together!

Who led the dance? In pomp and pride
The Duke himself led out the Bride.
Great was the joy of each beholder,
For the wee Duke only reach'd her shoulder;
And they danced, and turned, when the reel began,
Like a giantess and a fairie man!
But like an earthquake was the din
When Shon himself led the Duchess in!
And she took her place before him there,
Like a white mouse dancing with a bear.
How the little Duchess, so slim and sweet,
Her blue eyes watching Shon's great feet,
With a smile that could not be resisted,
Jigged, and jumped, and twirl'd, and twisted!
Sandy of Isla led off the reel,
The Duke began it with toe and heel,
Then all join'd in full fain;
*Twenty* Pipers ranged in a row,

From squinting Shamus to lame Kilcroe,
Their cheeks like crimson, began to blow,
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

At the wedding of Shon Maclean
They blew with lungs of leather,
And blithesome was the strain
Those Pipers played together!
Moist with the mountain-dew,
Mighty of bone and thew,
Each with the bonnet o' blue,
Tartan, and blackcock feather:
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together!

Oh for a magic tongue to tell
Of all the wonders that befell!
Of how the Duke, when the first stave died,
Reached up on tiptoe to kiss the Bride,
While Sandy's pipes, as their mouths were meeting,
Skirl'd, and set every heart abeating.
Then Shon took the pipes! and all was still,
As silently he the bags did fill,
With flaming cheeks and round bright eyes,
Till the first faint music began to rise.
Like a thousand laverocks singing in tune,
Like countless corn-craiks under the moon,
Like the smack of kisses, like sweet bells ringing,
Like a mermaid's harp, or a kelpie singing,
Blew the pipes of Shon; and the witching strain
Was the gathering song of the Clan Maclean!
Then slowly, gently, at his side,
All the Pipers around replied,
And swelled the glorious strain:
The hearts of all were proud and light,
To hear the music, to see the sight,
And the Duke's own eyes were dim that night,
At the wedding of Shon Maclean.

So to honour the Clan Maclean
Straight they began to gather,
*Blowing the wild refrain,*

"Blue bonnets across the heather!"
They stamp'd, they strutted, they blew;
They shriek'd; like cocks they crew;
Blowing the notes out true,
With wonderful lungs of leather:
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together!

When the Duke and Duchess went away
The dance grew mad and the fun grew gay;
Man and maiden, face to face,
Leapt and footed and scream'd apace!
Round and round the dancers whirl'd,
Shriller, louder, the Pipers skirl'd,
Till the soul seem'd swooning into sound,
And all creation was whirling round.
Then, in a pause of the dance and glee,
The Pipers, ceasing their minstrelsie,
Draining the glass in groups did stand,
And passed the snuff-box from hand to hand.
Sandy of Isla, with locks of snow,
Squinting Shamus, blind Kilmahoe,
Finlay Beg, and Earach More,
Dougal Dhu of Kilflannan shore—
All the Pipers, black, yellow, and green,
All the colours that ever were seen,
All the Pipers of all the Macs,
Gather'd together and took their cracks.
*Then* (no man knows how the thing befell,
For none was sober enough to tell)
These heavenly Pipers from twenty places
Began disputing with crimson faces;
Each asserting, like one demented,
The claims of the Clan he represented.
In vain grey Sandy of Isla strove
To soothe their struggle with words of love,
Asserting there, like a gentleman,
The superior claims of his own great Clan;
Then, finding to reason is despair,
He seizes his pipes and he plays an air—
The gathering tune of his Clan—and tries
To drown in music the shrieks and cries.

Heavens! Every Piper, grown mad with ire,
Seizes *his* pipes with a fierce desire,
And blowing madly, with flourish and squeak,
Begins *his* particular tune to shriek!
Up and down the gamut they go,
Twenty Pipers, all in a row,
Each with a different strain.
Each tries hard to drown the first,
Each blows louder till like to burst.
Thus were the tunes of the Clans rehearst
At the wedding of Shon Maclean!

At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty Pipers together,
Blowing with might and main
Thro' wonderful lungs of leather:
Wild was the hullabaloo!
They strutted, they scream'd, they crew!
Twenty wild strains they blew,
Holding the heart in tether:
And every Piper was fu',
Twenty Pipers together!

A storm of music! Like wild sleuth-hounds
Contending together were the sounds.
At last a bevy of Eve's bright daughters
Pour'd oil—that's whisky—upon the waters;
And after another glass went down
The Pipers chuckled and ceased to frown,
Embraced like brothers and kindred spirits,
And fully admitted each other's merits.
All bliss must end! For now the Bride
Was looking weary and heavy-eyed,
And soon she stole from the drinking chorus,
While the company settled to *deoch-an-dorus.**
One hour—another—took its flight—
The clock struck twelve—the dead of night—
And still the Bride like a rose so red
Lay lonely up in the bridal bed.

* *The parting glass; lit. the cup at the door.*

At half-past two the Bridegroom, Shon,
Dropt on the table as heavy as stone,
And four strong Pipers across the floor
Carried him up to the bridal door,
Push'd him in at the open portal,
And left him snoring, serene and mortal.
The small stars twinkled over the heather,
As the Pipers wandered away together,
But one by one on the journey dropt,
Clutching his pipes, and there he stopt!
One by one on the dark hillside
Each faint wail of the bagpipes died,
Amid the wind and the rain!
And the twenty Pipers at break of day
In twenty different bogholes lay,
Serenely sleeping upon their way
From the wedding of Shon Maclean!

# GREAT TOWNS AND THEIR PUBLIC INFLUENCE.

## BIRMINGHAM.

A STRONGLY characteristic element in the history of the English people is the influence which the great towns have had in moulding the destinies of the nation. It is difficult even for a Londoner, and it is almost impossible for a foreigner, fully to account for and explain this healthy but peculiar mark of the English race. In all European nations the capital exercises a dominant influence, the provincial towns following in its wake, almost without question and certainly without opposition. Of France we never ask after the political symptoms of Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, or any other large city—our inquiries centre in Paris. For political purposes Paris is France; Berlin, also, is Prussia; Vienna is Austria proper; and St. Petersburg is Russia. With London it is wholly different. Great and powerful as is the giant capital, vast and far-extending as is its influence, London is not England, as Paris is France. It does not shape the policy of the nation, but is often led, guided, influenced, compelled, even against the judgment and wishes of the inhabitants, to do the will of great provincial towns. Birmingham, Manchester, or Liverpool has more than once initiated and successfully carried out measures of general policy which have produced organic changes in the constitution, and passed new or repealed old laws which have effected a complete reversal of the policy of the governing classes, making new epochs in the history of the people.

This peculiarly English phenomenon comes of that indomitable love for, and that constant practice of, local self-government, which from the earliest times has been a characteristic of the race—a characteristic which, through all the changes produced by the inroads of hostile tribes and the conquest by the Norman, we have contrived to preserve and maintain as the basis of our liberties and the groundwork of our marvellous progress and development. In the accomplishment of this great progress, and in the security of this unrivalled freedom, *London has played* so large a part that her

citizens have no reason to be jealous of the rivalry of the provincial centres of national feeling and political movement. Never, indeed, has the historian been called upon to record a single sign or symptom of jealousy. London has had work enough to do, and has done work enough, has achieved glory enough, and made history enough for a dozen capitals; and she stands by and looks on with a certain sublime dignity when the great nation outside this centre articulates its feeling and gives expression and force to its will. From the point of view of a Londoner, watching the notable phenomena of provincial influence upon the political development and progress of the nation, I have made a special study of the life of those great English towns which have set the deepest mark upon our political history, tracing the rise, progress, and—in one or two cases—the decadence of their national influence.

My first study is that "toy-shop of Europe" which so early won for itself the admiration of Burke, the now active, energetic, and somewhat demonstrative town of Birmingham. In Domesday Book is an entry recording that in 1086 "Richard holds 4 hides in Bermingham; the arable employs 6 ploughs; one is in the demesne. There are 5 villeins, and 4 bordars with 2 ploughs. Wood half a mile long, and two furlongs broad. It was and is worth xxs." Slowly growing, and without a history, we hear nothing more of Birmingham until 1538, when Leland came "through a pretty street or ever I entered, into Birmingham town," and speaks admiringly of its position, and informs us that even then there were "many smithes," that "used to make knives and all manner of cutting tools, and many lorimers that make bittes, and a great many naylers." In 1586, says Camden, the town was "swarming with inhabitants, and echoing with the noise of anvils." Its position and industrious progress may be gathered from the fact that in the breaking out of the Civil War the town supplied 15,000 swords to the Parliamentary army, and for this proof of its anti-Loyalist feeling and other acts of hostility towards the King, Prince Rupert in April, 1643, attacked the town with 2,000 horse and foot, and succeeded in burning about eighty houses. This event is known in local history as "Prince Rupert's burning love to England, discovered in Birmingham's flames"; and is one of the chief events in the earlier annals of the place. At this period it was a town of only fifteen streets, 900 houses, and about 5,500 inhabitants.

It was not until the fatal year, 1791, that Birmingham attracted the general attention of the country, and this time it was by an act of intense bigotry and violent intolerance, which, happily, have been

rare in the history of the town. The excesses of the great French Revolution had alarmed and terrified nine-tenths of the nation into the most zealous opponents of Reform. The very word "Liberal" had become hateful to the country; not only were the wealthy and prosperous carried away by this terror, but the masses were even more furious and more determined in their opposition to change, and supported every act of oppression and repression which marked the conduct of the Government of the day. The provincial towns did but imitate the example of the capital, and London found support in all the large cities in its antagonism to the Reformers. The few Liberals who opposed the proceedings of a terrified Legislature were for the most part Unitarians, and thus religious fanaticism was excited, as well as political hatred, against the friends of the French Revolution. At Birmingham this fanaticism and hatred culminated in what are known as the Church and King Riots, which took place in July, 1791. On the 14th of that month a few Reformers had assembled at a dinner at the Royal Hotel to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution. Prior to the day on which the commemoration was to take place the public indignation had been excited to the highest pitch by the publication of inflammatory handbills. The leader of the "advanced party" was the famous Dr. Priestley, and against him the bitterest opposition was directed. On the morning of the 14th the organisers of the proposed celebration defended themselves by publishing an advertisement, in which they said:—"Sensible themselves of a free Government, they rejoice in the extension of liberty to their neighbours; at the same time avowing, in the most explicit manner, their *firm attachment* to the *Constitution of their own Country*, as vested in the Three Estates of *King*, *Lords*, and *Commons*. Surely no free-born Englishman can refrain from exulting in this addition to the general mass of human happiness! It is the Cause of Humanity! It is the Cause of the People!"

The dinner was held, and the infuriated populace—led, it is believed, by one of the magistrates of the town—attacked the hotel, and the riots began. In four days the mob had supreme command of the town, and during that time burned down the two Unitarian meeting-houses and the residences of the principal members of that body, including those of William Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, and of Dr. Priestley, the "Father of Pneumatic Chemistry" and the father, also, of the Birmingham Old Library. He was not at the dinner, but he was the chief object of attack. All his valuable manuscripts and his laboratory were destroyed, and he himself was driven

from the country of his birth to die an exile in the New World. Within the last few years Birmingham has made a tardy compensation for this act of barbarism by subscribing for a statue to commemorate the name and labours of this martyr to untimely Liberalism. During the four days in which the mob held rule they destroyed about £60,000 of property, several lives were lost, and in expiation for this great crime the law hanged two of the rioters and sent two more to prison. A characteristic anecdote is told of the temper and conduct of the jury before whom the prisoners were tried. A gentleman, soon after the trials, hunting with Mr. Corbett's fox-hounds, was so sure of killing the fox that he cried "Nothing but a Birmingham jury can save him."

We now arrive at the period when Birmingham influence began to be felt and acknowledged in the country. At first its claims were ridiculed. Its early attempts to obtain representatives in Parliament were imperiously ignored or scornfully refused. In 1815 the population had reached nearly 88,000, and for political purposes the town was only a part of the northern division of Warwickshire, and had no direct voice in the House of Commons. To attain this object the friends of Parliamentary Reform established a Hampden Club, and on the 27th of January, 1817, the first of those great political meetings for which the town afterwards became so notorious was held on New Hall Hill, under the presidency of Mr. George Edmonds, the founder of the club. The agitation was now fairly begun. Meeting after meeting was held, and the language and conduct of the advocates of Reform waxed bolder. At last, at a meeting held at the same place on July 12, 1819, they proceeded so far as to elect Major Cartwright and Sir Charles Wolseley as the "two legislatorial attorneys and representatives of Birmingham." Thus an unenfranchised town elected members of Parliament. "In one moment," said a contemporary chronicler, "a public meeting invested the town with the right of sending a member to Parliament, and without waiting for the Speaker's writ, or any other old-fashioned process, nominated and elected" the gentlemen above named. George Edmonds suffered imprisonment for being a Reformer before the time was ripe. He lived, however, to witness the triumph of his cause.

In 1829, when the Political Union was formed, Birmingham was a town with a population of upwards of 140,000, was still without a representative in the House of Commons, and the nation was brought to the eve of a revolution before the anomaly was removed. From *this year dates* the great political influence of Birmingham. The *hour was come*, and with it the man. All previous efforts and failures

had only served to prepare the way for the last and triumphant appeal. The town, with its increased wealth, growing intelligence, and rapidly progressive public spirit, was indignant at the invidious distinction of non-representation. Was it to be endured that Birmingham, the "toy-shop of Europe," a town "swarming with inhabitants, and echoing with the noise of anvils," the seat of the most varied industries of any town in the world, should longer continue without any direct influence in the councils of the nation?

The Political Union was of a very humble and quiet origin. Mr. James Jaffray, in his "Hints for a History of Birmingham," thus describes its formation: "On the 14th of December, 1829, when hundreds of the inhabitants were shivering by their cold firesides, Mr. Attwood, with Mr. Scholefield and fourteen other gentlemen, met at the Royal Hotel. [The scene of the ill-fated dinner which led to the Church and King riots.] They were called together by a circular 'signed by six tradesmen.' This little meeting founded 'The Political Union for the Protection of Public Rights.' They adjourned till the Monday following, when they met at the Globe (now the Clarendon), Temple Street. Mr. Attwood again presided, and he, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Jones and Mr. T. C. Salt, submitted the rules of the Union. These were adopted and signed by twenty-eight persons, and it was resolved that they should be submitted for the approbation of the people."

The agitation was now begun in earnest. A memorial numerously signed was presented to the High Bailiff (for Birmingham was not then a Corporation, and had no Mayor), who refused to call a public meeting. The meeting was held, nevertheless, and on the 25th of January, 1830, about 15,000 persons assembled in Beardsworth's Repository and adopted the constitution, the rules, and the duties of the Political Union. The motto of this new organisation was "Peace, Law, and Order."

From January, 1830, to June, 1832, the agitation was carried on incessantly, persistently, and energetically. In a few months after the formation of the Union, the influence of Birmingham in conducting the agitation was paramount, and was so recognised and acknowledged by the whole nation. All the trades of the town organised themselves into societies, and joined the Union. There was perfect unanimity of feeling and harmony of action between employers and employed, and all were members of the Union. The men of each trade united their funds, and provided banners, regalia, and specimens of their work, with which they marched in procession to each *great meeting that was held.* The towns and villages and

hamlets for more than twenty miles round Birmingham organised branches, and at all public gatherings used to march in procession to that centre of meetings, with bands playing, banners flying, and their new regalia all displayed, and were accompanied by thousands of enthusiastic followers. Every member wore his Union medal, and in less than a year after its formation there numbered 9,000 persons paying subscriptions of from four shillings to two guineas a year, and it was calculated by Mr. Attwood that in Birmingham and the surrounding district no fewer than 400,000 were in direct sympathy with its objects, and prepared to support its demands.

The struggle was short but severe. The Reform Bill was defeated in April, 1831, by the success of what is known as General Gascoyne's motion. On the 22nd Parliament was prorogued, and on the 23rd dissolved. The new Parliament met on June 14. On the 24th the Reform Bill was again introduced, and on July 7 the second reading was carried by a majority of 367 against 231; on August 9 it passed the Commons by 345 votes for and 236 against, or by a majority in its favour of 109. "The rejoicings in Birmingham," writes Dr. J. A. Langford, "were of the most enthusiastic kind. Addresses were voted to Earl Grey, Lord Althorpe, and Lord John Russell. The latter Reformer made the following remarkable and memorable reply: 'I beg to acknowledge, with heart-felt gratitude, the undeserved honour done me by 150,000 of my countrymen. Our prospects are now obscured for a moment, and I trust only for a moment. It is impossible that the whisper of faction should prevail against the voice of the nation.'"

The words "our prospects are now obscured for a moment" have reference to the action taken by the House of Lords; and properly to understand the political influence exercised by Birmingham at this period of the nation's crisis it will be necessary to look at the conduct of the inhabitants on this occasion. The second reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords was fixed for the 3rd of October. On that day a great meeting was held at New Hall Hill, "to demonstrate to the House of Lords that the public enthusiasm in favour of the Reform Bill has not abated." Let us look at this gathering and what it did through the eyes of a contemporary:—"Just before the division in the Lords a great public meeting was held at Birmingham, consisting, it was said, of 150,000 persons. This meeting passed a resolution, by which a determination not to pay taxes if the Bill was rejected by the Lords was submitted to the multitude assembled. This *revolutionary* proceeding (for such it was) received at once the *unanimous* and vehement assent of the meeting. The resolution was

made known to all the world through the newspapers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord John Russell, nothing daunted, replied in set phrase of gratitude and compliment to the meeting, in letters to Mr. Attwood, who was celebrated as the great leader of the Birmingham Political Union; and the expressions of Lord John Russell's letter attracted universal attention and remark."

After five nights' debate the Lords rejected the Bill by 199 votes against 158. A great Birmingham meeting was immediately held, resolutions were passed demanding "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," and invoking the King to "exercise his prerogative of creating new peers sufficient to enable the Bill to pass." An address to the nation was also adopted, from which I quote the following short passage:—"*Friends and Fellow Countrymen!*—Our road is clear. Our mind is made up. WE WILL STAND BY LORD GREY. That illustrious Statesman has declared that the BILL OF REFORM shall *become Law*, in all its essential principles and provisions. The whole history of his life forbids us to mistrust his word. The strength of a United Nation, which he wields, forbids us to distrust his power. *Therefore we will stand by Lord Grey.* And if by any possibility he should be driven from power, we will carry him back upon the shoulders of the People!"

There was no pause in the agitation. Meeting after meeting was held, and the most decisive resolutions were passed unanimously. In hundreds of windows were placards declaring that no taxes would be paid there until the Reform Bill was passed. In January, 1832, Daniel O'Connell addressed a large assembly in the town, and in February the Reform Bill was once more introduced in the House of Commons. On the 19th of March it was read a third time, and on April 14 it was read a second time in the House of Lords. But fears were still entertained for its safety, and on May 7 the largest meeting ever held on the subject assembled at New Hall Hill. "There were," says Dr. Langford, "nearly 200,000 persons present. All the neighbouring towns had sent their branch of the Union to swell the great assembly. The number assigned to Birmingham was 50,000. The banners and bands of music formed not the least remarkable or attractive feature of this extraordinary awaking of the people. It was a grand and sublime sight, which those who witnessed will never forget. Mr. Attwood was in the chair, and before the business commenced these 200,000 voices sang the spirit-stirring hymn, by the Rev. Hugh Hutton, 'The Gathering of the Unions.'" The Lords were implored "*not to drive* to despair a high-minded, a generous, *and fearless people.*" "Then followed one of the most

solemn spectacles ever seen in the world. Mr. Thomas Clutton Salt, acting as it were on a sudden inspiration, took off his hat, and the vast multitude following his example, he bade them repeat after him the Union vow. Thus from the 200,000 assembled arose in unison, like the solemn voice of the sea, their voices repeating these words: 'In unbroken faith, through every peril and privation, we devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause.'"

The Bill was not safe, for on May 7 the Government were defeated on a motion to postpone the disfranchising clauses until the amount of enfranchisement should be determined. Lord Grey resigned on the 9th. It seemed as if revolution were unavoidable. Those who had hitherto held aloof from the Union now joined it, and made the following declaration:—"We, the undersigned inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Birmingham, who have hitherto refrained from joining the Birmingham Political Union, deem it our duty to our country, at this awful crisis, to come forward and join that body, for the purpose of promoting the further union, order, and determination of all classes in support of the common cause of Parliamentary Reform." In a few hours more than five hundred persons signed this declaration. Alluding to the alarming state of the nation at this critical juncture in its history, the Rev. Mr. Molesworth says:—"At no place was it more distinctly manifested than at Birmingham, which at this time exercised a more powerful influence on the destinies of the Bill than the other great towns of the Empire, not only on account of its central position and comparative proximity to the metropolis, but also as being the heart of a district densely peopled by a rugged and robust race, who were united to a man in determined support of Reform." Lord Grey, however, returned to power; on the 4th of June the Reform Bill passed the Lords, and on the 7th received the Royal assent, and revolution was once more averted. Thus, to a large extent, by the influence of a provincial town, an organic change was made in the constitution of this country which has affected its policy and its political condition to the present time.

From the organisation of the Political Union to the present day, a period of nearly half a century, the political influence of Birmingham has been exercised in support of the Liberal party, of Liberal Governments, and Liberal principles. There have been sixteen elections in the town, and only at a bye election in 1844 has a Conservative been able to secure a seat. This was on the occasion of the death of Mr. Joshua Scholefield, who, with Mr. Attwood, was elected without opposition to the first Reform Parliament. By the

influence of several causes Mr. Richard Spooner then obtained a majority of votes, but at the general election of 1847 this decision of the constituency was reversed, and two Liberals, Mr. G. F. Muntz and Mr. W. Scholefield, were elected. On the death of Mr. Muntz in 1857 Mr. John Bright, although absent from ill-health, was elected without opposition. By the Reform Bill of 1867 a third member was given to Birmingham, but the borough was made one of the three-cornered constituencies. In spite of this difficulty the burgesses returned the three Liberal candidates, Mr. J. Bright, Mr. G. Dixon, and Mr. P. H. Muntz; Mr. Bright, the lowest on the Liberal poll, having a majority of 5,901 votes over Mr. S. S. Lloyd, the highest Conservative candidate. At the last general election this year the three old members were returned without opposition, notwithstanding the great Conservative reaction. The same predominance of Liberal opinion was also displayed in the last election of the School Board. At the first, in 1870, the Liberals committed the egregious blunder of nominating the whole of the fifteen candidates for the Board, and were in consequence only able to return six, their opponents electing the whole of their eight, and the Roman Catholics one. In 1873 they reversed this foolish policy, nominating only eight, and notwithstanding the most earnest and zealous opposition succeeded in electing them all, and thus securing a majority on the School Board.

The public spirit of Birmingham and the general influence of the town have gone on increasing since the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. There has been no public measure before the country since that great outburst of popular enthusiasm in which the influence of the town has not been felt and acknowledged. Notably has this been the case in the question of education. The National Education League, which has excited equal enthusiasm both in its supporters and opponents, was organised in Birmingham, and owes its influence mainly to the energy, the persistency, the zeal, and the ability of Birmingham men. To such an extent is this the fact, and so fully is it acknowledged, that the organisation is usually designated by its opponents as the Birmingham League. Its principal leaders, Mr. George Dixon, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. George Dawson, Mr. R. W. Dale, and Mr. Jesse Collings, are all Birmingham men; and, for good as its supporters believe, but for evil according to its opponents, these gentlemen have been the principal organisers of the scheme and the most uncompromising advocates of the plan known as the League programme. Even those who most bitterly and vehemently denounce the system are compelled to acknowledge the

immense influence which the town has exercised in the discussi and partial settlement of the education question. Some writers ha not hesitated to assert that the recent Conservative reaction ow much to the determined advocacy of what they consider the extre views of the League; and it is more than probable that the leade are not reluctant to accept this tribute to their influence in det mining the course of public policy and the drift of public opinio It is well known that during the years 1872-73 the League adopt the policy of contesting all vacant seats expressly on the Leag programme. This principle of Parliamentary action was put in practice at five places, and League candidates offered themselves the electors, claiming their votes as opponents of the 25th Clause, a as advocates of universal School Boards and compulsory attendanc In support of these views Mr. J. C. Cox appealed to Bath, I Baxter Langley to Greenwich, Mr. E. Jenkins to Dundee, Mr. Jaffray to East Staffordshire, and Dr. J. A. Langford to Shaftesbu And this action was taken with the full knowledge that its res might be the return of the Conservative candidate. At the l election at Bradford, the chief and certainly the most earnest a vigorous opponents to the return of Mr. W. E. Forster were t members and friends of the League. In Birmingham lives the spi which has carried the views of the League into almost every tow village, and hamlet in England and Wales.

In all the movements having the further extension of Parliament Reform for their object which have been organised since 1832, B mingham has either led or taken a prominent part in leading pub opinion. The statesman who has made this subject the second gr object of his political life has since 1857 been one of the represen tives of the borough. By Mr. Bright's speeches and action t question was mainly kept alive for several years, until by the passi of Mr. Disraeli's Act household and lodger suffrage were given the boroughs. Some of the most effective of these speeches we delivered at Birmingham, and in them Mr. Bright did but speak t opinions of the great majority of his constituents. Public meetin rivalling those held at New Hall Hill in the days of the Politic Union, were held at the Brookfields, and once again the influence Birmingham was felt in the House of Commons, not only by t utterances of its representatives, but also by the force of the agitatic in which the inhabitants of that town took a principal part. In fac the question of the extension of the suffrage seems, by choice a *tradition, to belong* to the town which carried the Reform Bill. *least so its people* seem to think, and in this respect, as well as

many disputed points of public policy, they boast that their town is the most democratic in England. Others, like Newcastle-on-Tyne and Nottingham, have disputed this claim, and I leave the disputants to settle the controversy among themselves. This, however, is certain, that the influence exercised over public opinion by the people of Birmingham has rarely been equalled and never surpassed by any other town in the kingdom. In the repeal of the corn laws, in the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, in questions of foreign policy, in Catholic emancipation, in the abolition of slavery, in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—in short, in all the liberal measures of the last half-century this provincial town has taken a warm and influential part, and has made her voice heard in all the legislation which has characterised that extremely active and important period of our country's history. Some may regret the course which this influence has taken, but none can deny either its existence or its importance. The town has made its mark in the history of the nation, and its power may be seen in the record of Acts passed and of Acts repealed.

In this sketch of the rise and development of the public influence of one of our great towns I have written only of that part of its public life which connected it with and acted upon the public life and opinion of the nation at large. It is only fair to add that great and influential as this has been, it by no means exhausts the energies of the Birmingham people. The same public spirit has been displayed in purely local matters. In no town is greater interest taken in local questions. The Town Council is, on the whole, a fair representative body, and governs the town in a really creditable manner. I need not say that it is closely watched and keenly criticised by the burgesses. This may be a sufficient reason why it does its work so well. When the voters take a constant interest in the proceedings of their governors, and punish them when they err by rejection at the very first opportunity, there will be established wholesome and healthy relations between the rulers and the ruled which will act beneficially on them both. This is not the place to enter into details of the local life of the town, nor to give a list of the public work done. I may, however, mention that in this town was first established the Hospital Sunday, by which the medical charities of Birmingham have, during the fifteen years of its existence, benefited to the extent of between £50,000 and £60,000; and that this has been supplemented by a Hospital Saturday, which in two collections produced over £9,000, subscribed by the *working men* for the same charities. In 1860, *at a public meeting, the Free Libraries* and Museums Act was

adopted by the people, and the town now possesses a reference library containing 33,000 volumes, a central lending library with 15,000 volumes, and four branch lending libraries with 21,000 volumes. Thus the inhabitants have the free use of 90,000 volumes at the various libraries. To each library is also attached a free newsroom, which is visited daily by large numbers. In connection with the Free Library is the Shakespeare Memorial Library, which contains 5,332 volumes of Shakespearian literature—a monument erected to the memory of the poet which is unique and peculiar to Birmingham. Through the munificence of a Birmingham gentleman, Mr. W. Bragge, now of Sheffield, the library has been enriched by a Cervantes collection containing 590 volumes, and including every known edition of the works of the great Spanish author. A Free Art Gallery completes these sources of pleasure and instruction, which are open for the free use of the people.

During the last sixteen years four free parks have been added to the public institutions. One, Aston Park and Hall, was purchased jointly by the inhabitants and the Corporation. The other three—Adderley Park, Calthorpe Park, and Cannon Hill Park—were presented by their respective owners, the Right Hon. Sir C. B. Adderley, Lord Calthorpe, and Miss L. Ryland.

I have alluded to these various institutions because their existence and successful working are due to the same public feeling and to the exercise of the same public spirit which, in wider fields of action have caused the influence of Birmingham to make itself felt in shaping the destinies of the nation.

In my next paper I propose to consider the influence which Manchester has had on the public policy of the kingdom.

SEXAGENARIAN.

# WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

## IV.—ABOUT DARTMOOR.

DEVONSHIRE, stealing into one's thoughts in the hot unresting City, brings delicious suggestions. Amidst the dust of the desert it is the dream of a land flowing with milk and honey. The overworked professional man looks forward to its green lanes and luxuriant meads, to its cool darkened woods and refreshing streams, with a grateful sense of coming rest and freedom. Other counties have their special nooks and corners famed for picturesqueness and noted as the beaten track of excursionists; large though it be, there is no other county in England bearing in its entirety so excellent a general character as queenly Devon. Announce that you are going down into Devonshire, and you have said enough. No one asks to what particular district you are shaping your course: so long as it is Devonshire you must perforce enjoy yourself. Does it not possess a soft, warm coast of surpassing loveliness, where the myrtle flourishes in mid-winter? Has it not gentle lowlands and bleak highlands? Does it not rise into open-browed mountains that catch the earliest snows, and sink into valleys sequestered from the storms and turmoils that roughen the rest of the world?

These thoughts were not unwelcome as I stood apart from the throng at Paddington terminus, mounting guard over creel and rods, until the 8.10 express was ready to whisk me through the night to Plymouth. The confusion and bustle of this station, immortalised in Frith's picture, were positively soothing to the Devonshire-bound passenger, for the contrast between the immediate present and the immediate future was a whetstone to the edge of anticipation. So, let porters and grooms rush hither and thither, ladies appeal in perplexing chorus to the officials, and testy gentlemen rage and scold—what mattered? To-morrow I should be knee-deep in west country clover, my flies would be sailing down Devonshire streams, and for a whole week, behold, London should know me no more. The greater the hubbub around, the more placid I. It was a long ride before me, for Reading, Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Exeter, and Plymouth had to *pass in review 'ere I could* exchange the iron horse for that

other locomotive animal through whose good offices I hoped by to-morrow's noon to climb up into the free air of Dartmoor. It was the first of June, a date of no significance to ordinary mortals, though a red-letter day to the London angler. I should haply sleep by-and-by, but not until I had caught such glimpses as time would permit of the stations along the Thames. The Great Western is the angler's line *par excellence.* The Colne, the Thames, the Kennet, the Loddon, with their numerous feeders, are brought nearer and nearer to us as the powerful railway company, like an insatiable ogre, every year sweeps increasing territory within its capacious maw. In a brief space of time the train was at West Drayton, where the mellow fading sunlight slanted across the Thorney Broad water, and revealed on the alder-lined banks rods flashing like bayonets. In a few minutes we crossed the narrower Iver, with just a glimpse, through the elms up the meadows, of the bridge, by which doubtless lay trout waiting for the May-fly. At Slough we saw upon the up platform a small contingent of returning anglers who had been honouring the first of June on the Thames at Eton. These were for the most part gay parties of young ladies and gentlemen who had been combining a large measure of picnicing with a *soupçon* of angling; who had been, in short, idly using the rod and line as a justification for and aid to flirtation. It was at Maidenhead, Taplow, Reading, and the higher stations the real anglers were to be found; there they clustered, leaning tired on their rods, recounting their day's experiences. And soon the last bit of gold having been extracted by nightfall from the sky, it was meet to settle cosily into the corner to doze, and see visions of speckled trout and silvery salmon.

The Dart, with whose upper waters I proposed to make intimate acquaintance with all speed, is crossed by the South Devon line at Totnes, and I had an opportunity of reconnoitring it at unexpected and unusual leisure. A deep sleep had sealed our eyelids as we ran down close to the estuary of the Exe and skirted the sea wall at Dawlish and Teignmouth; but we by-and-by became conscious of something uncommon, and awoke to find the train brought to a standstill in the midst of pure country surroundings. An hour or two before a luggage train had wrecked, and our passage was now stopped. In the freshness of the balmy morning we had—men, women, and children—to tumble out of the carriages, and struggle with bag and baggage through a couple of fields, across a country lane, and up a high bank of nettles and brambles, to a train composed of odds and ends of rolling stock, hastily constructed and despatched from Totnes. The ruined engine, getting off the line

had plunged madly into a field, torn up the earth a yard deep, and finally capsized, exhausted and smashed and twisted into a marvellous variety of fantastic forms. *Débris* was piled high across both lines—timber, casks of tallow, boxes, and beer barrels. We arrived at last at our improvised train, panting, and with boots well yellowed by the buttercups. Being less than a mile from Totnes, I deserted my fellow passengers, left the few labourers who could be hastily gathered together transferring Her Majesty's mails and the contents of the luggage van to the new train, and strolled on towards Totnes, where the stoker of the hapless engine lay on a death-bed of excruciating agony. The sun, newly risen, shone upon the singular picture of wreck and confusion in a frame of rural fertility, and the sleek Devon herds and a few open-mouthed rustics looked on in astonishment at the novel occurrence which had taken place amongst their promising orchards and richly-cropped fields.

The Dart at Totnes is a very sober-minded river. That morning not a breath of wind ruffled its greenish waters, and a couple of troutlets a hundred yards up stream, gently rising at a frisky midge, covered the whole surface with concentric circles. The trees and bushes in full leaf were repeated in the glassy water. North and south alike, the scenery is of the most fascinating description even here, where the Dart, having pursued its devious way from yonder moor, seems to pause for a brief interval of repose and thought before entering upon that magnificent, winding, more dignified course through the South Hams to the sea at Dartmouth. The Devonshire people are proud to hear the Dart designated "The Rhine of the West," and no unprejudiced voyager who has taken steamer from the ancient town of Totnes to the almost equally old seaport of Dartmouth will deny that the name is deservedly applied.

The railway guards and porters did their best to remedy the mishap; and in a surprisingly short space of time we were once more *en route* through the finest part of pastoral Devon. Every new prospect proves that it would be almost impossible to praise it too highly. The high officers of State take the Viceroys, Sultans, Shahs, and Czars of the earth to see our soldiers and guns, our forts and ships, our densely populated centres; but who ever heard of their being brought down into this Eden? Surely here was an aspect of the nation's life in which some, and not a little, of its strength was indicated! But who cared for emperors and kings? Here came South Brent, and running through it, with a bridge across, another Dartmoor-born stream, the Avon. Now I might form a pretty correct opinion *upon the state of the rivers I had* travelled so far to fish.

For six weeks there had been no rain, and very ill reports of the rivers of the three kingdoms had been troubling the Waltonian world. The Avon was not encouraging; it was so reduced in volume that it was difficult to see where there was room for a trout, and throwing a fly into those mere saucers which now represented the best pools was out of the question. It was, I confessed with sorrowful misgiving, a hopeless prospect, unless the banks of clouds brooding over the moors would come to the rescue and unlock their long-sealed fountains. Anxiously I waited till a few miles further we crossed the Erme at Ivy Bridge. The Erme confirmed the dismal story told by the Avon. The stones in the rocky bed shone with the unwetted smoothness of a long drought. Although it might be better nearer the source, I began to wish that the creel, capable of stowing away eighteen pounds of fish, had been left at home. Nasmyth hammers were not made to crack eggs. But the woods were green, the air was fragrant with hawthorn blossom, the landscapes were glorious, and if the worst must be endured, there would in all this be a certain compensation for an empty basket. Still, remembering how the Erme and Avon in their average condition tumbled and swirled and gambolled from rock to rock, and beholding their present melancholy dead level, it was but too true that just a trifle of sunshine seemed to have departed. Would the Yealm, yet another of the Dartmoor brood, dispel the cloud? Two or three miles further, and lo, the Yealm coincided with its sister streams. My only consolation was that in the same carriage journeyed to South Brent a young gentleman who was in worse plight than myself: three salmon rods, a huge wooden-framed landing-net, fit receptacle for a shark; wading apparatus, gaffs, and an outfit generally that would stock a tackle-maker's shop he had brought with him from town; and certainly he looked the picture of misery when I showed him the sort of brook upon which his costly machinery was to be exercised.

The valley traversed by the Tavistock Railway, to which at Plymouth we were transferred, is not to be beaten in this country for sylvan beauty. I know of nothing to compare with it but the grand wooded slopes that keep you awake with surprise and admiration between Dieppe and Rouen. If the Plym valley be not as wide as that charming portion of fruitful Normandy, its trees are larger and more numerous. Lord Morley's property at Saltram is the beginning of a stretch of woody hillside that continues with unbroken picturesqueness for miles. Such beeches, elms, ash-trees, *sycamores, aspens,* firs, maples, and oaks seldom indeed are to *be looked upon* from the windows of a railway carriage.

few local anglers got out at Bickleigh, and descended through the foliage towards the Plym, there almost hidden by over-spreading branches and bushy undergrowth. Higher up, the Meavy and Cad merge into the Plym, and both are good trout-yielding streams when the conditions are anything like favourable, but at this time they suffered more perhaps than any from lack of water. Onward and upward still, through new phases of entrancing scenery, the train proceeded to Horrabridge, where we crossed the Walkham, now no longer the popular trout stream it used to be; for here, unfortunately, as in other parts of Devon and Cornwall, the mines are doing fatal damage.

Tavistock, compact and thriving, lies in a natural basin, surrounded by a belt of hills; where Dartmoor ends the Cornish hills continue the duty of encircling the town, and dooming it to more than a full share of wet weather. The Tavy runs through it; and later in the year, when the salmon peel are in their prime, there is no river in the country that yields better morning and evening sport. A well-organised fishing association preserves the river, its tributaries and sub-tributaries; and under one of their wise regulations the angler below Denham Bridge is restricted to the use of the artificial fly. It is in these associations the hope of preserving our English fisheries chiefly rests; wherefore, let every angler, whenever he has the opportunity of acting as an amateur water-bailiff, do his best to enforce the laws of such useful societies. Eminently clean and respectable is Tavistock, on the border-land of the two great western counties. Nay, it is quite ecclesiastical in its staid appearance. There is an air of repose within its borders of which you become immediately sensible. A rollicking blade the visitor may be in London, but at Tavistock it will be useless to struggle against the subduing influences around him. On entering the Bedford Hotel I was on the point of doffing my hat, fancying that I was on the threshold of a church. The markets had all the quietness of the cloister; the public buildings struck me as decidedly smacking of the cathedral style; and the police went their rounds with a verger-like tread. The town, celebrated in the fifteenth century for its mitred abbey, would seem to have cherished to the present day its ecclesiastical associations. Some remnants of the time-worn stone-work of the abbey are there, in keeping with the spirit of serenity which still lingers in its highways and byeways. Notwithstanding its demureness of countenance, Tavistock is a bright, comfortable, and right pleasant spot in which to pitch one's tent.

It is *seven miles into the heart of* Dartmoor, and, as you will

speedily discover, seven miles pat against the collar. He who is able to ride and drive safely and boldly over Dartmoor is fit to take a horse anywhere. It is a typical drive from Tavistock to Princetown, for it affords fair examples of many peculiarities of the moor. Steadily ascending from the lowlands, the atmosphere, like the scenery, gradually changes. For the first mile or so out of Tavistock I noticed the foxgloves, in regular red-coated battalions, standing at ease in the hedgerows, while all descriptions of flowers were blooming in the profuse natural ferneries so common to Devonshire banks and woodlands. As the milestones were left in the rear, the foxglove bells became less open, until on Dartmoor they had not begun to expand into blossom. Up amongst the billowy downs, blocks of granite, wild ravines, shaggy sheep, and brawling brooks, we followed the road, now this, now that Tor challenging attention. Why this was ever called the Royal Forest of Dartmoor it is hard to say.* It is the general absence of wood that is the present characteristic of Dartmoor. But then the place is a puzzle from first to last. The masses of granite, cast, apparently, in Titanic volleys out of the bowels of the earth, and the Tors crowning the summits of the downs, as if systematically placed there for specific purposes, may well account for the theories, and superstitions, and dogmatisms associated from time immemorial with them. The coachman—all the Devonshire drivers are civil and intelligent—pointed out to me the various objects of interest as our gallant grey plodded upwards. Pulling up at the top of the first hill, he bade me look behind. Tavistock appeared in its hollow like a snug bird's-nest. Cornwall, its hills crowned with mine shafts instead of granitic masses, confronted us. Far away at the end of the long wooded valley, and sparkling like silver beyond the radiant woods, was Plymouth Sound. Ahead and around were the endless risings and fallings of the moor, still fresh and green; and the sun, fierce overhead, was printing cloud-pictures upon their broad bosoms. Here was a panorama you must in truth see in speechless admiration, but may not adequately describe with either brush or pen.

I sounded a halt at Merivale Bridge, spanning one of those romantic rock-glens which intersect Dartmoor at every point. The Walkham, not yet polluted by the mines, passes downwards at this point. It is a good sample of a Dartmoor stream, plashing just then from steep to steep in a quiet musical fashion, the banks open and

* The bogs of course suggest forests primeval, and some years since no inconsiderable traces of tropical trees and plants were discovered in one part of the moors.

bare, and the water clear as crystal. It was, indeed, so clear that I on the spot abandoned my original intention of half an hour's fishing. A number of prison warders were abroad stalking convicts. Three of the wretches had escaped in a sudden fog that, enveloping the moor as with a blanket two hours before, had disappeared as suddenly as it came. The convicts had got away; two of them had been shot when the fog lifted, and the warders were searching for the third, examining every boulder, every peat stack, every bit of ditch and bog. Nearer Princetown we saw the warders bearing the prostrate runaway, number three, to the convict establishment, winged with a well-directed bullet from a carbine. Princetown is a most desirable head-quarters for the angler, since it commands several of the moorland streams; and there is admirable hotel accommodation for man and beast in the place.

To fish Dartmoor properly a horse is necessary for a man of only moderate walking powers, and if he is fortunate enough to engage for the term of his stay a moorland pony it will be a decided advantage. The man who can trudge fifteen miles a day may, however, consider himself independent of anything but a sensible pair of boots, and it should never be forgotten that there, more than 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, fatigue is seldom felt as in the lower country. There is a comfortable inn also at Two Bridges, about two miles from Princetown, in a fine situation, and close to the West Dart and its tributary the Cowsick.

These Dartmoor streamlets, it may be convenient here to explain, have many, indeed most things in common. Besides the larger streams there are, I believe, fifty brooks abounding in trout, but of them all these conclusions may be taken for granted:—the trout are remarkably small, delicious eating, and so plentiful that one is almost afraid to mention the undoubted "takes" that, in suitable water and wind, may be expected. As I had feared when once I had surveyed the chances from the railway carriage, my visit to Dartmoor, as a mere matter of fins and tails, was not profitable. The water had not been so low in the memory of our dear useful friend the oldest inhabitant; it was remarkably pellucid; and, to make bad worse, the wind blew either north-east or not at all. Slimy weeds had accumulated in the pools, and nothing but a tremendous freshet would clear them. Still with these overwhelming disadvantages, to which a bright sun may be added, and fishing, as on the last day I found, with not the most appropriate flies, I caught an average of two dozen *each day*, and might have basketed double *that quantity on the first day had I* known how small it was

the custom to take them.* I admit the fish were wofully small, even smaller than Welsh trout. One fellow weighed close upon half a pound, and that seemed of mammoth proportions amongst its brethren, but a quarter pound trout was considered by the Devonians a highly respectable moorland fish. It is a well known rule in angling that when the small fish feed greedily the large ones do not move, and *vice versâ;* and the small ones had the ill taste to be in the ascendant on my visit to Dartmoor. The bulk of the trout were about the dimensions of sprats, and these I in my ignorance on the first day returned to the water. Three or four, however, injured beyond redemption by the steel, went to the cook with the sizeable fish. At dinner I made a discovery. The Dartmoor troutlets are the best flavoured and sweetest eating fish it was ever my good fortune to taste. You devour, or rather scrunch them, body, bones, and head; whitebait are nothing to them. A Plymouth friend afterwards told me that parties of gourmands frequently make expeditions to Princetown for the sake of a dish of *petite truite.* The quarterpounders, though not to be despised, are at table less delicate than the symmetrical, burly little things that at first so trouble the angler's conscience. A trout breakfast at the Duchy Hotel at Princetown, within sight of miles of moor rolling outwards to the horizon, is a treat to be often repeated; or if at luncheon time in the West Dart Valley you look in at Two Bridges Inn, and, selecting a dozen of the smallest fish from your basket, hand them over to the landlady, the chances are that twelve tiny tails alone will be left witness to your appetite. I do not wonder at the fuss made a few years since about the convicts' diet; Dartmoor has a special facility for making a man wolfishly hungry. Pick-me-ups are unknown in that village of stone, Princetown, where the houses, probably out of respect to the convict establishment, do not rise above the severest rules of architecture.

---

* In making these statements no comment to an angler is necessary, but I should like to give the general reader a specimen of the unreasonable incredulity with which fishermen are regarded by persons who have no practical sympathy with their pursuits. In my article in the May number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* I described an actual day's sport, which, although one naturally selects one's best days as subjects of discourse, under the circumstances bore a very moderate result. A Cumberland critic thereupon confessed dislike to Red Spinner's articles because they are "too agreeable," and "his May-fly fishing is too good to be true, and such as no angler could ever hope to realise." Of course the Cumberland critic is entitled to his likes and dislikes in common with the rest of the human race; it is obvious, however, that he could not have penned the above remarks after reading the article, unless he were hopelessly ignorant of angling matters, or himself an unsuccessful and soured fisherman.

Four, five, and six dozen of trout are no uncommon result of a day's persevering and intelligent angling. An old man, whom I had no reason whatever to doubt—for similar statements were made to me by others—assured me that he once caught fifteen dozen in eight hours. This assertion will probably take away the breath of the incredulous critic who shrugs his shoulders and drops the corners of his mouth at any record of rod and line work; but with very exceptional luck, or perhaps it should be said a combination of fortunate circumstances, such an enormous capture is quite possible on the Dartmoor streams. Of course it will not often occur, and five or six dozen is the total which under ordinary conditions should give complete satisfaction, and send the angler home in good humour with himself, his tackle, the water, the weather—and, in short, the world at large. Not even accidentally would I wish to do an injustice to the bonny watercourses of Dartmoor. I am far too much enamoured of them to be guilty of so flagrant a crime, and on this account I would introduce a marginal clause touching the size of their finny habitants. After a flood you are never quite certain what will be tempted by the fly. Salmon are every year known to push their way up into the moor, and are seen in pools reachable by threadlike channels which to an unpractised eye contain scarce water sufficient to cover a fish. Large trout of two and three pounds weight are sometimes found when the water is clearing, but these are casual visitors never to be calculated upon. Late in the season the brooks swarm with salmon fry which worry the fisherman by their voracity. There are, or might be, plenty of salmon in the Devonshire rivers. At Tavistock I saw a report just sent in from the lower waters of the Tavy and Tamar setting forth that salmon and trout had never been seen in more abundance than during the present season, but that—and as Mr. Frank Buckland was in the locality I hope he made a note of this—the mines were playing havoc with the water.

The Dartmoor streams should always be fished upwards. Their direction being, roughly speaking, from north to south, this course is the easiest as well as the best to pursue when the wind sits in the right quarter for piscatorial pursuits. It will save time and trouble to lay in a stock of flies at Plymouth or Tavistock. If one could make sure of finding that infallible native who generally lurks somewhere near the waterside, and who manufactures flies more killing and more natural than the living insect, he is the man to buy from; but it may happen that the worthy is not to be *found, and life* is too short to waste a day in *unearthing him while the fish* are eagerly rising. The flies

at both Tavistock and Plymouth are excellent, and the shopkeepers thoroughly understand Dartmoor, and will give the customer honest advice as to the streams. The knowing ones in Devonshire never use winged flies, and many of the most successful fishermen go through the season with, at the outside, not more than half a dozen different hackles. Of these, the essentials are a blue upright, a red or red-and-black palmer, and a black fly, which for convenience sake we may also call a palmer. The coch-à-bondu is not amiss, and there is a gaudy little fly called the Meavy Red, which kills well on the Meavy. A small golden palmer, used for grayling in the Wharfe, and given me a year ago by its author, a keeper at Bolton Abbey, found me a couple of brace of trout in the Double Dart when the local flies utterly failed; and on the same stream I met a youthful rustic with a dozen and a half of nice fish (say averaging four ounces), taken against law, of course, with a live "vern-web," by which name the fern-fly is known in those parts. The upper streams being very small and broken, the artificial flies used are, as usual, much larger than could be ventured upon in broader and deeper rivers whose flow is more even. It is only once now and then that the Dartmoor angler encumbers himself with wading materials or landing-net. A shilling day ticket may be purchased at the Duchy Hotel, entitling the holder to fish any or all of the Dartmoor streams. The May-fly is a stranger to Dartmoor, and I complete my catalogue of items by a reference to Cherrybrook, which is a very favourite stream, and which is probably the only one in England that may be fished in a north-east wind.

Beginning at Two Bridges, fish the West Dart to the junction where the East Dart, amidst beautiful wooded scenery, joins. In the higher land, far above the meeting of the waters (Dartmeet), the two Darts run through unadulterated Dartmoor; no bushes take a mean advantage of your carelessness, no trees are near. The outlook if it were not so grand in its wild ruggedness, would be inexpressibly dreary; and to many visitors very likely Dartmoor is a howling wilderness, fit only for convicts, lunatics—and artists. It is a merciful dispensation of Providence that all men do not see with the same eyes. When, years gone by, we had prisoners of war who were confined at Dartmoor (the convict establishment was built for that purpose), a French writer described it as a terrible Siberia, covered with unmelting snow. "When the snows go away," he added, "the mists appear." In the desolation of winter Dartmoor is naturally not so pleasant as Torquay or Brighton. In the summer the Frenchman's description must not be mentioned,

for then the heather is everywhere abloom; the graceful ferns fondly sweep the edges of the great grey rocks; the foot sinks into an elastic velvet pile of moss, herbage, and alpine plants; the distant coppices catch and hold the shadows of the clouds in the murmurous tree-tops; the colours of earth and sky imperceptibly change and blend morn, noon, and night; the cuckoo tells and re-tells "his name to all the hills"; the peewit, couched in the rushes by the brook, utters its shrill cry at your approach, and tries, with instinctive cunning, to entice you away from its nest; and there is music in the rarified air, performed by such united choirs as myriads of merry-lived insects, the tinkling of streams, and the half-mournful cadence of many zephyrs journeying over the moors.

Near Dartmeet woods begin to diversify the landscape. They cover the steep declivities that rise precipitately from one or both banks. Below the bridge there are numbers of the most tempting pools; but the local fishermen, admitting the superior scenery, give the sportman's palm to the West Dart, which for a mile or two above the bridge is the beau-ideal of a picturesque mountain stream. Its bed is strewn with gigantic boulders that in drought as in flood irritate the impetuous current into ebullitions of boil, bubble, foam, and headlong plunges very beautiful to watch, and presently, when the torrent moderates into a less violent flow, most serviceable to the dexterous handler of the fly-rod. The Dart on its downward course to Buckfastleigh, more especially in its windings through Holne Chase, is the paradise of painters.

Time and space would fail me to recount the legends to which Dartmoor Forest has given rise. It was my privilege on one of my rambles to fall in with a gentleman renewing an old acquaintance with the moors. For years he had been doomed to frizzle in the West Indies, and returning to the mother country for a year's holiday, repaired at once to Dartmoor to fish familiar streams and be braced by the invigorating atmosphere. Of course he was a sportsman, and accustomed to both rod and gun. We had whipped the West Dart, growing narrower and shallower every day, and then by common consent, meeting no reward, spiked our rods, lay down on the grass, and in the heart of Dartmoor smoked our pipes of peace like a couple of lotos-eaters to whom there was no future. He knew the moors as the Londoner knows Fleet Street. He had shot blackcock in certain bits of scrub where a few regularly breed; he had tramped in the September days over the Tor far away to the north-east, returning at night with six or seven brace of snipe picked up in the *bogs, and an odd woodcock* or two recruiting on

Dartmoor before starting for their inland haunts. He had ridd hounds when the fox made straight over the open, up and dow steep as the roof of a house. He showed me a cupboard in th at Two Bridges, where after two days' hard work on the moors he had deposited overnight two dozen of snipe that to be despatched as presents to particular friends. In the mo however, he was disgusted on finding the heart carefully and cl extracted, probably by rats, from every bird, which was oth untouched. Finally, after a Devonshire luncheon of "breac cheese and cider," he took me to Wistman's Wood. Fro valley I had previously noticed what appeared to be a extensive shrubbery to the north-west of Crockern Tor. I great heat it was a stiff climb up the slope, over which immo blocks of granite lay thickly peppered. The shrubbery turned be a wonderful plantation of dwarfed, gnarled, uncanny lo oak trees, reputed to have been a veritable Druidical grove. The though not more than seven feet high, put on all the airs of forest patriarchs. In age they must have been the Methusel their tribe ; in shape they were the counterparts of the fines most venerable oaks of Windsor forest. Their branches were wri to such a painful extent that various plants and shrubs that u prefer the ground seemed to have entered into a league to hid marks of extreme antiquity from the light of day. Brambles, li ferns, ivy, and other growths had taken root in the branche covered them with tangle. The roots of the oaks, after turies of fight with the granite soil, were doing their best ei few inches below, or on the exposed surface. After this ordinary spectacle we leaped the West Dart where it was wide, and climbed the steep to the Cowsick river, gaining th road through a wooded glen of the most exquisite loveliness passing a rude bridge of slabs said to have been put together Ancient Britons.

The Tamar, I had been informed, was fishable when Devonshire rivers were dry, and to the Tamar I accor determined to go. This involved a sunset—and what a sun journey back to Tavistock, a night's sleep in that quiet st borough, and an early drive to Horsebridge, six miles i direction of the Cornish hills, surmounted with tall chimneys. experienced superintendent of the Tamar and Plym district had "coached" me, but my ill-luck doggedly pursued me to the T the water was in good order, but the north wind blew dead *stream, rendering* the likeliest scours and eddies almost unfi *from below.* Wading and landing-net were here indispe

The Tamar is a glorious river, with steep wooded slopes on either side, bed slaty with occasional boulders, of fair width, and it is one of the troutiest-looking streams imaginable. But my meagre basket would have satisfied even Major-General Incredulity. In two days only nine brace gladdened my eyes, but the trout were excellent representatives of the river—handsome, plump fish of two and a half to the pound, and game as trout of double and treble their size from some other counties I know of. The Dartmoor trout, like the denizens of all peat-bound streams, were dark; the Tamar fish were superbly burnished and jewelled. I must confess to an indictable offence committed while thigh-deep in the Tamar. I caught and slew a young salmon, evidently a last year's fish. The unhappy victim took a black fly down his little gullet, and not surviving the surgical operation incident to the removal of the hook, gave up the ghost, leaving me and the superintendent to mourn his untimely decease.

The Inny is a tributary of the Tamar, and full of trout. Wading in the main stream should be done with care, for there are shelves which, without warning, will drop the heedless sportsman from five inches to five feet of water. The scenery at Endsleigh I shall not attempt to describe—it is superb. The Duke of Bedford's lodge is perched up on the side of a finely wooded declivity, on which whole shrubberies of rhododendrom gleamed purple and lilac. The famous trees of Fountains Abbey are not more towering or wide-spreading than those in the Duke of Bedford's woods at Endsleigh. A little cottage maiden brought me a plate of brown bread and fresh butter and a mug of new milk at midday; and this meal, after laboriously whipping three miles of river in the teeth of the wind and against strong currents, was, I fancy, better appreciated than frequently happens with my Lord Mayor's turtle and champagne at Egyptian Hall feasts. Then was the time to use Golden Returns in a meerschaum service for dessert, and to take note of details. A hawk, caring no more for me than a Guatemala commandant cares for a British consul, swooped at a ringdove within pelting distance. Kingfishers flew by like flashes of sapphire and emerald; rabbits openly continued their nibbling in the next clearing; and the vermin—adders, my little handmaid said, were much too numerous—rustled in the intervening thickets. When a dragon fly pitched upon my ebony winch and crawled a few inches on a tour of inspection up my line, there was no more to be said—it was Arcadia pure and simple. Afterwards the birds and bees and flowers—and their name was legion—were a matter of course; and creeping under the bank I watched them unawares, working and playing *in their various* natural ways.

RED SPINNER.

# BOSWELL AND HIS ENEMIES.

BY ARTHUR CLIVE.

JAMES BOSWELL has been treated with the greatest injustice and ingratitude by nearly all the literary men who have recorded their opinions concerning him and his work. Sir Walter Scott alone, with characteristic good sense, stands aloof from the rest in his respectful treatment of the distinguished biographer. He does not, indeed, seem to be aware that Boswell requires defence or that there is anything particular in a kindly and respectful demeanour towards the author of Johnson's Life. He knows that Boswell, in spite of his faults, was a high-spirited and honourable gentleman, warm-hearted, and of a most candid and open nature, a sunny temper, and the most unusual and genuine literary abilities. Accordingly, when Sir Walter happens to allude to the Laird of Auchinleck it is always in a friendly and frequently admiring tone—a tone very different from the brutal vituperation of Macaulay or the superior compassion and humane condescension of the great Herr Teufelsdrock. James Boswell did not deserve the hatred of the one or the pity of the other. In standing contrast with the resolute vituperation of the rhetorician and the determined compassion of the prophet, the honest student of English literature will be always glad to encounter the kindly, grateful, and admiring language which flows so gracefully and naturally from the pen of Sir Walter in dealing with the character and the literary performances of Boswell.

The fact is that Boswell showed himself free from—or at all events he determined boldly to eradicate from himself—the characteristic vice of the *genus irritabile.* He resolved to suppress in himself that stupid pride and tragic egotism of literary life from which only those literary men have been free who resolved to live in and move along with the world, and not to retire into savage isolation or into the unwholesome atmosphere of kindred cliques. The frankness and candour of Boswell—a candour which spares neither himself nor his friends, nor even his idol Johnson—seems to be an unpardonable offence in the eyes of men who hide themselves, like the monarch of *the Celestial Empire,* behind thick curtains of swelling language, and

who wish it to be understood that within the sacred and awful recesses of their genius they are executing stupendous tasks, that they are the brother of the Sun and the Moon, the corner-stone of the earth, and well-springs of the purest and most abundant wisdom. Sir Walter Scott, a man of sagacity and good sense, having achieved his first literary success, came deliberately to the conclusion that he would never separate himself from the rough but sane and wholesome world of common men and things, and considered the awful secrecy and concealment of the Great Mogul a very poor and a very dishonest thing. Consequently, he sympathises with and has respect for the manly courage and honest frankness of one who was not ashamed to let the world see him as he was and who has painted for all time life-like pictures of himself and those who surrounded him.

For Boswell is, beyond comparison, the most candid of writers. Others, when they seem to be most candid, have some ulterior object in view, and as often as not are only laying a trap for your admiration. They suppress the wens and wrinkles in their moral or intellectual aspects, they introduce a freshness of colour here, a vigour of outline there, which were wanting in the original. Not so Boswell, and thus it is that year after year passes by and adds to instead of detracting from the success and popularity of his great work. It is one of the first literary performances of all time, and deserves to the full its extraordinary success.

Macaulay has condensed into a page of what seems to me to be mere brutal and malignant vituperation all the worst that could be said against the author of the "Life of Johnson." Every man can be read the wrong way, and even his virtues be made to sustain charges of the most damning character. If he is gentle—he is soft and inert. If he is candid—he wants dignity, and is eager to show himself off. Nothing is easier than misrepresentation. Lord Macaulay misrepresents Boswell absolutely. The biographer's shortcomings are exaggerated into frightful disproportion and made the foundation of charges sufficient if true to compel us to treat the accused as a pariah, and never to mention his name without pity or scorn. The writer springs upon his prey like a hound upon a vermin. Any one who reads the passage to which I more especially refer, unless he has reached maturity of mind and independence of judgment, and happens to have himself read carefully and discriminately the "Life of Johnson," closes his Macaulay with the feeling that probably there never existed a meaner or more contemptible creature than *James Boswell.*

*Look for a moment at this particular* specimen of Macaulay's stage

thunder. It is to be found in page 175 of the first volume of his "Essays and Reviews," as edited by himself. It begins with a declaration that Boswell, according to the united testimony of all who knew him, was a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect. That he was such is *not* the united testimony of all who knew him, and will *not* be the conclusion of any one who with a grain of literary appreciation peruses his enchanting work. There are in that book, wherein he voluntarily lowers himself into a mere eulogist and describer of another, and consequently to a great extent withdraws himself, passages of the most exquisite and refined delicacy of expression—graphic and incisive touches which fill the mind's eye with vivid and startling pictures. The very ease with which Boswell writes, the very perfection of his style, conceals his extraordinary literary merit. You may fancy there is nothing in it. "He just jotted down what he saw, and that was all." Perhaps it was all, but who else ever did the same so well? I doubt whether there is in the whole book an awkward or incondite sentence. I doubt whether there are in the whole book ten lines of original writing in which does not occur a bit of subtle and exact criticism, an illustration of the utmost vividness, a spark of keen and delicate humour, or a description most powerful and telling. Everything in it is so fit and exact, so natural and easy, that we forget the great merit of the author until we begin to ask whether any other man has done the like of it. Everything tells, and without effort. He never strains, nor gathers himself together to deliver his blow.

His perfect style corresponds to a perfect manner. There is nothing *bizarré*, nothing *outré*. It is easy and natural, straightforward and simple. Neither awkward nor abrupt nor ostentatious. It is not affected. No traps are laid to catch admiration. He has no ugly reticences. He gives us the best he has. He draws near and speaks to us as friends.

We are apt to think of Boswell as of a spiritual photographer, and we give him no credit because his likenesses are perfect. Johnson "blowing in high derision"; Johnson seated in the stern of the boat "like a magnificent triton"; Johnson with "a strong voice and determined manner," or holding up a slice of bread on his knife, or starting at Lord Charlemont's impertinence, or entering a room while Silence and Awe precede him, or ejaculating passages of the Lord's Prayer while his faithful friend and lover sat still and reverent beside him—Boswell's revilers believe that they could have *done the same* had they only tried. How comes it that no one *else has succeeded*? How comes it that every one besides who

has tried biography, Macaulay and Carlyle included, appears to have written about everything else save the person whom he undertook to describe? All Johnson's biographers except Bozzy failed. It was not that there was something in Johnson which would secure success to a biographer. Who would read "Mea Thralia's" book now, or Hawkins's, but as foot-notes and elucidations of Boswell's text?

"On Friday, April 14, being Good Friday, I repaired to him in the morning, according to my usual custom on that day, and breakfasted with him. I observed that he fasted so very strictly that he did not even taste bread, and took no milk in his tea." Had Macaulay breakfasted with the Doctor on that morning he would have been too eager to deliver himself of his own ideas to observe how the piety of Johnson expressed itself; and if he did observe it, he would never have written it in a biography. "Any one could write this," he would think; "there is no fame to be got from such." If Boswell did not dabble in philosophy, or discourse in the style of Macaulay upon trade and morals in the abstract, he showed his sense by his abstinence. Philosophy is a branch of intellectual endeavour requiring very peculiar gifts. Dr. Johnson kicking a huge stone before him by way of confuting Berkley, or clamorously declaring that David Hume was only milking the bull, or that he would sign the death-warrant of Rousseau with far greater readiness than that of any criminal who had been hanged during his remembrance, shows himself to be wofully defective in the capacity for philosophical speculation. Our gifts are various. Goldsmith, who could hardly open his mouth without making people laugh at what seemed his ignorance and intellectual presumption, was able to write "The Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer." Boswell was neither a philosopher nor a great conversationist; but he could write the "Life of Johnson."

"Johnson described him as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality by not having been alive when the Dunciad was written." Now Macaulay knew as well when he penned that sentence as does the author of this article the circumstance which afforded him a pretext for this dishonest blow, and he knew it was not such as the reader would surmise from the mode in which it is here set down. Boswell was not so *described* by the Doctor. Johnson in the post-prandial mood sitting over wine with his friends makes a good humoured hit at Boswell—"Ah, hadst thou been alive then!" This light sally thrown out at a dinner-table is represented in the pages of the veracious Macaulay as a description.

In the next sentence we are told that Beauclerk used his name as a proverbial expression for a bore. Now in the first place Beauclerk was one of those satirical men who sneer at everybody, and whose sneer means little or nothing; in the next, the sneer in question was only thrown out once—Macaulay hints that it was frequent; and in the third, Boswell and Beauclerk were intimate friends, and Beauclerk was most zealous in getting him into the club. Thus, whenever it is possible to collate Macaulay's assertions with the original they turn out to be groundless and unjust fabrications.

I have travelled through three sentences—sentences coming in their order at the commencement of Macaulay's famous Bill of Indictment, and in each one discovered the noble essayist playing fast and loose with truth. The remainder of the libel is of the same description. Wherever Macaulay mentions any fact as substantiating his sweeping and ruthless accusations, that fact is always distorted and warped to suit his purpose. The critic feeds with seeming joy upon every admission that Boswell, trusting to the good nature and generous forbearance of his reader, has seen fit to make to his own disadvantage. If Boswell relates a joke at his own expense he is a common butt in the taverns of London. If in his genial way and in connection with Johnson he tells some little touching domestic incident the amiable peer covers him with ridicule. "He was a man without delicacy and without shame, without sense enough to know when he was wounding the feelings of others or when he was exposing himself to derision." Who that knows anything of Boswell's book does not recall unnumbered instances in which he refuses to relate some satirical sally of the Doctor's at the expense of another, or softens it down as well as he can if he is obliged to narrate it? Who does not long to know the particulars of that altercation between the Tory Johnson and the old Laird of Auchinleck when Greek met Greek in battle-royal, but which, like the doings of the brave men who preceded Agamemnon, are without the sacred bard? Who does not remember the shame and anger of Boswell at the brutality with which he was treated by Johnson before some strangers, how he wandered dejected and indignant about London, and the awkward flattery with which Johnson made peace? Boswell had delicacy and sensibility in abundance, but he was resolved that his biography should not be one of swelling platitudes and grandiose ephemeral ineptitudes.

All this shallow and fallacious criticism which the reading public has been perusing now for many years, and which has formed the opinion *of two generations*, has probably never met with an indignant public *contradiction*. Its violence and arrogance take the reader by storm

Its boisterous uproar and empty tempest of noise bend down the mind and overcome the very desire to resist. Boswell's talents are denied, his virtues degraded into vices, his vices exaggerated into crimes; his noble and passionate affection for the place of his birth and the seat of his ancestors, his feudal pride in a long and distinguished lineage, his sincere and manly admiration for talent and all forms of spiritual pre-eminence, his flowing and universal courtesy, his generosity, *bonhomie*, and conviviality, his frank and winning ways, his, at times, spirited and gallant behaviour, his manly outspokenness and his no less manly reticence, the grand passion of his life, his high and heroic devotion to his type and ideal of moral and intellectual grandeur, Samuel Johnson, are all denied, or ignored, or ridiculed. If Boswell, delighted that his little Veronica does not shrink from the Doctor's seamed and ugly face, declares gaily that he will add five hundred pounds to her fortune, if Boswell sitting with Col and his rough highland friends drinks too much whisky-punch, and if, being a man of piety and principle, he makes atonement for his offence as religious men will, if he writes to Johnson that he is suffering from depression of spirits, he is assailed and condemned at every point by the boisterous invective of the critic.

This famous and yet infamous passage gives the snub direct to everything frank, open, and confiding, and a pat on the back and a "go on and prosper" to secrecy, affectation, and intellectual pomposity. Everything in Boswell's character and literary style is bitterly denounced and scoffed at by Macaulay. So resolved is he to reduce Boswell's merit to zero that he even affects to scorn him because he describes Johnson as he was, and does not hesitate to relate his vices and shortcomings. Surely the noble writer's brazen eulogies, lavished so freely upon his own heroes, cannot be set up as models. Had Boswell concealed Johnson's defects and his vicious and uncouth peculiarities who could endure his book? The work would be false and the writer a sham. Boswell's book lives and has power because it is true. In proportion as men are themselves genuine they will admire and like the man. It was beyond the limit of possibility that either Macaulay or Carlyle should have any close and sympathetic relations with one who above all others calls a spade a spade, and never swells and foams in the vein of 'Ercles.

As a proof of his assertion that Boswell was a man of the meanest and feeblest intellect Macaulay informs us that there are no disquisitions upon politics, religion, literature, &c., of any worth in Boswell's book. But Homer, and Dante, and Fielding contain no disquisitions *on politics and philosophy*. Everybody is not able to

make a journey to Corinth, to pour forth sounding laudations over the British Constitution as exalted and elaborated by the Whigs, and to discourse with fervour upon Adam Smith. Speculations upon money and merchandise, and the shuttlecock of trade kept up between them, do not require the highest order of intellect. There are such qualities as imagination and fancy, pathos and sympathy, delicate and subtle modes of feeling, enthusiasm for what is noble and beautiful, a love of the facts of our daily existence and a truthfulness of feeling concerning them. Homer knew presumedly little of philosophy, but he has drawn that picture of Andromache at the Scæan gate weeping with her baby on her arm, young and beautiful, like a star, the plumed hero of Troy bending over him; Dante has told of that frozen sea in which the souls of unjust men are immured to all eternity—and these scenes will live for ever in the souls of men, though Homer was a dunce in political economy and the lean Dante never fattened under the safe shadow of a constitutional Parliament. James Boswell, too, has drawn that picture of the young Scotch enthusiast trembling in the back parlour of the bookseller's shop in the Poultry, and the awful approach of genius preceded by Tom Davies. When will that scene be forgotten, or the rough sarcasms of genius and the meekness of young enthusiasm vainly endeavouring to turn away wrath? Constitutions are swept away by time, money changes its character and value, a day comes when Adam Smith is not heard of, philosophy babbles a new song and the old one is heard no more; but when will arrive a day when moral and intellectual grandeur is not, and when young enthusiasm does not feel its approach to be awful? That scene is perfect as anything in Homer or Fielding. It does not stand alone, it is one of many truthful and exquisite pictures of human life worthy of the great father of poetry himself, who, for all we know, had not "thunderous brows" at all, but a face unremarkable or bad, like Boswell's, or Dante's, or Goldsmith's. That book is full of sketches and scenes observed by the eye and with the keen penetration of genius, and drawn for us by a master hand. The meeting of Johnson and Wilkes, and the "too, too" of the sage—"one of his habitual mutterings" on discovering that he had fallen into a hornet's nest of patriots and Americans—and the gradual thawing of the stern moralist in the genial companionship of the gay and kindly Jack Wilkes; the behaviour of the Doctor in St. Clement Danes, and his mode of repeating the awful passages in the Litany—*all this is grand* as the Iliad and the Odyssey. If not writ in the *high epic style* it treats of high epic matter, and treats thereof in the

mode best suited to the times. To sympathise tenderly and deeply with character and with mental suffering, to humble oneself before greatness, to attach oneself to it with passionate devotion, and so to write in loose prose what is great as the greatest poem, has fallen to few, and it has fallen to James Boswell.

It is absurd to think of Boswell as a dwarf elevated upon the shoulders of a giant. That he rendered the conversation of Johnson is not his peculiar merit, though it is considerable, and its credit we should be always ready to acknowledge. How many others beside Boswell heard and were astonished at that masterly power of improvisation, yet were never sufficiently loyal to genius to endeavour to reduce it to writing! But it is precisely in those parts of the book where his mind, stimulated by the humour, ridicule, or grandeur of a particular circumstance, sets by for awhile its usual task of recording Johnsoniana and delivers itself freely from its own wealth of humour and observation, that Boswell becomes really great. There is then in our language no such master of description. It is not merely the form and colouring of the circumstance that he brings before us. He penetrates into the spirit of the scene, and so his sketches are full of feeling. The event grows and changes upon the brain with the vividness and regularity of nature. Tom Davies advancing to announce the approach of the sage with the air of Horatio in "Hamlet," "Look, my lord, it comes"; Johnson taking up a book to compose his mind on learning the name of the gentleman in lace; Goldsmith lingering with his hat in his hand, waiting for an opportunity to cut in and shine before leaving the party; the unconscious sage shouldering down the porter in the street; that celebrated horse-laugh that resounded from Temple Bar to Hounds-ditch in the silence of the night; Johnson, puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent, or, with large gloves on his hands, dusting and arranging his books—all are perfect. The perfection of these scenes is the perfection that genius is able to give to its work. The things described are the right things, the words used are the right words—truthful and simple and unconscious as the great father of poetry himself.

Yet it is not Boswell's literary so much as his moral worth that I feel pleasure in substantiating. The glimpses of his amiable and benevolent character seen in every page are such as should cure the spleen of the most hard-hearted critic. The severe things said of himself which he has introduced out of respect for the system and reason of his book, and the many severe things said of others which he has *refused to set down, his habit in* travelling of searching out

even the remotest and poorest of his relations and ancestral friends, all reveal an amiable disposition and a manly spirit.

Macaulay has poured bitter scorn upon his record of his fears when sailing for the first time in his life through a storm in and out between the Hebrides. Whether Macaulay, in a similar situation, would have shown greater prowess I cannot tell; but we may know that had he felt as Boswell did on the occasion, and as many brave and good men have felt, he would have concealed his panic in the depths of his soul, and if compelled afterwards to write upon the voyage, would have treated of it in a certain style of pompous self-complacency.

Beauclerk and Sheridan, Burke and Goldsmith were proud and stiffnecked. They saw that Johnson's gaucheries and unfashionable ways gave them a chance of competing with him in the eyes of the world; while they knew that, judged by a standard of genuine merit, they were immeasurably his inferiors. They were aware, too, that anything on their part that could be construed into hero-worship and discipleship would render them ridiculous and expose them to that derision which Boswell saw and dared. In Johnson's presence they were crushed and silenced before the might of his genius, but in secret they rebelled against his authority. They would not give him their hearts and they suffered for it. Genius and sense which they would not welcome and love, and before which they would not yield, impinged upon them each day, and their self-love was hurt. They kept sore places sore by diligent nursing. Their nightly pillows were acquainted with the bitter and devouring thoughts of mortified vanity. Even Goldsmith, a man of genius, who owed much to Johnson, and saw clearly his great merit, would not lower his proud head and accept him frankly and loyally as his superior. He, more than the rest, fed in his heart a brood of venomous thoughts that stung and devoured him in the dark, poisoning the springs of his spiritual life, torturing his mind with the keen fangs of envy. Boswell alone of that brilliant circle loyally accepted Johnson as his superior. He was young and untainted by the world. He was a patrician, and could afford to associate with an "auld dominie." He recognised Johnson's greatness at once. He clove to him throughout his life, and he had his reward. His association with Johnson was to him a lifelong blessing. It was a pure and noble passion, as splendid an instance of self-sacrificing devotion as history affords. It was not to earn fame or consideration, or in any way to advance himself, that he loved and *reverenced Dr.* Johnson. No selfish motive mingled with the *pure and ardent* passion. The thought of Johnson was misery

Goldsmith : it was, in the soul of Boswell, a well-spring of goodness and joy. From his intercourse with Johnson his resolutions were strengthened, his virtues were confirmed, his piety was made deeper, his affections were purified and enlarged, his temper was enlivened, his happiness immensely increased. This was his reward. The praise or blame of men could not diminish that.

That brutal assault first published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and since reprinted with the rest of Macaulay's essays, will not hurt him. Carlyle's compassion and lofty sufferance cannot deprive him of the reward which nature gave him, or strike a pang into his generous and kindly heart. He sleeps at Auchinleck, hard by those ancestral trees beneath whose shadow he wandered with his great friend, to whom he confided the love that he felt for its fields and rocks even from boyish days. But though Boswell is dead his reputation is abroad and living. It can be hurt by lies and calumnies, it can be tarnished by censure, it shrinks from foul words, for it lives in the minds of men.

Boswell belonged to that class of men which produces poets. His work is full of poetic feeling and pathos. The moral grandeur of Johnson is seen through that book as might his material form through a sheet of the purest crystal. This book is a window through which we look upon that strange heroic figure, and it is such because Boswell was a great man, and not because he was small.

# Men and Manner in Parliament.

## By the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds.

### IV.—The Talker.

Had this series of papers been written a year ago the present chapter would, in all probability, have proved the most comprehensive of the five. In the late Parliament "the Talker" was by far the most prominent and the most largely represented individual type in the House of Commons. This was owing in a great measure, as has been hinted, to the force of the example set by the Leader. Mr. Gladstone not only talked frequently himself but was the cause of frequent talking in others. Mr. Disraeli, on the contrary, never speaks when a speech can be dispensed with, and his personal influence is so paramount that whilst some of his official colleagues were known in the late Parliament as amongst the most wearisome Talkers in the House, they are now notable for the brevity with which they make explanations, answer questions, or urge arguments. Another and more obvious cause is the weeding out which took place at the General Election. The issue of the various contests cost the House the presence amongst others, of Mr. Rylands, Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Bernal Osborne, Lord Bury, Mr. R. N. Fowler, Mr. W. Fowler, Dr. Brewer, and Mr. Hinde Palmer, gentlemen who were accustomed to fill up many hours in debate to their own supreme satisfaction, and to the casting of a glow of delight over their respective family circles.

But Horace testifies that

> Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi:

and there have been some since. The House of Commons still has its Talkers, and as long as Sir George Balfour, Mr. Melly, Sir Eardley Wilmot, Mr. Charley, Mr. Charles Lewis, and Sir George Jenkinson are spared to it, repining would be unpardonable.

Sir George Balfour is, comparatively, a young member, having *obtained his seat for* Kincardineshire in time to sit throughout the

Session. But he has made the most of his opportunities, and "Hansard" records under his name a collection of speeches in view of which one does not know whether to wonder more at the largeness of the number or the diversity of the topics treated. The gallant knight's description of his political views communicated to the compiler of the work covers only a small tract of the ground his mind dominates. To be "in favour of the abolition of the law of hypothec in Scotland, of the removal of hares and rabbits from the class of game, and of tenants being guaranteed the value of unexhausted improvements," is a good deal for a single human mind to grasp. But these are mere indications of odd sections of the range of Sir George Balfour's mind, and give no nearer approximation to an idea of his wealth of opinion than do the little bags of grain the corn factor carries about with him enable us to form an adequate idea of the vast extent of the fields wherefrom the harvest was reaped. Like Dr. Johnson's Observation, Sir George is, at a moment's notice, prepared "with extensive view" to

Survey mankind from China to Peru.

If, however, one having such universal knowledge can be suspected of a geographical preference it is for India, where Sir George won his knightly spurs and over the affairs of which he keeps a watchful eye in Parliament. But albeit such a constant speaker, speaking evidently does not come to him, as reading and writing came to Dogberry, by nature. Obviously the reverse is the fact. There is circumstantial evidence of his having studied and adopted Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son when that promising young man was about to enter Parliament. "Fix these three truths strongly in your mind," says the letter writer, himself a distinguished Parliamentary orator: "First, that it is absolutely necessary for you to speak in Parliament; secondly, that it only requires a little human attention and no supernatural gifts; and thirdly, that you have all the reason in the world to think that you shall speak well." Sir George Balfour, having set this or some similar scheme before him, has hitherto relentlessly and manfully carried it out; but he has not, as Lord Chesterfield in the letter quoted from confidently promised his correspondent should be the case, thereby overcome that feeling of "awe" which the House of Commons inspires in the unaccustomed speaker. For some time before he rises to speak in a debate he moves about in his seat as if he were suffering acute physical pain. When he has screwed his courage up to the point of rising he hastily, and, as it appears, *gratefully, sits down* again upon the slightest

evidence of some other candidate having been selected by the Speaker. But with a dogged courage that would be admirable in another cause he refuses to permit himself to take advantage of the openings which the House gladly enough affords him of evading the necessity of speaking, and generally dashes in desperately before the debate is concluded. When actually speaking his face wears a sad, weary, beseeching, pain-enduring expression very curious to behold, and its effect is heightened by an uneasy, restless way of turning about to regard his audience in sections, and by the thin, highly pitched tone of voice in which his words find rapid utterance. Mr. Lusk used to enliven the midnight watches of the House with singular tones of voice; but when the right hon. gentleman is relieved of the cares of Lord Mayoralty and returns to watch the estimates through committee he will find in this sort of pre-eminence a dangerous rival in Sir George Balfour.

Mr. Melly is a Talker of a type widely differing from the hon. member for Kincardineshire. Sir George Balfour is in mental temperament akin to Mr. Crabbe, the glazier of Middlemarch, who, we are told, "gathered much news and groped among it dimly." Mr. Melly, whatever may be the intrinsic worth of his news, is at least free from the reproach of groping among it dimly. His fault lies rather on the other side, and it is dogmatism that is responsible for his unpopularity in the House. Really a hard-working, intelligent, useful member, Mr. Melly is always impatiently listened to, even when, as in the case of legislation on the Licensing Act of 1874, he is the first to assert a position which the House eventually adopts as its own. This is a hard lot, but it triumphantly vindicates the potency of manner; and possibly when Mr. Melly affords evidence that he has learned to think a little less of himself he will find the House thinking a little more of him. At present he is one of an obnoxious class which counts, among other members, Mr. Charley and Mr. Charles Lewis. Mr. Charley, it must be admitted, has vastly toned down since he first entered Parliament, now five years ago. At the outset he was simply irrepressible, and when he rose to speak for the third time in a sitting was hooted down even by his own party, who are marvellously tolerant of bores if they only vote straight. When he was not speaking he was pervading the lobby, or was seen from afar up in the precincts of the Press Gallery with verbatim reports of his last speech as he had intended to deliver it, and which he vainly hoped might be accepted for full publication in the journals of the following morning. A busy, fussy, self-asserting man, whom Salford, if it would not be denied its preference, had better have made

its Town Clerk or its Chief Constable than its member of Parliament.

Mr. Lewis has more brains than Mr. Melly, and much more than Mr. Charley. He is a fair speaker—in fact, he delivered one of the best speeches which appear in the record of the debate last Session on the Irish University Bill. But his progress has been imperilled by the *soupçon* of the manner of a police-court attorney and a tendency to thrust his unasked counsel on the House. It was characteristic of him that he, a new member, should this Session have brought forward a motion ostensibly designed to maintain intact the purity of the House of Commons by opposing the issue of a new writ for Stroud till the character of the borough had been considered and declared free from taint. There is a homely saying to the effect that you must have known a man seven years before you presume, uninvited, to poke his parlour fire. Young members of the House of Commons will have mastered one great secret—if not of success, at least of avoidance of failure—when they become possessed with the conviction that the House will not brook a lecture or advice from a member whose face and figure are not so familiar that they seem to have become as much a portion of the chamber as the clock over the gangway or the canopy over the Speaker's chair. Whether the advice be sound or empty, the counsellor eminent or obscure, does not matter. Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Fawcett when they first entered Parliament fell into the besetting sin of young members, and their repulse was scarcely less rudely complete than that which has in this present Session covered Mr. Jenkins with confusion. A man may do or say pretty much as he pleases in the House of Commons when he has become "free of the place"; but till time has accomplished that for him it were well for him to be cautious in his attempts to attract notice.

Most of the Talkers of the House have some speciality which like Melancholy in respect of the unknown youth, they have "marked for their own." Thus, Sir George Jenkinson has taken turnpike roads under his especial care, and makes long and tedious excursions down them whenever opportunity offers. No one can deny that we could not do without our turnpikes; but regarded as a subject of frequent conversation they are not attractive, and as Sir George Jenkinson endows their discussion with no extraneous graces of oratory the House flees as one man when the hon. baronet rises, with spectacles on his nose and a portentous bundle of papers in his hand. Mr. Osborne Morgan has charge of the burial of Dissenters, and possibly the topic is responsible for the peculiar manner of his

speech. His voice rises and falls with that distressing cadence which is now, with happily lessened frequency, sometimes heard from the pulpit; and one hearing him from the Strangers' Gallery might well think he had come to bury the House of Commons, not to convince it. The contraction of this evil habit is the more to be deplored inasmuch as Mr. Osborne Morgan is often in the matter of his speech an effective debater. His oration last Session on moving the second reading of the Burials Bill was exceedingly clever and occasionally brilliant, and if it had been delivered by Mr. Disraeli would have made a great sensation. But there is something irresistibly ludicrous in his voice, and when he would be most impressive he is most comical. Mr. Anderson speaks with a curious drawl which force of long associations has in imaginative minds oddly connected with the necessity for improvements in the Currency. The member for Glasgow holds strong convictions on the currency question, and amongst the things which young members early learn to avoid is his annual speech on "calling attention" thereto. But this arises simply from the unattractiveness of the subject and the natural antipathy with which hopeless motions annually brought forward in the House of Commons awaken in the human breast. On ordinary topics Mr. Anderson is a clear thinker and an able speaker; and regarding matters strictly from the point of view of intrinsic merit, often throws over party questions an air of originality. He has, moreover, a good deal of dry humour, and is above all a fearless, sturdy, Cromwellian man, not to be turned aside from the path of what he holds to be his duty by any considerations of the consequences of giving offence in high quarters. His conduct in the Lord Sandhurst affair was unexceptionally good, and it is difficult to say wherein he most compelled the admiration of the House—the fearlessness with which he set himself to root out a wrong, the tenacity with which he followed up his purpose, the able manner in which he drew up the indictment, or the self-restraint and good taste with which he acquitted himself of a delicate and disagreeable task. Mr. Beresford Hope, who looks after the interests of High Art and High Church, has a voice of the peculiarities which an adequate impression could be given only by the introduction here of a musical stave fantastically scored. In making use of such a simple and recurrent phrase as, for example, "My hon. friend on the other side of the House," Mr. Beresford Hope goes through a series of the most extraordinary vocal contortions ever heard. *When he speaks* he literally "collars" himself, seizing with either *hand his coat collar* as nearly as possible below his ears, and in

curious attitude slowly, as he talks, turns his short, thick-set figure from side to side—"the embodiment of Batavian grace," as Mr. Disraeli, in one of his happiest phrases, once called him. It is not necessary to add that Mr. Beresford Hope is not a pleasant Talker, but his speeches are always worth reading, being lightened up by witty, epigrammatic sentences and by the great grace of culture. His discourse is, moreover, strongly spiced with personalities, and breathes throughout a delicious breath of pity for the common herd whose views on the Correggiosity of Correggio differ from his own. Like Bramston's "Man of Taste," Mr. Beresford Hope usually winds up his remarks with an intimation that

> This is true taste; and whoso likes it not
> Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

Only, of course, the member for Cambridge University uses nicer language than the lively clergyman whom Dodsley rescued from oblivion.

Thirty-four years ago Mr. Beresford Hope was a famous declaimer. He carried off the prizes which Trinity College, Cambridge, offered both for Latin and for English declamation; and probably this early success is responsible for the fatal faultiness of his manner to-day. Leaving college with a high reputation as a declaimer, he has gradually and unconsciously exaggerated the little tricks of voice and manner which comprise school declamation till they have grown into monstrosities and are no more removable at the will of the unfortunate prizeman than was the Old Man of the Sea whom, "with a light heart," Sindbad the Sailor hoisted on his shoulders. Something of the growth of evil habit in this direction may be seen in actual progress in the case of Colonel Barttelot. So recently as the commencement of last Session the member for West Sussex was, for an ex-captain of dragoons, a very fair speaker. As an exponent of the views of country gentlemen of a certain range of intelligence and possessing a given number of votes he was listened to with attention. But this moderate measure of success turned his head. There is too much reason to fear that whilst other members of Parliament were taking advantage of the recess to recruit their wasted energies, Colonel Barttelot, scorning delights, was living laborious days in the companionship of one of those professors of elocution whose advertisements occasionally appear in the newspapers. However it be, it is certain that when the honourable and gallant member returned to Parliament this Session the tendency to "impressiveness" of speech, the growth *of which had towards the close of* last Session alarmed

his best friends, had developed itself in a singular degree of perfection. To-day Colonel Barttelot is, perhaps, one of the most impressive speakers in the House of Commons, and it is a pity he has so little to say that is worth hearing. He chops his sentences up into regular spaces, advancing from section to section with solemn cadence and provoking deliberation, presenting a spectacle painful for the beholding of kind-hearted persons who have read Æsop's Fables and remember the fate that befell the frog who tried to swell himself out to the dimensions of an ox.

If Mr. Henley had no other claim to notability in the ranks of members of the House of Commons he would have that which pertains to one who has with his own eyes witnessed the occurrence of events which are matters of history to the present generation. Born in the eventful year when "President Verginaud with a voice full of sorrow had to say: '1 declare in the name of the Convention that the punishment it pronounces on Louis Capet is that of death,'" Mr. Henley took his degree at Oxford in the year when Waterloo brought back the Monarchy to France, and entered Parliament with the tide of Conservative reaction which, in 1841, landed Sir Robert Peel high and dry on the Treasury Bench. He was thus in the later prime of life when he first entered the House of Commons, and was getting old when, nearly a quarter of a century ago, he was Vice-President of the Board of Trade. To-day he is past fourscore, but he has not slackened one whit of the regularity of his attendance at the House, or denied himself a quarter of an hour's talking in a week. He invariably has a few plain, practical, common-sense observations to make on the main questions that come before the House, and is always listened to with the profound respect that his age and experience extort. Mr. Dodson is another hon. member who never fails to obtain a respectful hearing when he presents himself, which has been of late a matter of increasingly frequent occurrence. This respectful attention is chiefly a matter of habit, for Mr. Dodson was for the seven years ending 1872 Chairman of Committees, and was by common consent held to have borne himself admirably in that important office. But the qualities which, combined, make a good Chairman of Committees are not calculated to ensure success as a debater, and the rule holds good with peculiar force in Mr. Dodson's case. A cold, formal manner, a dry voice, a level flow of speech, and a painfully practical turn of mind, whilst making Mr. Dodson's intervention sometimes useful, do not endear *him to* his audience. Since the departure of Mr. Bouverie and Sir *George Grey, Mr. Dodson* has become one of the highest authorities

on questions of order, and is not slow in asserting his position as occasions offer themselves. Mr. Monk is another gentleman who cultivates a cold and formal style of speech; but the member for Gloucester has no Parliamentary reputation to support his manner, and it is consequently insupportable. He is invariably dressed like Mr. Dombey on the morning he condescended to marriage for the second time, and has, in fact, many other personal peculiarities which remind the observer of that awe-inspiring and uncomfortable personage.

Among modest, unassuming Talkers who very rarely speak, but who, when they do, have something to say that is worth listening to, are Mr. Holms and Mr. Watkin Williams. The former always prepares his speeches with infinite painstaking, generally selecting a subject involving great interests and much minutiæ — such, for example, as British rule on the Gold Coast, on which he delivered a weighty speech this Session; or the question of Civil Service Expenditure, on which, by the sheer force of argument and illustration, he obtained the Ministerial consent to the appointment of a Royal Commission. Mr. Holms is altogether of the opinion set forth in "Armgart," that

> Life is not rounded in an epigram,
> And saying aught we leave a word unsaid.

It is highly probable, when he has sat down after a speech extending over a couple of hours or more, the House, if polled, would triumphantly acquit him of having left a word unsaid, and might even take the opportunity of hinting that if he were briefer in his exposition he might gain more of the desired effect. But we must not look for perfection; and if Mr. Holms were as witty as Sir W. Harcourt he might be as superficial. He is the sort of man that would please the high authority who, in reply to an invitation to lecture in the city where Mr. Holms has his place of business, recently lifted up his voice against "your modern fire-working smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice and milk-punch altogether lecture," as being "an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity." Mr. Watkin Williams never makes long speeches, and never speaks for the mere sake of talking. He has the reputation of being one of the soundest lawyers in the House. When, last Session, it was repeatedly stated that Mr. Williams was to succeed Mr. Jessel in the Solicitor-Generalship people were first surprised and then pleased. He had taken so little share in party warfare, and had so modestly remained in the background, that his name did not come trippingly on the

tongue as a claimant for place. But being mentioned, and primitive notion of making a man a Solicitor-General because he a supreme knowledge of the law temporarily reviving, the propo appointment was very popular. No one was surprised, howe when the rumour was falsified by the event and Mr. Gladst selected as junior law officer of the Crown the showier and m shallow member for Taunton.

There was no need to go far afield in search of the cause for general unpopularity of Lord Elcho whilst yet his lordship wa prominent figure in the House. In Ben Jonson's play of "T Fox" Mosca tells the duped Voltore how his master had o expressed his admiration for

> Men of your large profession that could speak
> To every cause.

The House of Commons' preference lies in the channel dire opposite to that assigned for the scheming Volpone. Its spe aversion is retained for men who are ready to speak with confide and authority on all possible occasions and on every conceiva subject. This is the secret of its objection to Sir Thomas Chamb though, to do the Common Serjeant justice, he scarcely merits contumely with which his rising is ever greeted. He invariably some fresh light to throw on the subject about which he discourses some flaw in the argument of preceding speakers to expose, and has a good colloquial style of speaking. But the House resents too frequent interference and, above all, kicks against his manne constantly beating his right hand against the palm of his left revolving the while on a semi-circular range, so that the whole of audience except the unfortunate section sitting directly behind back should have the benefit of his emphatic advice. Lord El was infinitely more self-asserting than Sir Thomas Chambers, and a rule was considerably less well informed on the subjects on which undertook to instruct the House. Mr. Julian Goldsmid might aspir the position vacated by the hon. member for Haddingtonshire if were a lord and heir-presumptive to an earldom. But he is on Fellow of a middle-class college, and whilst he has a good deal of priggishness which sometimes pertains to a professor, he has non that indefinable air of good breeding often to be found in the so a peer. That good breeding, in the common acceptation of the te is, happily, not needed to recommend a speaker to the Hous *Commons is proved* in the case of Mr. Burt, the miners' member *Morpeth.* Mr. Burt has, he himself proclaims, worked as a mine

Choppington Colliery. He looks like what he is, and speaks with the most remarkable accent ever heard within the walls of the House of Commons. But he bears himself modestly, shows a perfect command of the subject he discusses, and is short and pithy in his treatment of it. Mr. Davies, the member for Cardigan, began life as a sawyer, and when he rises to address the House of Commons his appearance suggests that he has called in from the pit to have a chat after finishing a job. He had a genuine success on the occasion of his maiden speech, in which he took the House by storm by declaring, in a comical Welsh accent, that he was a working man himself, though he now employed men by the hundred and paid fortnightly wages by thousands of pounds. He has a good deal of rough-and-ready humour, and calls a spade a spade, to the great relish of a *blasé* assembly long accustomed to hear it referred to as an agricultural implement. But he has of late shown a tendency to spoil his early success by repetition *ad nauseam* of the circumstance that "I have been a working man myself," and by too frequent interposition in debate. No one can complain that Mr. Macdonald, the second professional "working man's candidate," is tiresome in his reminders of his earlier status. He is secretary of the Miners' Association for Scotland and president of the Miners' National Association if you please; but not a working man. Mr. Davies speaks from the back bench below the gangway. Mr. Burt is lost in the obscurity of the seats usually filled by the rank and file of Irish members. But no position less prominent than the front seat below the gangway, and no companionship less distinguished than that of Mr. Fawcett, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, and Mr. Roebuck will suit Mr. Macdonald; and as he stands fully a pace out on to the floor of the House, with right hand on hip, buff-coloured waistcoat fully displayed, and a respectable-looking slip of paper easily held in his left hand, one might, without incurring just rebuke for the error, take him for a prosperous pastrycook or even a luxurious linendraper. His discourse, too, would foster the fond illusion, having in it no more of the pith and marrow of Mr. Burt's simple speech than his voice has of the Northumbrian miner's deep burr, or his manner of that winningness which is born not so much from the sort of feeling that animated the rhetorical yeoman,

> Too proud to care from whence he came,

as from the unconsciously expressed conviction that after all the thing is not what the father was *or what the youth* may have been, but *what the man is.*

There are few forms in the House of Commons more familiar, c
on the whole, regarded with kindlier feeling, than that which ris
from the corner seat on the fourth bench below the gangway on t
Conservative side whenever the Pope or the simulacrum of
Holiness pops out from any other quarter. Mr. Newdegate is
Jeremiah of the House of Commons; and though the character
not in itself a lively one the hon. gentleman has by the cha
of genuineness of character and imperturbable evenness of tem
made it not only bearable but popular. The House sometim
plays tricks with Mr. Newdegate—occasionally greeting his ris
with a prolonged groan, and anon, when by patience and persev
ance he has succeeded in getting on his perennial motion for t
appointment of a Royal Commission to look after the convent
counting him out. But a feeling of remorse, such as that whic
prostrated the school boys at the establishment Charles Dicker
knew of after they had devised a fresh persecution for "Ol
Cheeseman," comes over the House when the thing is done, an
there is a hollowness in the laughter which betokens a heart ill a
ease with itself. Mr. Newdegate's face and figure, whenever he rise
to address the House, but more especially on his annual field night
are eloquent of woe, and, moreover, of a woe which has been lon
and uncomplainingly borne and from which there is no presen
prospect of relief. In deep, sad, slowly uttered tones, now sinkin
to an awful and at times inaudible whisper as he reaches the clima
of some thrice-told tale of priestly perfidy or Popish plotting, M
Newdegate delivers himself of his lamentation and resumes h
seat, to listen with stern, gruesome visage to the light talk of th
thoughtless jester or the angry recriminations of men who he we
knows are emissaries of the Pope returned to Parliament by pries
ridden constituencies with the special mission of thwarting him.
is the finishing touch to the little comedy that on the other side
the House sits Mr. Whalley, primed with equal zeal for the only tr
religion, and equally ready to spy Popish beards under Protesta
mufflers. In times gone by Mr. Whalley, moved by the conscio
ness of a common cause, was wont to hold out across the floor
the House the right hand of fellowship to Mr. Newdegate. But t
member for North Warwickshire would

> Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne,

and haughtily rejected the advances. In fact, he once confided to t
*House his suspicion* that Mr. Whalley was a Jesuit in disguise, sin
*which declaration* of open war the twin champions of Protestanti

have, to the exquisite delight of the House, studiously avoided reference to each other, or even indication of consciousness of the other's existence. Up to the period when he became an absolute nuisance in connection with the Tichborne case Mr. Whalley was, like Mr. Newdegate, though in a less degree, gladly suffered for the sake of his manful advocacy, for what he deemed truth's sake, of unpopular views. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to Bozzy, when that delightful biographer was hinting that it did not become him in the presence of a great luminary to aspire to too much wisdom, "Sir, be as wise as you can." Mr. Whalley is as wise as he can be, and for the rest, even in a controversy in which accusations of fraudulent motive have been sown broadcast, no one who has any knowledge of the member for Peterborough has for a moment doubted the honesty of his intentions. If he had been blessed with a better balanced brain he might have made a figure in Parliament, for he is a clear, fluent speaker, and has sometimes risen to the pitch of eloquence. But he has wofully missed his mark, and to-day he stands up in Parliament grey-haired before his time, and, of late, with something of a broken-hearted look about him that partially hushes the angry cry with which his increasingly rare appearances are greeted.

Of the Talkers, pure and simple, described by Dryden,

> the herd of such
> Who think too little and who talk too much,

the ranks of the Home Rule party furnish the largest number of examples. Mr. Butt, the nominal leader of the phalanx, used to do a chieftain's share of the duty of obstructing business and of "darkening counsel by words without wisdom." But the learned and good-tempered Queen's Counsel has proved too soft hearted for the cruel work of perpetually inflicting upon the House of Commons long speeches about nothing, and younger and more relentless recruits have, this Session, overshadowed him. Mr. Butt entered the House with a reputation for eloquence which, to do him justice, he has never made good. One Wednesday afternoon in the Session of 1872 there was quite a sensation in anticipation of a great speech from Mr. Butt, who was about to make his reappearance in Parliament after an absence of seven years. The House was crowded; the galleries were filled; expectation was on tiptoe, and the final disappointment was correspondingly great. The House discovered in the terrible Fenian a portly well-to-do-farmer-like man, with no special gifts of speech, who, *hammering away* with his right hand as if he *were knocking in tacks, said a great many* dull things, and never

blundered into a bright one. As a rule, it must be admitted that the Irish Talkers of the House are not often dull, and in truth if they were the position of the bulk of members would be unendurable. It is a merciful dispensation of Providence, for which we are scarcely sufficiently warm in our acknowledgments, that, admitting the necessity of one province of the kingdom being in a chronic state of dissatisfaction, the seat of the sorrow has been fixed in Ireland, and that it is in the Irish accent the everlasting wail goes up through the rafters of St. Stephen's. Let us pause a moment to think how many weeks' purchase the Speaker's life would be worth supposing Ireland were contented, and the inevitable Home Rule party of the day came from Scotland or from Wales!

About such men as Mr. McCarthy Downing or Mr. Mitchell Henry there is, it is true, nothing to relieve the tedium of blatant talk or to temper the feeling of disgust with which the House hears poured forth a constant stream of reckless statements, false inferences, and childish misrepresentation of notorious facts. Mr. Mitchell Henry is absolutely without recommendation to the favourable notice of an audience—not even having been born an Irishman, and therefore lacking the overflowing humour, the chivalrous spirit, the unconscious drollery, the endearing simplicity of mind, and the charming kindliness of manner which are characteristics of one of the finest races of men that people the earth. Mr. McCarthy Downing was born in County Kerry, but when he reached the high position, which he still gloriously holds, of chairman of the Skibbereen Town Commissioners, it would have been well for him and for a suffering House of Commons if he had recognised in the promotion the eternal fitness of things and permitted his mind to run peacefully through the level groove of the local politics of the barony. Mr. Synan, though he rarely rises to the height of his own voice, is a well-meaning man, and is never really so angry with anything as one hearing him shout in the House of Commons might suppose him to be. Herbert Pocket, walking across Palace Yard whilst Mr. Synan was addressing the Speaker in the recesses of the House of Commons, might suspect that his father-in-law old Bill Barley, leaving his beer had got into Parliament and had learned to express himself in Parliamentary language. But Mr. Synan's bark is much worse than his bite, and when he is apparently in a paroxysm of passion, and is undoubtedly shouting at the top of his voice, there is a twinkle in his eye that seems to say to the Speaker "It's all right, me boy; *don't be frightened*; I only want them to hear across the Channel *that I'm doing my* duty as an Irish member by walking into every-

thing and proving that whatever is isn't right." Mr. Sullivan, one of the recruits of the new Parliament, is a man whose lips have been touched by the heaven-born fire of oratory. His words are well chosen, his sentences easily and naturally grouped, and his mind is aflame with imagination. It is easy to conceive how, speaking to a mass-meeting of his countrymen, this nervous, passionate, finely-strung man would sway their souls to the measure of "the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh." But the House of Commons is not a Dublin mass-meeting. It is a body of practical business-like men, who laugh at "Erin-go-bragh" and hold with Dean Swift that "a far better anthem would be 'Erin-go bread-and-cheese; Erin-go cabins that keep out the rain; Erin-go pantaloons without holes in them.'" When Mr. Sullivan has mastered this idea, and he is quite capable of doing it, he will be a power in the House of Commons and will have the opportunity of proving himself a patriot.

Sir John Gray, Major O'Gorman, Mr. Conolly, and, *par excellence*, Sir Patrick O'Brien are members for Ireland who seem like characters that have stepped forth from the pages of Charles Lever to take their seats in the usurping Parliament. Sir John Gray rarely speaks now, but there was a time when he was foremost in the fight. Who that heard it can forget his dignified reproof to the House one evening during the passage of the Irish Land Bill? The hon. knight was making a speech against something or other when there occurred to him, by way of illustration, a story about a boy who had a grandmother. The narrative was rather of a melancholy cast, and the grandmother appearing in its recital with comical iteration the House began to laugh at the exceeding dolour of the tone in which the word was pronounced. At every fresh introduction of "the grandmother" the merriment increased, and at last Sir John, standing indignant amid the idle mirth, called out in stentorian tones, "Sir, haven't English boys grandmothers?" The laughter hereupon became boisterous; but the hon. knight had made his point, and suggested, to the confusion of the oppressor, one point at least upon which the Celt stood on a common footing with the Sassenach. The O'Gorman is unique, and for his due treatment requires a chapter to himself. Butler relates of Hudibras that

> Here our authors make a doubt
> Whether he were more wise or stout.

Possibly because he is a supernaturally spacious person, this is a difficulty which would never occupy the ingenuity of commentators on the life of the gentleman who at the general election displaced

Mr. Bernal Osborne in his seat at Waterford. In truth it must be admitted that

> The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Mr. Conolly is a red-hot Protestant who sits on the Conservative benches and displays much ingenuity and good feeling in stirring up with a long pole his compatriots on the other side of the House. Sir Patrick O'Brien is always ready to rise at touch of the pole, and being of a choleric temperament, and constitutionally of a hazy mental vision, the general drift of his remarks is so hard to follow that the House has long since given up the attempt. If Sir Patrick has found time to read Lord Lytton's Fables in Song, he may recognise his prototype in the ancient fox of fable :—

> I am the ancient fox of fable.
> Few are the men I have met with able
> To understand me ; and still more few
> The men that listen to those that do.

*Mais qu'est que cela fait?* The eye of Ireland is upon its sons in the alien House of Parliament, and woe unto him whose name does not appear with regularity in the local journals as having, on every other debate at least, emulated in word-battle the fame of

> Ginral Jackson,
> Who thrampled on the Saxon.

# Sylvain Van de Weyer.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

A FELICITOUS concurrence of events helped to make the fortune of Sylvain Van de Weyer, the precocious, energetic, and witty student of Louvain. A star stood in a cloudless sky, and clear as a speckless jewel, over a cradle in the house of M. Josse-Alexandre Van de Weyer on the 19th of January, 1802. The father was only a modest employé, but filled with patriotic ardour. He had been a captain of volunteers during the Brabant revolution, and was an ardent lover of the ancient liberties of Belgium. The mother was a woman of noble character and of an elevated mind, as Sydney Smith subsequently bore witness. When they looked down upon their son Sylvain crowing in his swaddling clothes they could hardly have ventured in the dreams of their parental fondness to hope that Fortune would give so rich a store to the little stranger as she had in store for him.

M. Josse-Alexandre Van de Weyer, when he removed to Amsterdam on the annexation of Holland to the French Empire, after the noble abdication of King Louis, Napoleon's brother, was appointed special commissioner, and was well received by the Napoleonic prefect and director-general of police; but he had still no higher ambition than that of preparing his son at the naval school to be a sailor. In 1811 Napoleon made his entry into Amsterdam, and passed the pupils of the naval school in review—young Sylvain Van de Weyer, then in his ninth year, being among them. Those were stirring times; and through his impetuous father Sylvain very early felt the fever of them. The national rising of 1813 made a profound impression upon him. His family retraced their steps to Louvain after the creation of the kingdom of Holland; and he, at the same time, turned his back upon the sea. He had the stuff of a student and not of a sailor in him. He entered the university, where he studied under the guidance of the distinguished jurisconsult, M. Van Meenen—a member of the municipal council of Louvain during the republican epoch, and for years afterwards the principal contributor to the *Observateur*, which was long after 1815 the only organ of the Liberal party. The brilliant career of Sylvain Van de Weyer *as a student laid the* foundation of his future

fortunes. He commanded positions seldom yielded to youn
He was in his teens when he became a regular contributor
professor's journal: he was only eighteen when he was entrus
M. Van Meenen with a mission to Paris. He took his degr
Doctor of Laws in the University of Louvain after a merely
examination, so notorious had his proficiency in every nec
branch of study become. In 1820, when he was in Paris to p
M. Laromiguière—the scientific authority of the time—with a
sophical work by M. Van Meenen, he wrote to his master indiff
in French or Latin. In these letters the boy-student exhibit
sober mind of a lettered man and at the same time a vivid po
observation. His description of his reception by the French
showed rare judgment as well as a keen dramatic faculty.
Laromiguière stood before the Louvain professor, witched to h
his pupil's pen. So marked was the impression produced by S
Van de Weyer among the French literary men—and Beranger
the number—with whom he came in contact while in Pari
Arnault (the author of "Germanicus") wrote to M. Van M
saying his envoy deserved all the interest he manifested in him
he was judicious, witty, and modest—"a rare combination,
Arnault—"even in Paris."

M. Jean Joseph Jacotot, sometime artillery captain, had b
teacher of the Faculty of Philosophy in the University of Lo
and when Sylvain Van de Weyer was approaching manhoo
Jacotot was making a stir with his Method of Universal Edu
He gave his lectures on his method at night in a dark room
just two candles near him to enable him to read. Amo
audience was the searching student Sylvain Van de Weyer
every evening, when the lecture was over, he repaired
room and spent the night in making an abstract of what h
heard. In due time these summaries were published, an
proved that the author was no partisan of M. Jacotot. Whe
a disciple of the author of the Method of Universal Edu
attacked M. Van de Weyer, charging him with ingratitude t
the professor by whose method he had acquired the disting
position he already held at the university. To this charge M
de Weyer replied that he never had followed M. Jacotot's s
that if he had pursued in his studies any method laid down
inventor of the Universal one, he owed it purely to the gr
Heaven. But his adversary returned to the attack; whereup
Van de Weyer described how he had studied. He had fo
*neither particular* grammar nor syntax, but he had read good

authors; and if he had achieved some progress in his studies, he owed it to a man* whose hatred of all that was exclusive in literature, in politics, and in philosophy had guarded him against foolish enthusiasm for any so-called Universal system, by showing him that of all methods that is the best which we create for ourselves, which is the product of our own observation and thought, and which we pursue with perseverance in the silence of the study.

This second reply brought the great M. Jacotot himself into the field, with a description of his Universal Method; whereupon M. Van de Weyer, assisted by his master, M. Van Meenen, published an "Essay on M. Jacotot's Book," in which he thoroughly demolished the pedant's pretensions. But this was not all. M. Jacotot attacked the French language, playing into the hands of those who upheld the compulsory use of the Dutch. Young Van de Weyer—who was for freedom in the teaching of languages, as he was for human liberty throughout his life—now thrust a satire at his enemy, entitled "Les Jacotins et leur Antagoniste," in which he impaled him on the "wasp's edge" of epigrams:—

> Jacotot, d'un manant, a fait maître-ès-arts,
> Qui, dans Corbeek déjà, plante ses étendards:
> La méthode, est donc sûre, universelle, unique;
> Elle sert au dessin, au chant, à la musique;
> On peut, par elle, écrire et parler sans penser;
> Improviser et peindre, avec grâce danser;
> Loger tous les talents en parfaite harmonie,
> Et, dans un an au plus, devenir un génie.

At the age of twenty M. Van de Weyer was the regular president of the political meetings of the Louvain University students. The young and ardent spirits of that day were excited by the current of public events. The talk was loud, and the philippics were very vigorous and stinging. One so alarmed the grave senate of the university and disturbed the Government that the presiding student was summoned to Brussels to explain himself before M. Falck, the Minister of Public Instruction. M. Van de Weyer acquitted himself so skilfully that, instead of returning with a reprimand, he received an offer of a scientific mission in Germany or a professor's chair in a Belgian university. It will be seen that before he was of age the obscure civil servant's son had given brilliant promise to his parents.

It is remarkable that while Sylvain Van de Weyer showed betimes a precocious intelligence, and at the same time an ardent political bias, which manifested itself in witty and humorous as well as serious

* *M. Van Meenen.*

and eloquent forms, he exhibited extraordinary judgment. He kept the students over whose meetings he presided strictly within the law; at the same time he acted with real courage when he felt called upon to act against a long established usage to which his reason was opposed. On the 4th of August, 1823, he received the diploma of Doctor of Laws at Louvain. It was customary, as a preliminary test, to compose a paper on a text taken from the Code Napoléon. Sylvain Van de Weyer thought proper to write a dissertation on "The Reality, the Knowledge, and the Practice of Duty." The Faculty demurred to this innovation, but young Van de Weyer stood firm, declaring that if the university would not accept it he would publish it under the title of "A Thesis rejected by the Faculty of Law of the University of Louvain." He prevailed; and later on he made the public acquainted with the controversy in which he had engaged, the academical authorities giving their assent to the publicity. In this case his stubbornness was on the side of liberty. He lost no time, once admitted to practise, in stigmatising the censorship of the university exercised over the papers presented by students. The *Courrier des Pays Bas* contained an eloquent denunciation of the system, in which the nascent statesman and patriot appear.

"It is pitiful," exclaimed the young doctor, "to see and hear them. Do you speak of a jury? It is an unpopular subject that would displease those who have caused the suppression of the institution. It is not mentioned in the new laws, and is therefore better avoided. Moreover it is an exotic that does not adapt itself to our soil. Do you touch, even lightly, on Ministerial responsibility? What is the use of raising such questions, our fundamental laws being silent on them? Do you examine our deplorable electoral system? You are sapping the foundations of our constitution. Do you venture upon theories of public rights? These are dreams, hollow speculations, that look very fine upon paper, but are impracticable in our every day life, and therefore dangerous, as inducing guilty thoughts, by the comparison of what is with what should be. And so on, of every good subject which tends to the examination and discussion of vital questions affecting social order; and would disclose the fact that our youth are contracting the bad habit of putting ideas together, of looking about them, and of believing that they will be one day called upon to apply these theories, and to judge the present and the future by them."

M. Van de Weyer's dissertation on Duty was an attack upon the *utilitarian* doctrines of Jeremy Bentham, and was dedicated to *M. Van Meenen.* It won him his doctor's degree *magna cum laude*

and he at once made a good stand at the Brussels bar. But before leaving Louvain he issued a pamphlet entitled "A Supplement to the Works of Jacques-Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre." This little work should be remarked as evidence of the right-mindedness of the author. When in 1807 Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, presiding over the Institute of France, replied to the speeches of three new members of the French Academy, he dwelt eloquently on the uses of philosophy, and ended with a glorification of Napoleon I. Later, when M. Aimé Martin edited the "complete" works of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (Louis XVIII. being King), he printed the philosophical part of the speech; but, lest umbrage should be given to the King, omitted the panegyric on Napoleon. The generous and just mind of the young Belgian student revolted against such meanness and injustice, which was dishonourable to the editor and a poor compliment to the King; and his supplement was a restoration of the expunged passages. When he arrived in Brussels he was at once welcomed as a man wise beyond his years, and a scholar not easily to be matched. In 1823 (his twenty-first year) he was appointed librarian to the city of Brussels, after a very severe examination. In this position he won golden opinions, not only by the rare and vast knowledge of books which he displayed, but by his fine and gracious manners—not commonly found in men of the closet—and by the sharpness and brightness of his mind.

In 1825 the City Librarian, with his friends, founded the Société des Douze, the object of which was to spread knowledge far and wide, and particularly among the lower orders, by issuing cheap good books. The Twelve had other patriotic objects, which very soon drew upon them the enmity of the Catholic party, whose book society had been suppressed. This enmity was increased when the literary reformers formed a Greek committee to give help to the patriots in Greece, and held a solemn festival in Brussels, at which M. Van de Weyer made an eloquent speech "On the Noblest of Causes." While giving his attention to the duties, and taking an active interest in public questions, the young savant constantly added to the list of his scholarly works. In 1825 he brought out an edition of the Dutch philosopher, François Hemsterhuis. This was followed by a pamphlet in aid of the victims of an inundation, and then by his "Pensées Diverses," in which the philosopher of twenty-three showed that he had scanned the world as well as bookshelves, and that he had a trenchant wit in addition to a richly-stored understanding. The "Pensées" were quickly followed by "Il faut savoir dire Non," a polished and purely-written *essay on* firmness and dignity of

character, addressed to his contemporaries. In 1827 the yo librarian had achieved so high a position in Brussels that, in spite his marked liberalism as a barrister and a writer, the King appoin him to the Chair of Philosophy in the Museum of Science Letters. His inaugural address made a great sensation far beyc the boundaries of Brussels.* It was a philosophical comment on recent history. The professor showed how the songs of Republic and the drums of the Empire had disturbed men's min and led them far away from the mental quiet that is necessary philosophical studies. He then described the independent cou he intended to follow. He would remain outside all systems philosophy that he might the more completely examine and co prehend them. In this address, indeed, we perceive all the fine a noble qualities of Sylvain Van de Weyer's mind—scholarly play ness, an unassailable love of country and of liberty, and gratitude the old master who had unlocked the gates of knowledge wit which he had feasted so gloriously.

The gratitude of the scholar to the teacher is a part of educati that has been always neglected. Yet how important it is! H intimately it is associated with a love of knowledge! How separable from the erection of a true standard of the admirab The pupil who sees his teacher slighted by society, who marks man from whose store of knowledge he is to get that which is m precious than riches occupying the lowest place at his father's tab must be strangely confused as to the nobility of the scholar, honour and the delight which accompany the conscientious a assiduous cultivation of the mind. Confused at first, he becon reconciled to the anomaly only too thoroughly. He forms standard of the admirable in harmony with that of his parents. perceives the scholar shuffling lean and slipshod behind his ri father. Men doff their hats: but it is not to the head filled with t knowledge-store of ages for the use of the generations to come, full as the pomegranate is of seed for future pomegranates: the h are raised to the pockets, eternally musical with gold, of his pare What lesson can the thoughtful child derive from such a sigh That knowledge is before all worldly things venerable? No; b surely that its worth is reckoned after riches and rank.

In this way Sylvain Van de Weyer spoke the praises of venerable tutor, Van Meenen :—

" When in ancient Greece an obscure young man opened a scho

* *M. Victor Cousin* eulogised it in the *Journal des Savants*, and its fa *reached England.* See Blakey.

of philosophy, he justified the temerity of his enterprise and gave his pupils a guarantee of the soundness of his doctrines by naming the master who had formed his mind. The disciple of an austere and learned man, who in a wholly intellectual life has known how to unite with the struggles of the bar and the vocation of a journalist the meditations of a philosopher. It is sweet to my heart to be able, on a public and solemn occasion, to renew this antique custom, and to say that all the zeal and love I have in the cause of science and wisdom, all the progress I may have made herein, are due to his lessons, to his counsel, and to his example." His concluding sentence was: "Let my final words be the expression of an eternal gratitude, and of my veneration for his talents and his virtues." Neither in the glittering life of Courts, in the troublous days of revolution, nor in the narrow, devious bye-walks of diplomacy did Sylvain Van de Weyer belie the sincerity of this noble acknowledgment of a debt which he prized even beyond the honours that in time glittered upon his breast, and the splendid fortune that fell from worthy hands to his worthy keeping. If all pupils could be brought so to honour their teachers, the ways of men would take a new and a better direction.

When the Minister Van Gobbelschroy resolved to proceed with the collection of the national memoirs and chronicles, and was attacked for wasting money on such things, M. Van de Weyer silenced the Minister's insolent enemies in a vigorous explanatory paper that appeared in the *Gazette des Pays Bas*. In 1828 he paid a second visit to Paris, when he made the acquaintance of the principal literary Frenchmen of the time—among them V. Constant, Villemain, Jouffroy, Ampère, Benjamin Constant, Fourier, Charles Lacretelle, Mignet, the famous Grégoire of the National Convention, and Sainte-Beuve; and then he returned home to take the leading part in the great events which were about to happen in his country. He had been during three years—that is, from 1825 to 1828—a regular contributor to the Government organ, viz., the *Gazette Générale des Pays Bas*. In 1828 he passed over to the Opposition—to the side of the Belgian patriots who demanded the liberties which were inscribed in the fundamental laws of 1815, but which King William I. refused to grant Sylvain Van de Weyer. From this time forward to the end of his life the Louvain student's career belongs to the history of his country, and many passages of it to the history of Europe.

He opened his political campaign by a brilliant defence of two young French *journalists who had been* thrown into prison for a

feeble satire of fifteen lines that they had published in a little comic paper which, as M. Van de Weyer said, "people read between their coffee cup and their liqueur glass," and then threw away. In spite of the advocate's efforts, however, the young journalists were sentenced to one year's imprisonment; for in those days press offences were tried, not by a jury, but by magistrates who were nominees of the Government. This cause was followed by a more important press prosecution, in which M. Van Meenen found himself counsel with his grateful pupil. The prosecution of M. de Potter produced a profound impression; and M. Van de Weyer's share in the trial brought him prominently forward, as a vindicator of public rights and public liberties. The public prosecutor had spoken disdainfully of men who, like M. de Potter, had condescended to write in the public prints. This sneer roused M. Van de Weyer, and he vindicated the dignity of the press, citing the names of the distinguished men in England, France, Holland, and Belgium who belonged to the new power that was rising for the defence of popular rights—not forgetting his beloved master who was seated near him. For himself he declared that if he should be ever asked by his countrymen to account for the use of his time, he should answer with pride that for so many years he had been a journalist. But neither the talent of M. Van Meenen nor that of his famous pupil could save M. de Potter. He was condemned to eighteen months' imprisonment and a fine of one thousand florins.

The great subject of contention at that time in Belgium was the endeavour of the Government to impose the Dutch language upon those whose native tongue was French. M. Van de Weyer was, as have already observed, against compulsion; but an unscrupulous opponent, M. Münch, in an evil hour for himself questioned his sincerity and twitted him with having written a book in favour of compulsion. Thereupon the vivacious advocate, journalist, and savant wrote one of the most sparkling of his *Opuscules*—on the Literature of Imaginary Books. Here the writer's native wit and laboriously acquired learning are combined in a happy form, and on a most promising theme. He was hardly quit of M. Münch when he was foully attacked by M. Durand in the *Journal de Gand.* M. Van de Weyer vindicated the independence of his character in a lofty reply. He showed how he held his position of librarian only on the condition that his liberty of action as a citizen should be complete; and he cast back M. Durand's charges in his teeth. The quarrel became so bitter that at length M. Van de Weyer repaired to Ghent with his friend *M. Lesbroussart*, an esteemed savant of the time, to demand

STANFORD LIBRARY



satisfaction. A violent scene ensued; and M. Van de Weyer justified the course he adopted by maintaining that in the actual condition of society, for which he was in no degree responsible, a man must himself protect his honour, even when, in doing so, he broke the laws of his country. For honour is precious beyond all worldly possessions and advantages.

The popular ferment in Belgium had developed a number of Constitutional Associations over the country, with a central body in Brussels, of which M. Van de Weyer was the impetuous soul. The object of this league was to wage war against the national wrongs, through petitions to the King, and by influencing the return of members to the States-General. The league grew rapidly in strength, for the wrongs it represented were real, and were deeply felt. While M. Van de Weyer directed its machinery, he never lost sight of his books, nor ceased from reading. In the midst of the agitation he established a Société de Bibliophiles; and to the honour of both, be it recorded, he persuaded M. Van Gobbelschroy, then Minister of the Interior, to become its president—although the City Librarian was the violent political opponent of the Ministry. This society had the advantage of bringing the Minister and librarian into frequent contact. The little bibliophile stole into the cabinet of the statesman between the covers of his books. They could not have avoided politics had they wished; for both were active politicians, and there were ominous portents hanging over the country. The Government had not only entered on a career of antagonism to the Liberal press; but it had taken foreign scribes into its pay, and it was these hirelings who were exasperating the people. M. Van de Weyer laid this all bare before the Minister; who answered "I wish the King could hear you." Hereupon M. Van de Weyer reduced his conversation to writing for the Sovereign; but King William would not heed the warning. He affected the counsels of his unpopular Minister Van Maanen, rather than those of the liberal-minded Van Gobbelschroy.

The stubbornness and blindness of the King and his Ministers served only as stimulants to M. Van de Weyer's party. His labours at this period of his career were of extraordinary extent. M. de Potter wrote of him, from his prison of the Petits-Carmes: "Van de Weyer, the only man with a head, has in hand the business for twenty heads and more, so that he can never give enough time to any matter; and, when he has done more than any one man should do, he finds that he has done nothing, if he has not killed himself slowly, by incessantly exciting his intellectual faculties *by means of moral aphrodisiacs* which hurt him—by mea

for instance, of the strongest coffee, taken frequently in copious doses." But it was M. de Potter himself who helped largely to lay the mighty burthen of work upon his advocate. It was he who continued valorously to wage war from his prison against the Government. This warfare took a sudden development at the opening of the memorable year 1830.

On the 1st of February M. de Potter addressed a letter to the *Courrier des Pays Bas*, in which he proposed the formation of a confederation against the Ministerial tyranny, and at the same time a national subscription to indemnify the public servants who had been dismissed for "honourable causes." These audacious propositions drew down upon M. de Potter's party a series of press persecutions and the seizure of M. de Potter's correspondence. Of course, MM. Van de Weyer and Van Meenen were immediately secured as counsel for the accused. The trial took place on the 16th of April, and lasted fifteen days; and while Van Meenen took the general defence of the accused, Van de Weyer dissected the correspondence of M. de Potter which had been seized, and justified it by boldly exposing the acts of despotism and of corruption by which the Dutch Government sought to absorb Belgium. From his prison M. de Potter wrote to his young defender: "You must be in truth my friend to prevent me envying you such splendid power! My friend, the invectives of the public prosecutor did not touch me; I even went to sleep at last. But you strongly stirred, and profoundly moved me. My heart answered to yours throughout. I admire you very much; but I love you more."

But again neither the eloquence of Van Meenen, nor all the brilliant qualities of head and heart of his distinguished pupil (then, be it remembered, only twenty-eight years of age), could save their clients, who were, indeed, pre-condemned. Their sentence was banishment—that of M. de Potter for eight years. They were martyrs who helped to make the good cause prevail; and their fate, far from turning Van de Weyer from the region of politics, made him an even more energetic leader than he had been. The Government had attempted to draw the Constitutional Associations, or league, into the trial: Van de Weyer, scorning personal consequences, had replied by proposing that the associations should declare themselves in favour of the subscription suggested by M. de Potter. But his colleagues were too timid to follow him. At the very moment when he rose to defend M. de Potter and his co-accused, a letter was *handed to him* in court informing him that he had been dismissed *from his post of* Custodian of the Burgundian MSS. The petty

vengeance of the Government only hastened him in the adjustment of his armour. Yet, in the heat and passion of the conflict, his judgment, and that fine and delicate quality of mind which afterwards made him hosts of friends among his illustrious contemporaries, were never veiled. A violent article appeared in the *Courrier des Pays Bas*, attacking the private life of the Prince of Orange. He at once retired from the journal, declining to have anything in common with those who stooped to the use of dirty weapons. Yet he remained staunch in the national cause; and, while France was passing through the Days of July, he was occupied in the defence of the Government's mad rage against the independent press. Menaced, he remained calmly at the work his conscience placed before him: insulted in open court by the public prosecutor who refused him his title of *maître*, he observed: "The Public Minister should know that here I am *Maître* Van de Weyer. I now teach him this, and, as a mark of independence, I cover myself."

Not even the absorbing political and professional work which the tumultuous year 1830 cast upon the student of Louvain could wean him from letters or science. While he was fighting his country's cause he originated the collection of the national medals and antiquities of Belgium; founded, with M. Claes, the first Belgian review; translated from the Italian a treatise on the charitable institutions of Holland; and, with M. Van Meenen, produced an exposition of the Dutch finances from the German.

At length, on the 25th of August, the Belgian people rose, sacked the residences of the unpopular public functionaries, and tore down the royal arms from the public buildings. M. Van de Weyer was at Louvain, but he posted back to the capital, where his first care was to organise a company of fifty men to protect the Library. He then, in concert with MM. d'Hoogvorst, de Merode, Gendebien, Rouppe, de Potter, Charles Rogier, and other Belgian notables, threw himself heart and soul into the revolution which effected the deliverance of his country from a hateful yoke, and established it as a free constitutional kingdom. The part taken by Sylvain Van de Weyer in the Belgian revolution is known to most readers. In the heat of the fight he was the coolest of the heads engaged. He laboured to avoid violent means or extreme resolutions. When the Prince of Orange had been persuaded, chiefly through him, to enter Brussels without troops and confide himself to the burgher guard, he was the spokesman of the people's wrongs as soon as the Prince had entered the Palace, after having experienced a rough reception from the citizens. The Prince, once safe in his home,

was haughty and menacing; the representative of the Belgian nati was bold, and at the same time precise and moderate. It becan no longer doubtful to the King's son that his father's kingdom was danger of dismemberment; and he appointed a commission, which M. Van de Weyer was a member, to draw up a statement the desires of the Belgians. He had remarked that Van de Weye was the leading mind of his countrymen; and it was therefore to hin he specially addressed himself. On the 3rd of September Van de Weyer was summoned to a private audience. The Prince announce his departure for the Hague. Van de Weyer implored him t remain, and place himself at the head of the Belgian party; bu failing in this prayer, he agreed with the Prince that his Roya Highness should carry the formal complaints to the foot of th throne, and that meantime the progress of the revolution should b stayed. Van de Weyer assumed the responsibility of this conve tion, but only for fifteen days. If at the expiration of this delay th Prince had not returned with a satisfactory reply, the responsibili of the representative of the aggrieved Belgians was to cease.

The Prince did not return, and the revolution went smartly forward after the Dutch attack on Brussels had been repulsed. The leaders of the Belgians remained throughout moderate; and Van de Weyer was blamed more than once for the circumspection and method with which he acted. He desired that which the mass desired—viz., a separate constitution for the southern or Belgian provinces of King William; but he was no demagogue. As a member of the Commission of Safety he protested against rash language and violent resolutions. Having presided at a great meeting of the commission, the delegates of the sections of Brussels, the staff of the burgher guard, and other notables, to consider the unsatisfactory speech which the King had delivered on opening an extraordinary session of the States-General; and carried a moderate resolution demanding, as a preliminary to all negotiations, the withdrawal of the troops of the north who surrounded them; he went out with M. d'Hoogvorst to the Grand' Place to harangue the crowd who were waiting to know the result of the meeting. And here Van de Weyer's wit turned the scale against violence. In the midst of the tumult a man cried out, "Ce ne sont pas des paroles qu'il nou faut; c'est du sang." "Du sens commun," Van de Weyer retorte and the mob dispersed with roars of laughter. Later, when th Dutch troops were threatening Brussels, and M. de Potter had ju *received so enthusiastic a reception from the populace that his hea was turned,* and there was an idea he would repair to the Palace an d

proclaim himself Dictator; the chief of the police, in great trepidation, applied for advice to Van de Weyer.

"Have you unoccupied rooms in your house?" Van de Weyer asked.

"Yes; all my second floor."

"Then return. Offer it to him. He will accept it. There are no dictators on second floors."

M. de Potter failed in his endeavours to become the President of a Belgian Republic (that could not have lasted a month); but it was not because he was not ready to subordinate the interests of his country to his own personal ambition. His subsequent ungrateful and petty conduct towards his advocate ruined him in the esteem of all just and impartial men.

On the 25th of September a Provisional Government was established in the midst of shot and shell—without money, without archives, without employés; and having to govern a country in insurrection and on the full tide of war—with, as M. Van de Weyer expressed it afterwards, "Pens, ink, and a few sheets of paper." But in five days the authority of this pen-and-ink Government was acknowledged in nearly all the towns of Belgium; public administrations had been established, the press had been freed, the right of meeting had been granted, lotteries had been abolished, the basis of an army had been laid down, the taxes were being regularly paid, and the people had been called upon to elect a National Congress to decide on the future form of government. The honest devotion of the notable citizens was most admirable. Sylvain Van de Weyer's father (who died Juge d'Instruction in the Brussels Tribunal of First Instance) publicly declared that he would not accept advancement in the magistracy so long as his son was in power. Nor was the honesty of the Belgian leaders more conspicuous than their moderation. M. Van de Weyer's conduct towards the Prince of Orange, from the day when he told him boldly the mind of the people, to that on which, as plenipotentiary of the National Government in London, he bade him give up all hope of ever seeing the House of Nassau dominant again in Belgium, was full of courage, candour, and good feeling. They parted with animated expressions of mutual respect. These same qualities directing a piercing intelligence and a patriotic heart gave M. Van de Weyer an ascendancy over his colleagues that subdued even the impetuous temperament of M. Gendebien, who would have thrown Belgium into the arms of France. The Louvain student had a persuasive tongue, as all the diplomatists whom he encountered *afterwards in London* bore witness; and his wit was his

true servant, that he used only to the furtherance of his country's good. This wit shone in the handsome face, and played in the corners of the mouth, of the popular Minister who was so long a popular figure at every State ceremonial in England, from the accession of Queen Victoria to the end of his public life.

M. Van de Weyer made his first journey to London in the company of Dr. Bowring, and with strong letters of recommendation from Sir Henry Bulwer. Representative of his country at eight-and-twenty before the astutest diplomatists and statesmen of Europe, with Prince Metternich in the front of them, the Belgian patriot acquitted himself so brilliantly that none of them could refuse him the tribute of their praise. Before he approached Ministers he made the acquaintance of Lord Lansdowne, of Althorp, Palmerston, Brougham, Mackintosh, Bentham, Colonel Perronet Thompson, O'Connell, Joseph Hume, Buller, and others of the English Liberal party; and at a meeting of fifteen peers and members of the Lower House he set forth, in his own polished and perspicuous way, the wrongs of his country. This exposition gave him a solid footing in London at once. After an interview with the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, he returned home convinced that the Belgian nation had nothing to fear in the shape of British intervention. This impression was fully confirmed when the Whigs came into power shortly afterwards, and Lord Palmerston, Belgium's best friend, became for the first time Foreign Minister.

Returned to the National Congress for his native town and for Brussels, Sylvain Van de Weyer made a great and salutary impression by the speech in which he described the result of his mission to London. More than a quarter of a century after it had been delivered, a writer who heard it observed that during its delivery you might have heard the flutter of a fly's wing, so profound was the silence. The young speaker's success in London and in the Congress, as well as his wisdom and intrepidity throughout the dangers of the revolution, led to his appointment as President of the Diplomatic Committee that was charged with the foreign relations of the nascent kingdom. Even the *Courrier Français* and the *Nationale* paid tributes of praise to the young diplomatist and orator, for his noble language and frank avowals. His success at the head of the foreign relations of Belgium, against all the wise heads of the five Great Powers, and the fertility of resources he displayed, even though he had served no apprenticeship to the dark art of which Metternich was a master, while the claims of the Prince of Orange, Eugene Beauharnais' son, the Duke of Nemours, Prince Leopold, Otho of Bavaria, and of Charles

of Capua were by turns under consideration, and while the settlement of the terms of separation from Holland was under discussion by the Powers, raised him in a few months to the first rank among European diplomatists. Although a wit—fit company for Sydney Smith, who delighted in his friendship and his society—his tongue, I must repeat, never ran away with his head; but, as I have observed, was the obedient servant of his judgment.

While England was supporting the claims of the Prince of Orange, Lord Ponsonby, who represented the British Cabinet in Brussels, was inclined to impose the Nassau Prince on Belgium, and pressed M. Van de Weyer with undue severity. The President of the Diplomatic Committee replied that the people would have no more Orangeism. Lord Ponsonby testily retorted, "The people! the people! Do you know that before eight days were over I could have you hanged to one of the trees in the park by this same people in whom you put your faith?" "Yes," Van de Weyer quietly answered, "I believe that with time and plenty of money you might succeed; but I could have *you* hanged in five minutes, and gratis. Don't let us play at this game." The two separated laughing; and when M. Van de Weyer returned to London to pursue the difficult negotiations in progress at the end of 1830 for the settlement of a Belgian Monarchy, Lord Ponsonby wrote an eloquent letter to his brother-in-law, Lord Grey, on the many high qualities of the Belgian Minister. Lord Grey at once asked M. Van de Weyer whether it was not possible to give back Belgium to the Prince of Orange.

"Yes," said Van de Weyer, "with another revolution."

When the Duke de Nemours' claim had been accepted by a vote of the Belgian Congress, and then put aside in consequence of the energetic action of Lord Palmerston, and poor Belgium was distracted while the Five Powers were wrangling; a distinguished gentleman proposed to M. Van de Weyer that the Almighty should be proclaimed King of the Belgians.

"I am afraid," the President of the Diplomatic Committee replied, "that He would not be recognised by the Five Powers as uniting all the qualities required by the protocols. Then, again, the idea is not a new one; it is borrowed from the history of the Italian republics."

When the country was put in danger by the acts of the Orange party, who were scattering money far and wide under the direction of a Russian agent, M. Van de Weyer showed himself to be a man of iron. He ordered the Russian to leave Brussels within twenty-four hours; and having *discovered the* whereabouts of the Orange secret

committee, he went straight to the place of meeting and demande to see the president, whom he compelled to sign a proclamatio about to be issued against the conspirators. A fortnight afterward one of the secret committee confessed to M. Van de Weyer that when he was closetted with their chief, the committee, fourteen in number, were in an adjoining room, and that they had deliberated whether they should fall on him and lock him up in a cellar. "I don't know what stopped us," the conspirator added.

"Fear," was the reply. "I was armed with double-barrelled pistols; and as each man supposed that the first ball was destined for his body, each drew back."

Through French as well as Dutch plots—through dishonourable propositions made by France to England, whereby each was to gain something—the clear-headed and engaging Belgian diplomatist steered his way, strong in his conscious rectitude. While engaged as a diplomatist he made remarkable appearances as a pamphleteer. His *Opuscules* flashed far and wide, and helped the questions on which he was officially engaged. They took quaint forms, they were rich in fancy and scholarship, and they sparkled with wit. Collected by his life-long friend, M. Octave Delepierre, they will keep a envied place in the libraries of cultivated men. The casket is small but the brilliants that cover it are without flaw.

M. Van de Weyer's most harassing labours were ended when, on the 21st of July, 1831, Leopold I. was solemnly proclaimed on the Place Royale of Brussels. For thirty-four years he remained the most distinguished servant and warmest friend of the Sovereign his genius had helped to the throne. During this long period of service he triumphed in so many difficult negotiations, and acquitted himself superbly of so many delicate missions, that King Leopold almost exhausted the language of eulogy in his correspondence with him. The unbroken friendship of Sovereign and Minister, shared as it was throughout by the monarch at whose Court the Minister passed the greater part of his life, while honours gathered upon his head and the English people learned to love him as warmly as his own countrymen, is a lasting monument to all concerned. It is when we read the estimate a man of Sylvain Van de Weyer's mark and character had formed of the late Prince Consort, with whom he lived on terms of affectionate intellectual intimacy, that we are able to measure the full extent of the loss English society sustained in his death. King Leopold, the Prince Consort, the Baron de Stockmar, Sylvain Van de Weyer (who declined the title of count offered by his royal master saying that he hoped to leave a name, but cared nothing for a title

have all passed out of the illustrious circle that brightened so many years of the life of Queen Victoria, and their places cannot be filled.

That of Sylvain Van de Weyer in English society was unique. It was conquered in the fulfilment of a noble ambition—that of consolidating the liberties of his own country. On the 16th of December, 1838, M. Van de Weyer married Miss Bates, daughter of Mr. Joshua Bates, of the great firm of Baring and Co., King Leopold signing the marriage contract.* Miss Bates was the only surviving child of her parents, her brother having met his death by the accidental discharge of a gun, while out shooting.† Queen Victoria was godmother to M. Van de Weyer's first child. Through his marriage M. Van de Weyer became an English squire as well as a Belgian patriot, a diplomatist of European renown, and a savant of rare ripeness. He could preside with distinction at an agricultural meeting, or at the annual festival of the Literary Fund. He had mastered the difficulties of our unruly language, and could use it

* Mr. Joshua Bates, the son of Colonel Joshua Bates, of Weymouth (U.S.), was one of the most remarkable commercial men of his epoch. When he died great honours were paid to his memory by the princely merchants of Boston, who claimed him as an illustrious citizen. He was the architect of his own gigantic fortune. Nothing save his own pure and noble character and his remarkable intellectual faculties raised him to the position he occupied as the leading partner in the great firm of Baring Brothers. He was the friend of kings: and yet to the end he remained simple and unaffected. His self-discipline was extraordinary. His friends one and all testified of him that he had never once been seen out of temper or in a hurry. This mental calm and self-command resulted from a severe discipline to which he subjected himself. So high and far-spread was the renown of his sagacity and honesty, that he was accepted more than once as umpire in difficulties between his country and Great Britain. He was the friend of the Orleans Princes, of the King of the Belgians, of Napoleon the Third. His house in Portland Place was a gathering place of the learned and illustrious of many lands. He was a munificent benefactor. Lamenting the deficiencies of his own early education (deficiencies which he was never tired of filling up), he endowed with ungrudging liberality the public library of Boston, in the United States. Misfortune found a real and a discriminating friend in him. He opened his house at East Ham to Louis Philippe when he landed in this country in 1848; and it was as open to the humblest who sought his counsel and his assistance. It is a pity there is no popular biography of Joshua Bates in existence, for it would be an admirable record of a well-spent life to place in the hands of the rising generation.

† The accident happened on the 20th of December, 1834. Mr. William Rufus Gray Bates was a young gentleman of extraordinary promise. He was the worthy son of his father, and no higher praise of his memory can be uttered. His death caused a profound sensation among the vast circle of his father's friends; and the writer can remember the unaffected *grief* with which his own parents heard the sad news.

fluently and eloquently, as he proved on many occasions. Speaki at the Literary Fund dinner over which he presided, he suggested t formation of free provincial libraries, of which known literary m should be the honoured librarians. "Would it not," he asked, " a spectacle worthy of this good and great country to see your prin pal towns competing for the honour of having Southey for librarian In this the old Brussels librarian—one of the most bookish of m and the most liberal of book-buyers—spoke again.

M. Van de Weyer's official career was closed—to the great reg of King Leopold II.—on the 27th of June, 1867. Failing health h warned him to cease from work, and to prepare for the close of memorable life, every incident of which might be laid with advanta before the young for their guidance and encouragement.

M. Van de Weyer observed, "Lafontaine has said: 'The wise m is always ready to depart.' I want to try and be wise and to ready." Nearly seven years of rest were vouchsafed to this tir traveller; and he rests within the shadows of the church in h parish of Bray Wood, which his filial gratitude had raised to th memory of the well-beloved and honoured parents of Madame Va de Weyer. From the crown of the slope by his grave the statel town of Windsor may be seen; and the church is within sight c New Lodge—his English home.

> And all the place is dark, and all
> The chambers emptied of delight.

# A Rambling Story.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Iron Cousin," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.

## PART II.

I WENT straight to the nearest hotel, and gave Penny into the charge of a good natured looking chambermaid, while I ordered a cosy tea-and-supper meal in one; by the time it was ready the child made her appearance, with a face rosy and shining from the effects of a refreshing wash in warm water, and we sat down with amazing relish and goodwill to our repast; my little companion, with her childish talk and frank ways, made mine doubly pleasant to me, and I had the satisfaction of perceiving that she had grown so perfectly at home with me as to enjoy hers with entire ease and comfort. At length the little blinking eyes warned me that Penny was getting sleepy after her day of fatigue and anxiety; so I once more consigned her to Betty's charge, bidding her be up with the lark to-morrow, as we should set out early for the Welsh village.

No sooner had Penny and I despatched a hearty breakfast next morning than we started, hand in hand, upon her walk; for she would know her way, she said, if once upon the road. As we trudged along, I felt pleased that my vagrant progress had thrown me into Penny's way, and while enabling me to help her in her childish distress, had brought me into such lovely scenery. I could not regret Devonshire now that I was going into Wales.

Presently Penny made me start by answering, to some remark about the beauty of the distant line of mountains: "Ay, so my lady used to say; she would look at our Welsh hills by the hour together, and never seem tired."

"My lady! What lady?" I exclaimed.

"Why, *the* lady—'my lady'; I never knew her by any other name than 'my lady.' My lord called her so; father and mother called her so; and I called her so, because I heard them."

"My lord! Who was my lord?" I asked.

"Why, my lord was the gentleman that came down this summer

to our place, and got father to let him bide with us; he said he didn't mind roughing it a little—that he didn't want a fine lodging; but he liked our cottage because it stood on a hillside, with a fine view, and plenty of fresh air; and if it was a little out of the way, so much the better, and if it was a bit homely and plain, it'd be the greater change for him and my lady; and so they stayed with us a good time—mayhap two months or more. Oh, I was very glad while my lady stayed."

"You liked her, then, Penny, did you?" I said.

"Oh, that I did; she was so soft spoken, so kind; she didn't seem very gay, but she made me feel happy when she talked to me, or even looked at me; she usedn't to smile, but her eyes were so gentle that they seemed pleased with me; and that made me feel contented, somehow."

"Were you much with her, Penny, while she stayed?" I asked.

"Yes, a good deal," answered the child; "my lady seemed to like to have me with her, for she didn't mind me—she could do as she liked with me; when she was with the others, when my lord was by, or father and mother, she used to watch herself, and take care how she looked or sat, or walked, or spoke; but when only I was by, she paid no heed to her ways, but just let her eyes look long at the hills, or leant back in her chair, or walked slowly along, or kept quite silent, without taking care to behave at all. I noticed this, but I didn't seem to notice her; so she thought, I s'pose, that I took no notice, and just liked me to be with her because of it."

"You are one of the quiet noticers, Penny," I said; "you notice all the more for not showing that you notice."

The child looked up at me and nodded.

"I noticed that my lady never sighed before anybody else; I noticed that my lady never let her eyes get full of tears when anybody else was by; but I noticed that she did both, as if it did her good, and made her easy-like, when nobody was near but me—just as if she'd been alone; you see I didn't put her out, she thought me only a child—just a poor little child; and so I am, but still I can take notice, though I don't seem to." The child repeated her shrewd little nod as she concluded.

"I shouldn't wonder if you have taken note of me, and of some of my ways, Penny," I said, laughing; "tell me what you have noticed in me."

Penny Brat cast a little wistful, sidelong, demure glance at me, and then said: "If I tell you what I've noticed in you, sir, you'll know that I've been noticing you."

"To be sure I shall; but that I know already; besides, I don't mind your noticing me, Penny."

"Don't you?" she replied. "Well, then, I've noticed that you pull your underlip between your finger and thumb, when you look upon the ground and seem to consider; and I've noticed that you push up the corner of your eyebrow with your knuckle when you look up into the sky and get a thinking; and you've a way of screwing up your eyes when you see something you like—and that's a pity, for they look best when they're large and open, and show their nice dark colour."

Penny fixed her own frank, childish ones upon mine, as she thus unceremoniously discussed their peculiarities; and the laugh in which we both indulged made us feel more familiar and at home with each other than ever.

I found my little friend's father and mother good sort of people—homely but kindly; they had a roomy old cottage, and were glad to let me lodge with them while I spent the remainder of my holiday in rambling about their beautiful neighbourhood, and gradually filling my sketchbook. Penny was my self-elected guide and companion on these occasions; she showed me the best views, took me the best walks, and found me the pleasantest nooks and banks when we wanted a seat. She was excellently fitted for the task she had chosen; never did grown associate possess better qualities of the kind than did this untutored child; with a curious tact peculiar to her, she seemed to know when I desired to be silent, when to chat with her, or hear her prate to me.

If the former, she would trot quietly by my side, collecting wayside flowers and noting, after her own observant fashion, wayside objects. If the latter, she would gossip on by the hour together, about all sorts of things, told in her childish way, yet with a quaint kind of natural shrewdness that gave them a certain interest. She soon discovered that no topic had so much for me as the lady who had lately been an inmate there. To anything concerning "my lady" Penny perceived that I listened with ever eager attention, and she was not slow to gratify my evident curiosity. From this apparently unnoticing, but really close noticing, child I learnt minutest particulars of the conduct and bearing of one who occupied so large a share of my thoughts. In the artless descriptions of the little Welsh lass I seemed actually to behold "my lady," as she moved, spoke, and looked. They singularly confirmed all my own previous impressions of her manner, which I had conceived when first I heard of her at the forest cottage. Now, as ever, her image dwelt in my mind as

the very embodiment of all that was graceful and gently dignifie blended with a sadness and melancholy that touched me with tender sympathy, strangely strong. This feeling, together with c that rankled yet more deeply in my heart—the ceaseless gnaw regret at never having re-seen the sweet face which was to me *the* fa in the world—haunted me so powerfully on my return to town as produce a fever of the spirits, terminating in actual illness.

My sister Helen tended me with affectionate care, and her goo nursing, together with youth and a sound constitution, brought m back to life. But my health was impaired, and for some time remained feeble, languid, and dispirited. I was unable to pursu my profession with requisite diligence, and the very keenness wit which I felt this tended to increase my incapacity for exertion.

Another source of anxiety, aiding still farther to perplex an depress me, was my friend and fellow-student Maurice Darwin. H and I were on the same terms of good fellowship as ever, but yet certain sense of estrangement and latent reserve had crept betwee us, unavowedly though too surely. I could, perhaps, better accou for this shadow upon the warmth of our old intimacy than he coul and I wholly blamed myself for its intervention; it was this co sciousness which made me treat him with all the more kindliness, compensate for what might be wanting of former cordiality and co fidence, since I felt that it was my own complicated and unsatisfie speculations respecting him which had brought about the abatemen I knew it was because I was beset with perpetual surmises, questio ings, and doubts, whether his history did not comprise one importa passage of which I was, and yet was not, secretly aware. My dre of being unjust to him, yet my inability to solve the misgivings whi irresistibly beset me with regard to him, combined to keep r restless and anxious on his score. Then my sister, my dear, patie Helen—wholly dependent on me for support and for peace of heart how was she to be provided for if I became unable to earn sufficie for our joint need? and, still bitterer thought, how was her happin to be ensured if I failed to guard her against giving her affections one who was attached elsewhere? These cares preyed upon r already weakened frame, and, far from regaining health and strengt I perceptibly lacked both.

At this juncture one of my heartiest patrons chanced to retur from the Continent, where he had been spending a few week Noticing my shrunken figure and hollow cheeks, he insisted that wanted country air and exercise, and would hear of no refusal, bu that I must leave town immediately and go with him to his seat in

the North, where he said there would be an excellent opportunity for finishing his portrait, for which he had only given me the first sitting; he had ordered the picture before he went abroad, but I had scarcely put in the outline sketch when his whim for travelling seized him, and he left abruptly; as abruptly he had now returned, and with his usual impetuosity, hurried me off with him to Hazelshaw, his country seat.

He was a burly, good-humoured, but vehement man, fond of doing things by fits and starts, and taking people by surprise; he liked his own way, and that his own way should be exactly such as nobody would have expected; he was reserved in purpose, yet rash in expression; silent in resolve, but violent in acting upon his determinations; he was an odd mixture of quiet making up his mind, and of explosive utterance. His name was Sir John Lawler; he was a widower, with one grown daughter and one son—a lame, weakly boy, still in his teens. Miss Lawler did the honours of her father's country mansion, while her youthful brother was under the care of a tutor, a shy, grave young man, whose varied college acquirements had rendered him capable of filling the combined posts of chaplain, preceptor, and medical adviser in the family.

When I first arrived at Hazelshaw, I found a party assembled at lunch, which introduced me at once to the several members of Sir John's household circle, as he had described them to me. Miss Lawler was entertaining some fashionable visitors, her father's nearest neighbours—the Nortons of Norton Park—while at the lower end of the table sat her young brother, with his tutor whispering to him on the comparative wholesomeness of two dishes between which he was hesitating.

Sir John was at once the centre of the guests, interchanging vociferous greetings and dashing into clamorous details of his sojourn abroad, while his daughter gaily broke off her lively conversation with Captain Norton to give a smiling welcome home to her parent, and a vivacious word of notice to the new arrival—myself.

It was a most easy, off-hand sort of place, where it seemed your own fault if you were not immediately at home; strangely enough, I, the most quiet and brooding of mortals, felt influenced by the effect of the scene, and at once became talkative and unrestrained; there was something in the whirl and uproar of all these speakers, most of whom were laughing and discoursing at the very altitude of their voices, that acted upon me like an excitement, impelling me to do the same and join in the hubbub; I did not want for encouragement, for Miss Lawler, finding me inclined to respond, favoured me with an

animated outpouring of remark, demand, observation, and inquiry-having chiefly for their object, London, Londoners, London sight London doings, London seasons, and London beatitudes of a sorts.

Sir John, far from requiring rest after his journey, entreated h guests to remain, sent out a groom to invite more, and collected large party before the hour for dinner arrived, an extempore pr ceeding which evidently gave him high delight; his daughter seeme to relish it fully as much as he did, and together they contrived keep up a ceaseless rattle of conversation and entertainment, whic seemed to be their element. In the midst of all this social bustl the sickly boy and the grave tutor were the only persons who too little part in what was going forward, themselves attracting even le attention from the others. Sir John had slightly named them to n as "Mr. Woodley, and my son Jasper," and me, in return, to them "my young friend, Mr. Hamilton," after which they sank into wh seemed their usual state of mute bystanders, young Lawler's ill-heal and Mr. Woodley's retiring disposition appearing to make it their wo and preference. Even before Miss Lawler and the ladies left th dining-room, preceptor and pupil had quietly vanished, withdrawi to their own apartments, and appearing no more that evening. Th amount of wine imbibed and the tone of after-dinner talk indulged by Sir John Lawler and his boon companions, after the rest ha quitted the table, made me feel no wonder that the son and h monitor should not care to remain; for myself, I more than on wished I were with them or with the ladies in the drawing-room, anywhere but where I was; the heated atmosphere, the blaze lights, the din of voices, and the ring of glasses and decante oppressed and wearied me beyond measure. In my robustest hou I never cared for much wine or for long sitting after dinner; b fevered and languid as I then was, the infliction was intolerable.

Sir John, after the fashion of his contemporaries, would not he of "skulking," as he called it, and with his boisterous hospitali insisted on my allowing no "daylight" in my glass; rather than co test the point with him, I stayed where I was, passing through all th weary stages of suppressed yawns, stifled gapings, endeavours to l social and join in laughs, fading into gasps of nausea and disgus burning lips and eyes, throbbing temples and aching head, with profound feeling of melancholy and depression weighing through al

They kept it up late—so late that when the party of gentleme *separated,* few of them were sober enough to have repaired to th *drawing-room,* even had Miss Lawler and her lady guests been sti

there to receive them; but they had retired to their several sleeping-chambers, as the drowsy footman informed Sir John, who, with a loud laugh, declared he was glad to hear it, as they'd all be fresh as larks by to-morrow, ready for a new day of jollity.

While my roystering host reeled off to bed, I stole out through one of the side doors of the hall, that I might breathe the pure air of the Park, and endeavour to cool my parched frame before attempting to seek rest; I strolled far, steeping my limbs in the dewy refreshment of the night, and baring my hot brow to the breezes that came soft and fanningly through the lofty old trees; it was starlight, the silence was full of repose and welcome peace, the scent of grass and wild-flowers and of the fragrant earth wafted balmily round me, and I drank deep draughts of gracious luxury and enjoyment.

I was at length returning to the house, when I saw at a little distance before me, standing in the half-shadow of a clump of thorn-trees, a figure all in white; I could discern that it was a female, but its motionless attitude and dimly-seen form gave it a spectral appearance rather than that of a living woman. After the first startled pause and holding of my breath, I advanced to where it was; what was my surprise when I discovered it to be Miss Lawler, alone, her long hair hanging loosely upon her shoulders, and with no other covering than her night-dress. I immediately perceived that she was fast asleep, although her eyes gazed full upon me, and I no sooner came within their ken than she stepped forward, laid her hand upon mine with an eager grasp, and said in an earnest whisper: "I have found you—thank God, I have found you at last! come!"

She led me in the direction of the mansion, and I, unwilling to hazard wakening her by the least check or opposition, gave way to her motion and followed as tranquilly and implicitly as I could, trusting I could thus see her housed in safety unconsciously to herself; still holding my hand, she drew me on firmly, rapidly, and noiselessly, passing through the screen of shrubbery plantation which flanked the house on one side, until we came to a small door that gave entrance by a narrow staircase to the apartment appropriated to her own use; she went up the stairs swiftly, without hesitation or a single false step, pushed back the door of a spacious bed-chamber in which there was a night-lamp burning, led me within, turned, closed the door carefully, and then flung herself upon my breast with sobs of agitation.

"Cuthbert! dear husband!" she murmured in that curious, inarticulate utterance, *with unregulated tone*, which belongs to those *speaking in their sleep*: "*Oh, Cuthbert!* If my father should learn,

should suspect, should discover our secret. Husband, dear husband! I could not rest till I had found you, to consult—to think—dear Cuthbert! What can we do?"

I instinctively gave her my support, and upheld her sinking frame as it leaned against me helplessly and relyingly; her head rested upon my shoulder, and one arm was cast across my bosom, as the hand clung to my neck in convulsive caress. I dared not speak, lest my strange voice should waken her; I scarcely dared stir, lest I should startle her: all I could do was to passively lend myself to her movements, and endeavour to soothe her into stillness. She gradually grew calmer, and lay for a few seconds motionless, her face drooping against me; then, without raising it, she moved with heavy, uncertain step across the room, as if she would fain lie down and go to rest. By the bedside I perceived a large easy chair; towards this I supported her, inducing her to recline in it, placing her head gently against the cushioned side, and wrapping a thick soft shawl that lay there, closely about her limbs; the warmth seemed to lull her, for she sank into complete quiescence, and breathed regularly as one in ordinary sleep.

When I beheld her thus, I withdrew, pulling the door fast to, without noise, and gaining my own room, without difficulty, by help of the starlight which shone through the windows of the staircase and galleries.

I was in no humour for sleep, however, and long lay ruminating on my nocturnal adventure, lost in wonder as to who could be the "Cuthbert," the "dear husband" to whom Miss Lawler was clandestinely married. That she should be a wife, yet so very flirting a Miss in her ordinary demeanour, struck me with a bewildered impression of oddness and unfitness. Then the deceived father, with his love of open-house gaiety and his blustering wilfulness; how would these be crossed by a knowledge of his daughter's stolen match? I felt strangely involved, yet not involved, in these questions; I was a party and yet not a party to any of the proceedings; I had been curiously made an actor in the scene although nowise active in its occurrences, or in occasioning them and they filled me with an uncomfortable feeling of consciousness, as if I had been confederate in them. This feeling beset me strongly on my first meeting with Sir John next morning, but his hearty, off hand manners soon relieved any lurking uneasiness.

When I encountered Miss Lawler at the breakfast-table it returned upon me still more painfully, lest some subsequent impression might have reached her of what had taken place last night; but her smiling

ease, and utter absence of embarrassed look or tone, set me at perfect rest. She was laughing with Captain Norton when I entered the room, and turned from him to me, to ask my decision on the point at issue between them, which chanced to be a question of artistic preference.

"I will abide by Mr. Hamilton's taste and judgment; he is an artist, and therefore *must* know whether paintings should have a high light to be seen to the best advantage. You shall not always persuade me out of my wits and my senses, Captain, although you have the reputation of being able to do so by all the damsels foolish enough to hearken to your beguiling tongue. Now don't take your seat next mine, as you always contrive to do; I have reserved that for Mr. Hamilton; come here, Mr. Hamilton, pray, and settle this knotty point of picture-hanging for us. High light or side light, which should it be?"

"That depends mainly on the point of light in the picture itself," I replied; "but as a general rule, a high light, by all means."

"I said so, I knew it! All the pictures at Ashdale are hung so, and my friend Lady Gertrude's taste is infallible; Lord Haughton-hurst altered the rooms purposely to please her; he had a new picture-gallery built expressly that the paintings might have a high light, as she happened to admire that in preference."

"By the bye, Dru," burst in Sir John, "Ashdale will be the very thing for our friends, this morning; we'll make a day of it, and picnic in the woods, and see the house, and picture-gallery, and all the rest of the show; Ashdale's a show-place—one of our lions here, Hamilton, and I must have you see it. There are some choice paintings, several old masters, and our best moderns; you'll be among friends there, Hamilton—some of your own brotherhood, my boy."

The party was soon arranged. Captain Norton begged to drive Miss Lawler in his curricle; and after a great deal of pretty flouting and fleering, denial and demurring,—first declaring she meant to drive Mr. Hamilton herself in her own pony-phaeton, that she might show him the views, and then flying off to ask whether her papa wished her to ride on horseback with him,—she finally yielded to the young officer's instances, suffering him to lead her in triumph to his carriage. Jasper Lawler, my host's young son, petitioned to drive his sister's pony-chaise, and having obtained his father's permission, timidly asked me whether I should mind being his companion.

"*Mind!*" *I rejoined.* "*I should like it of all things.*"

"You would?" he exclaimed, looking up at me with a sudden jo sparkling in his hollow eyes. "But you say that out of kindnes that I mayn't feel I bore you. I know an invalid boy must be bore to everybody that's active and healthful."

"But I am not particularly healthful just now," I replied playfully "so perhaps that makes me doubly like to be with you; because w may be as listless and quiet as we both please, and shan't expe each other to be strong, or talkative, or cheerful, or anything else w feel disinclined to be."

The boy smiled, and put his hot thin hand into mine, for a reply. Presently he said: "I little thought I should have such pleasant companion to-day. I thought I should have had to con by myself, if papa allowed me to come at all."

"Why, where is your tutor, Mr. Woodley? He is your usu companion, is he not? You like his companionship, do you not?"

"I *love* it—I love him!" exclaimed the boy, with a fervour enthusiasm lighting up his pale features. "He is my best friend—— my dear, dear friend; he is everything to me. I should have no chance of being alone to-day had Mr. Woodley been at home; but he was obliged to go to London yesterday evening quite suddenly; his rich, cross brother is ill, and sent for him. He will be very glad, when he returns, to find that I have had somebody I can like to be with. It is not everybody I can like, and hardly anybody can like me. That's not to be wondered at, for I am dull and poorly; but it's curious how few people I am able to like."

"I am the more flattered, being, as you say, one of those few," I returned, smiling.

"Yes, I felt inclined to like you the first moment I saw and heard you," said the boy. "I feel that I should grow to like you very much indeed, almost as much as the two persons I love best in the world."

"And who are those?" I asked. "One of them is Mr. Woodley, I conclude; and the other?"

The boy did not answer.

"Your sister, Miss Lawler?"

He shook his head, but made no reply.

"Your father, Sir John?"

Again he shook his head, but uttered no word.

Presently he said: "I like a low voice; I like a gentle manner and look; you have a pleasant way of speaking, so has Mr. Woodley, *so has*"——He broke off abruptly.

"*So has?*" I rejoined inquiringly.

"So has *she*," he said softly, but emphatically, with a raised colour.

"She?" I echoed.

"Yes; her ladyship, Lady Gertrude; we are coming in sight of the house now," he added, looking up. "We shall not see her; she is away; they are both absent, both she and his lordship—Lord Haughtonhurst, I mean. You will not see them; but I can show you her favourite room, I can show you her garden, I can show you all the places where I have seen her and spoken to her, and heard her talking to others, or watched her sitting at her embroidery frame. I had rather look at her than at any picture I ever saw, and the sound of her voice is better than a song or a piece of music."

The boy's manner interested me as well as his words; he was flushed and trembling, full of his subject. His excitement infected me, and I scarcely noted the beauty of the domain—its spreading woodlands, its glorious old trees—in my attention to what Jasper said.

We arrived at the foot of the marble steps leading up to the entrance-hall as he finished speaking, and throwing the reins on the quiet old pony's back, he descended from the little low carriage with my help; then, leaning upon my arm on one side, while supported by his usual crutch on the other, he limped lightly up the marble flight, and went straight in. He led me first to his idol's wonted sitting-room, lingering over each vestige of her presence with worshipping minuteness; her work-table, her writing-table in the window, her pianoforte, her book-stand, the chair she usually occupied, the very hassock on which she ordinarily rested her feet—all were pointed out to me with fond and reverential particularity; then followed the conservatory, opening from the sitting-room, and thence on into the garden and grounds; from these we returned to the house, entering by the picture gallery, which formed one wing of the mansion.

I had scarcely commenced an examination of the paintings ere I was struck at recognising many of them as those I had once before beheld adorning the forest cottage.

"She is passionately fond of pictures," said Jasper's voice, in a hushed undertone.

"She! Whom do you speak of?" I returned, half lost to the present moment in the depth of my reverie.

"Her ladyship, Lady Gertrude—*my* lady that I have been telling you about," answered the boy, with a kind of proud delight. "I do not often speak of my *liking for her, because* few would understand what *I mean; but I feel that you can* understand me, so I like to talk

to you of her; you are an artist, and know what it is to adm beauty as you do in a picture; Mr. Woodley is a bookman, a knows how it is to see beauty as he does in a book; now beautiful lady is like a picture or a book to me, and I like to sp to you and him of what I feel about her."

"Does Mr. Woodley admire your lady—Lady Gertrude?" I ask

"Oh, very much; he says she is the most perfect creature world contains; he once said she was almost too perfect for t earth, and seemed to think of her as Catholics do of their wom saints; she is like a picture of St. Catherine, he told me, which had seen abroad, just so meek-eyed, yet full of noble dignity; I c believe it."

I fell into a fit of musing, from which I was roused by hearing young companion exclaim in a tone of vexation: "Here they come, with their silly, loud voices and their noisy laughter. I w they would not bring the sound here. Anywhere else; but I can't b it at Ashdale—and in *her* picture gallery, above all! I wonder wh my sister can see in that dashing fool, with his brassy bawl and rude stare, to suffer him so near to her. See how she leans upon arm and lets him chatter right against her ear. I wonder she is deafened."

Jasper was looking from the porticoed door, trellised with climbi roses and magnolia, which led out from the picture gallery; and a followed the direction of his eyes and saw the company approachi headed by Miss Lawler lolling upon Captain Norton's arm, th was something in her position that made me hastily say: "What Captain Norton's Christian name? Do you know, Jasper?"

"No. Frederick, I believe, but I'm not sure. Why do you ask

"Oh, nothing; a fancy—a whim." I was about to add: "Do y think it is Cuthbert?" but merely said: "The Norton family very intimate with yours, are they not?"

"Yes, they are very old friends of papa's, and my sister is ve familiar with them, but I don't know much of them; I see them the drawing-room, but that's all; I never go to Norton Park, a they never invite me; they seem to know that I can't like them, a of course they don't like me; I'm dull, and they are gay; I'm qui and they are noisy. Let's go."

But Miss Lawler pounced upon me and would not hear of m leaving the picture gallery; she declared I was the proper person t *do the honours* of the paintings and discuss their several merits t *her, I being the* only artist there and she so very an ignoramus. O *course this was* proper debateable ground, and I launched forth in

a disquisition upon her too modest estimate of herself, upon her undoubted connoisseurship, and so forth; all the idle flattery, in short, which seemed to be expected of me.

Captain Norton appeared less gratified by it than was its object; while she smiled and bridled, he frowned and bit his lip. At length he turned on his heel, muttering a curse upon paintings, painting galleries, and painting puppies, and, seizing Sir John's arm, hurried him away to the stables that they might inspect Lord Haughtonhurst's hunting stud.

I took this opportunity of endeavouring to lead Miss Lawler to speak upon those among the pictures which I recognised as having seen before on the memorable occasion of my first visit to the cottage in the forest; but she seemed more intent upon showing her intimate acquaintance with their owner.

"Lord Haughtonhurst is a delightful person; quite the nobleman," she said; "so liberal with his wealth, so generous in allowing others to enjoy his possessions; he is hardly ever at his country seat, but he permits all persons free access to see the house and the pictures whenever they please—upon proper application, of course; nay, even when he is here *we* have the privilege of coming, for he is quite upon familiar terms with us; he dines with us and we dine with him whenever there is a dinner party, and as for dear charming Lady Gertrude she is my particular friend; they once invited me to stay a whole month with them at their house in town, and then I grew to know all about her."

"About her," I repeated involuntarily; then recollecting myself, I added: "I beg your pardon for echoing your words, but you make me curious to hear all you can tell me of this charming Lady Gertrude, this interesting friend of yours."

"She is interesting. You may well call her so; it is the very word for her; but I can't stay to tell you all her history now; it's a long story; some other time you shall hear it."

"I shall hold you to your promise," I replied eagerly.

"Very well, I'll keep faith, for I dearly love to talk of my charming friend Lady Gertrude; but now let us go and see what has become of papa and Captain Norton."

Again the temptation came over me to inquire the Captain's Christian name, but a feeling of delicacy restrained me; I shrank from awakening any memory-clue to what had transpired that night during Miss Lawler's walking sleep, lest the finding her secret self-betrayed might *prove a cruel discovery to her.* I preferred leaving *her in happy unconsciousness, and forbore* any allusion that might

occasion her pain, repressing my own curiosity meanwhile on a po
that was of more moment to her than to myself. On another subj
I found more difficulty in teaching my impatience to keep boun
I thirsted to learn more of Lady Gertrude, whom I could not
believe to be the same with the "lady of the forest cottage," and
"my lady" of the little Welsh girl; the pictures, the invalid bo
description of her voice and look, all seemed to confirm the identi
beyond a doubt.

But some days passed without affording me an opportunity
claiming Miss Lawler's promised narration; she was too giddi
occupied, too whirlingly busy, to have leisure for anything but amus
ment and mirth; she indulged in wild giggles and smiles, she rattle
away with flights of ridiculous fancy, and joined her father in burs
of immoderate laughter. Sir John seemed rejoiced to have her
this frolicsome mood, often encouraging her in it and remarking th
he had never known Dru better company in his life, appealing at t
same time to young Norton if it were not so; he showed a mark
predilection for the young officer's society, and employed all kin
of devices for prolonging his stay at Hazelshaw; the house w
made a perpetual scene of feasting and entertainment, in which t
host and his guests took equal part. I gently reminded Sir Jo
that I had come down to work, and asked when he could give
the sittings requisite for his portrait; at first he put me off with
shout of derision at my plodding propensities, but suddenly
yielded to my urgency and consented to sit for an hour each morni
in the library, making it a proviso that all the company should adjou
thither to keep him enlivened by their conversation during t
dreary drudgery of remaining still.

The first few mornings we had uproarious conclaves: nothing b
jokes about Sir John's beauty, banter upon his vanity in having h
portrait taken, jocose inquiries as to what learned society ha
requested to have it as an ornament for their committee-room
jesting hints of his intention of speedily changing his widowerhoo
and presenting the future Lady Lawler with this and the origin
together, &c.; so that my labour progressed but slowly. How
ever, by degrees the company thinned, dropping off by ones an
twos, so that soon only his daughter, Captain Norton, and myse
were left in attendance, upon us devolving the charge of entertainin
my sitter and beguiling the time.

*(To be continued.)*

# TABLE TALK.

## BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

When cook meets cook in friendly professional rivalry it is natural to suppose that the result of the encounter will be a delectable feast. But the French cooks of New York surpassed themselves and expectation on the occasion of their annual supper held in support of the funds of the Société Culinaire Philanthropique. As a rule, a bill of fare affords a minimum of information touching the items of the dinner in exact proportion to the magnificence of the repast. Accepting this test, I need only mention that out of the hundred dishes which on this occasion loaded the tables of the Société Culinaire Philanthropique there figured a *Surprise à la Pycabia*, a *Monstre de Mer à la Neptune*, a *Magasin Samaritaine à la St. Hubert*, *l'Homme des Bois*, a *Mitrailleuse Domestique*, the *Lyre de l'Harmonie*, and *le Panier à la Nilsson*. What "The Man of the Woods" might, upon investigation, have turned out to be I do not know, and a similar cloud of mystery broods over the Lyre of Harmony, Madame Nilsson's Panier, and the charitable establishment dedicated to St. Hubert. But it is satisfactory to know that a *Salmon au Veuve de Montpelier*, which also figured in the list of dishes, was an immense salmon in a sugary ocean, supported underneath by a miniature Swiss scene, comprising châlets, bridges, fountains, a lake with live gold fish, huntsmen, and game—all done, except the gold fish, in some mysterious white substance; that the *Monstre de Mer* was a big bass in a wavy, frosted ocean, edged with silver ferns, a large lobster, dressed in collar and knee breeches, riding on the monster's back; and that the *Mitrailleuse Domestique* was nothing more formidable than a "boned turkey," followed by a regiment of cooked squirrels, uniformed in their own skins, and commanded by a big grey squirrel in spectacles. Perhaps the squirrels would have been more convenient to eat if they had been out of uniform, and the collar and knee breeches could not fail to have proved an obstacle in the way of distributing the large lobster. But these are trifling objections, and cannot be held to detract from the success of the supper.

---

I have sometimes thought during these last twenty-five years,

while watching the history of the Second Empire in France, studying the strange and never wholly comprehensible story of life of Napoleon III., that this might have been a really enduringly great and successful Sovereign but for the one unwarrar and unwarrantable superstition of his life—his belief in Napoleo Many students of this remarkable chapter of history have regar Louis Napoleon's curious expressions of unquestioning devotion the memory of the founder of the family's greatness as the charla ism of his career, but I was never satisfied with that explanation. has appeared to me that he was possessed by a monomania about uncle, indicated alike in his letters in the time of his early adver and in his speeches and proclamations in the days of the Empire. have turned during the last few days to the first volume Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of Napoleon III." somewhat eagerly, see whether this biography by an Englishman would confirm diminish my impression. It only helps to confirm it. In a so speak unconscious manner—certainly without any visible design that direction—Mr. Jerrold's vivid and eloquent book makes cl once again by a thousand tokens the entirely unscrupulous, irrede able, and intolerable selfishness of character of the first Napole and it also shows, even by more numerous and conclusive signs, t Napoleon III. was morally blind to the faults of this terrible h and was overmastered through life by a certain hallucination ab him. In that hallucination I think I can often detect the source some of the greatest faults, mistakes, and disasters of the t Napoleon's career. The subject is too large to be worked out gossip; but I fancy there must be some observers of the events the last thirty or forty years who think with me on this subject, like me they will look for further light on this curious point in succeeding volumes of Blanchard Jerrold's book.

---

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a pendant to the picture of Qu Elizabeth receiving the compliments of the men of Coventree, wh I referred to a month or two ago. On this occasion her Maje was passing through Folkestone, when, according to the old reco she came upon the Right Worshipful the Mayor, surrounded by t chief inhabitants of the town. The Mayor, in acknowledgment the dignity of his office, was accommodated with a stool, on whi he stood, and, bowing to his Sovereign, said—

Most Gracious Queene,
Welcome to Folkensteene.

Whereto the gracious Queen replied—

> Most gracious fool,
> Get off that stool.

So commendably brief an address deserved a kindlier reception.

---

A POLITICAL cynic, taking note of the Duke of Richmond's Bill to abolish patronage in the Kirk, suggests that it must have been Mr. Disraeli's intention herein to "dish" the Dissenters across the border, as he and the late Lord Derby "dished the Whigs" a few years ago south of the Tweed. Here is my friend's note upon Kirk patronage on which his notion is based:—"Although patronage in the Kirk has been in existence 150 years, producing all sorts of quarrels and confusion, particularly the Secession of 1733 and the establishment of the Associate Synod, the Secession of 1752 and the establishment of the Relief Synod, and the Secession of 1843 and the establishment of the Free Church, the virus has now spent itself, and all that remained was for the State to abolish patronage or for patronage to abolish the Kirk." Thereupon my correspondent sets to work to count upon his fingers certain other acts of statesmanship, each performed at the eleventh hour and each the work of Conservative politicians. I give his own words:—"Roman Catholic Emancipation was the work of the Duke of Wellington, and Emancipation was the alternative of a Roman Catholic rebellion. The repeal of the Corn Laws was the handiwork of Sir Robert Peel, and the Corn Laws were not repealed till we were within six weeks of a famine. Mr. Gladstone, the author of the 'Essay on Church and State,' abolished the Irish Church, and Lord Derby, taking office 'to stem the tide of Democracy,' allowed Mr. Disraeli to pass Household Suffrage, congratulating his friends that therein he had dished the Whigs." For my own part I do not quite understand these tokens of temper on the part of my political correspondent in reviewing these events; but when incidents like these are thus collated and brought to mind I do sometimes wish that a wise man with a cool head would rise up in the midst of us and write the book that I have so often longed to read, but which has never yet, I think, been so much as attempted, at least in the spirit in which I want it written: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF PARTY.

---

WHAT are the annual savings of the English working classes? £20,000,000 *a year? The Royal Commissioners* who have recently

been looking into the working of the Friendly Societies the aggregate income of these institutions at £11,000,00 and the mass of what the working classes put by finds its the hands of the collectors of the Foresters, of the Anci herds, of the Odd Fellows, or of the Antediluvian Order of Trades unions of course take tithe of the wages of the artisans tithe can hardly be set down as savings. It is really an war-tax, and is generally in the long run spent to the las on strikes or lock-outs. A large proportion of the £1 paid into friendly and burial societies sticks to the palm collectors, frequently as much as 25 per cent., a collecto often being worth £700 a year. Five per cent. is frequer in what is called "lush money," and at the end of the y of the clubs divide the balance and start afresh. The M Unity, with an income of £700,000, is said to have £ invested in the Three per Cents., and the Loyal Order of Shepherds has £125,000. But these are mere trifles parison with what the amounts ought to be, and I fear the much truth in the recent observation of a Scottish sheriff of every shilling paid into a friendly society, the poor migh well throw 6d. into the Clyde. The savings-banks are prac failure, although they hold twice if not three times the amo by all the 32,000 friendly, sick, and burial societies in the The amount of deposits in the hands of the National De missioners at the end of 1872 was £59,000,000, or within a of the amount held by the savings-banks of a single State—the State of New York. There is comparatively in the English working classes. But what premium do we thrift when the friendly societies fritter away 40 or 50 per the savings that pass through their hands, and the savir only give $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for deposits? John Bull, it has b can stand a good many things, but he cannot stand $2\frac{1}{2}$ per c there is quite as much human nature in corduroy as in broac

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1874.

## OLYMPIA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "EARL'S DENE," "PEAR AND EMERALD," "ZELDA'S FORTUNE," &c.

### PART II.—LACHESIS.

### BOOK II.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Full well Sir Guy knew how to play
Wolf, Roebuck, Boar and Bear—
But to see a Rabbit turn to bay—
What could he do but stare?

FORSYTH and Olympia were one day returning from an expedition into those recesses of Lyke Wood where their acquaintance had begun so inauspiciously. She was in high spirits because her work that morning had received half a dozen words of scarcely qualified praise—he was never in high spirits, but his manner had of late become less studiously and consciously reserved. He had at all events laid aside the inward-looking smile that had originally prejudiced her against him and had told her that they were natural enemies.

"When," she asked suddenly, "do you think I shall be able to paint really well?"

"Suppose I were to say 'Never at all'?"

She stopped aghast.

"Never? If I thought you meant it I'd take and throw everything into the Beck, *that's all.*"

at? Do you find no happiness in work, then? Are you so so
us? Suppose I were to tell you more—that no woman ever er
d the front rank in art—and that, if she could, she would be be
tterably wretched that it would be better for her never to have ve
born?"

Then I hate myself for being a woman. Yes, I have long know vn
I was meant to be a man."

And Gerald?"

Poor fellow! If I'd been a man, he'd have been in no troub le
me, and we'd have been the best friends in the world."

"This is not much like love," thought Forsyth. "I do thin k,
omehow, that a woman who loved would not wish to be a man, ev en
f that man were Michael Angelo. I will try her another way.—B ut
suppose I were to say—I don't say it, mind—you *can* paint: y ou
have Genius—what then?"

"What then? Oh, say it even if you don't quite mean it—s ay
that I can do only half as well as I try!"

"Indeed I won't, though. I want to know what you would do." ll
"Do? I'd leave The Laurels: I'd paint pictures: I'd se
them: I'd be a great man: I'd be more famous than you"——

"And then?"

"Oh, I'd die at last, I suppose, and they'd write my life and bur y
me in Westminster Abbey—No, I'd be buried in Gressford; it woul d
be splendid fun for me to see Aunt Car'line staring at my tomb an d
wondering that the grand epitaph should be about me."

"And Gerald?"

"Oh, Gerald, of course. I'd marry him, somewhere in th
beginning, or middle, or end. It's him I'm working for, yo
know."

"Olympia, I want to talk to you very seriously about Gerald."

"Now for Lord Wendale," she thought, "at last!"

"We know one another well enough to talk freely now. I ha
got a craze into my head that we are father and daughter: let it b
so, for this hour. I think you are a good girl, though you have mo
faults than I could very well count in a day. You are obstinat
you are wilful: you are hot-tempered: you are rash: you are d
contented: you are a little vain: you are intolerant: I am not su
you are not a little ungrateful, considering all your uncle and a
have been to you. At any rate you are thoughtless.—No, you n
not fire up with me: you know in your heart that I should not h
lied your faults without liking you a little in spite of the
rhaps. And so"——

He need not have warned her against anger. She was bewildered by an indictment that out-Aunt-Car'lined Aunt Car'line.

"—And so—I want to know if you ever asked yourself—your real inner self I mean—whether some of these faults of yours, rather than the love of a girl for her future husband, have not led you into an engagement that does not seem to fill your heart half so much as your dreams of being an impossible she-Raphael?"

It was out, then. She seemed to see the cloven hoof itself as she answered, bluntly, and with contempt for his short-sighted cunning,

"I suppose you mean I ought to marry Lord Wendale?"

"Good heaven, no!"

"Then please tell me what you do mean. I've said I'ld marry Gerald," she said, with a sigh, "and there's an end. Let's talk about something else, please. One would think to hear people talk there was nothing but marrying going on in the world. I wish I could write, and then I'ld make a book without any love in it, just for a change."

"I see. If you made the year, you would leave out the spring. But what would you do for flowers?"

"I would have none. They should all be trees, and all the women should be men. I suppose I'm in love—and where are the flowers, I'ld like to know?"

They wandered back to The Laurels silently, without talking of the something else that Olympia had proposed. She was trying to work out a problem. What had he meant by almost telling her in so many words that she was false to Gerald, if, as the tone of his exclamation had told her, the idea of her marrying Lord Wendale was really strange to him? She was not angry with him for giving her a list of her faults. The very want of somebody with an admitted moral right to scold her had been one of her thorns. Like all rebels, she wanted a despot, and had as yet found none. Like all women, she craved for a master, and had only had to deal with those before whose spirits her own could not stoop to bow.

They reached the gate of the carriage-drive; and, though everything looked as usual, the never-mistaken feeling that something had happened fell over her before her feet had touched the gravel. Wandering thoughts catch invisible trifles, without the help of eyes. Perhaps the gate was open an inch more or less than usual: that would be more ground than was needed for a presentiment to grow in. Forsyth remained at the gate for a moment to bid her good-bye till to-morrow. He wished *to say* something more than good-bye, but *knew not what. Not since that* evening in Don Pedro's *quinta*

had his words and his thoughts been so utterly divorced from o
another as now.

"I only hope you will be always true to yourself," he sa
"whether that means being true to Gerald or no. It may be t
in keeping to the letter of your promise you may be more false th
if you had accepted Lord Wendale. I shall see you to-morrow, an
then we will mention this matter no more."

She went slowly up to the house. Nature is but the echo of o
own moods; and the air, though fresh and bright enough, felt hea
to her, as though charged with an unseen cloud.

Her aunt's face was at the front window; as she approached
the drive it suddenly disappeared. No sooner had she entered th
hall than Mrs. Westwood, whose conduct grew stranger and strang
day by day, threw both her arms round Olympia's neck, and kisse
her on the cheek with lips that for once were almost lukewarm—na
her eyes were moist, unless Olympia was dreaming.

"My dear, dear Olympia!—Gerald has come home!"

Her heart should have bounded at the words—and it grew fai
and chill.

"Come home?" was all she could say. "Where is he?
When did he come?"

"Isn't it sudden? But I knew he wouldn't be away lon
Would you believe it? he got all my letters at once; that Mr. Har
never took the trouble to send them, and Gerald never thought
inquire. Poor fellow, he looks quite pale and ill. But we'll so
have him well again, won't we? You'll find him all alone—and h
dying to see you. I'm going to find your uncle, my love, to tell h
the good news. And mind, my dear, I think long engagements a
very wrong. I never put off either of my own marriages—theref
you shouldn't, either. So, if Gerald says anything, you have
consent to name the day as soon as you please. There, I wo
keep you now. No, don't go upstairs first, my dear; I'm sure ev
thing's in the right place, and you look all you ought to. Bless y
both, my love!" and, kissing her future daughter a second ti
she went off to look for the Captain.

Olympia paused at the parlour door, from which Gerald had
run to meet her as soon as he heard her voice in the hall. Why
could she not feel overjoyed at Gerald's return? Perhaps the
suddenness of the unexpected news had taken her breath away.
But what rose up before her was a blank vision of the end of her
*work—of her talks*—of her advancing journey into the world of a
*mind that* was at any rate higher and larger than her own. Some-

how her life of late had seemed as though it would never come to an end—and now, without warning, the end had come. Poor Gerald! No thought of being false to him entered her soul. She had not refused a coronet for his and for Truth's sake in order to ask herself, after all, whether love and loyalty are necessarily one and the same thing.

She was about to be clasped to her lover's heart after many weeks of parting, and she stood there irresolutely thinking how she should behave. But she opened the parlour door at last, and went in.

There stood Gerald, leaning against the mantelpiece, with his back to the door. He turned round quickly when he saw her, but did not run forward with his old bright smile, and take her in his arms. They stood and looked at one another as if embarrassment had tied their tongues. Mrs. Westwood had indeed told the truth when she reported him as pale and ill. His eyes looked as if they had not been closed for at least two nights before, and he looked changed in other ways besides. Something told Olympia that he was a boy no more.

She was the first to find her tongue.

"So you are come back, Gerald?" she said, falling back upon a stupid platitude for the sake of breaking silence.

"Yes—I am back again."

"Isn't it strange? Who would have thought it only a month ago?"

"Only a month? Is it possible? It seems to me three days—or else thirty years. Olympia—my mother tells me you have refused Lord Wendale."

"Of course I did."

"And—really for my sake?"

"Whose else? You see you were right, and the skies *did* fall."

"Just as though I thought—Olympia, can you think me such a cur as to stand in the way of your being a countess? I am ashamed to look you in the face"——

"Ashamed? What can you mean?"

She who had only of late learned what shyness means felt less at ease with her old playmate than she had been with Lord Wendale. As for him, he scarcely seemed to know what he was saying. He had evidently begun to repeat a prepared speech, for long and formal sentences, like those which Forsyth employed as a sort of conversational armour, had never been in his line. Her interruption, however, seemed to *put him out*, and he broke down.

"I *mean—give me up—there's a good* girl."

"Give you up? Sure you're joking, Gerald."

"Not a bit. I was never so serious—no, not even when I ask you to marry me. You shan't throw yourself away upon me. I won't rob you of your chances. I'm not worthy of you—and Lord Wendale's a million times better fellow than me."

This was unheard-of generosity—it out-heroed all the heroes of whom she had ever dreamed. It was, then, the struggle of a sublime self-sacrifice that made him so confused and pale—so strangely changed?

"Oh, Gerald!" she exclaimed, lighting up all in a moment with admiration, "then if that's it I'll never think of a soul but you. I'll say 'No' to the King!"

"I won't have it!" he said more eagerly. "You shall not throw yourself away— I'm not fit for you— I'm"——

"But you are, though— I mean it's me that's not fit for you. Who ever heard of anything so grand?"

"You really love me then, Olympia? You are quite sure?"

"Oh, with all my heart. Didn't I love you when you were a baby, and would I leave off now?"

"And it was because you love me that you wouldn't take the Earl?"

"Why else? Didn't I promise to be true to you always? And so I will."

"Then—then there's nothing more to be said, Olympia," he said with a sigh that conveyed no meaning to her. "It's enough for me that you've thrown away being a countess for me. I belong to you—so there. That's over— When shall we be married, and get it all done?"

"Oh, there's no hurry, I suppose. We do very well as we are, yet awhile. Have you made your fortune?"

"Well—no. What's that noise?"

"Hush—it sounds like Aunt Car'line listening outside the door. She had on her silk gown this morning, and I might have known she'ld listen when she said she was going after Uncle John."

But Mrs. Westwood was not listening—she was opening the door. If she expected to break in upon an interesting scene, she was disappointed. Gerald had returned to his place by the chimney-piece—Olympia had not stirred a step from the spot of carpet where she had first taken up her stand half-way between her lover and the door.

"Gerald—Olympia!" she said. "Why I never saw two such lovers *in my life—I'm* sure that's not how I stood and stared, neither time *that I was engaged.* And why shouldn't you marry at once, pray

You have my consent—and that's enough for everything, I suppose. The course of true love never runs smooth, as my poor old governess at Taunton used to say, but I should like to know how much smoother you expect it to be? Come, don't let me have any more such nonsense. Some people are never pleased, I'm sure. When you didn't know your own minds you were in such a hurry it was quite improper, and now you stand shillyshallying. If there's one thing I abhor it's putting off to to-morrow what you can do to-day."

It had not struck Olympia that there was anything strange in the readiness wherewith her lover had accepted her suggestion that there was no hurry. She knew nothing practically of the orthodox procedure in such matters, though she had lighted often enough in the course of her reading upon distinctions between the maiden coy and the eager swain. She took it quite as a matter of course that her will should be his law: and her mind was too much absorbed in greater mysteries to find room for one more.

"You are very good to us, aunt," she said, "but I do know my own mind. I made it up long ago. I only"——

"There, you see, Gerald. It's you, then, that don't come to the point. Why you're as good as half-married already: it isn't every young man that's preferred to a nobleman. I wish your father would come in. I want to have it all settled, so that I may see both my dear children married before I die. Yes, my dears, it's quite right to speak of such things. I once knew a gentleman at Clifton that died suddenly without making his will, which shows we ought to take warning. But where is your father, Gerald? I've looked high and low. Yes, you may come in now, Marian. They mustn't expect everything to be *tête-à-tête* till the honeymoon."

"Then it's all settled?" asked Marian, who had already seen her brother. "Oh dear, what will that poor old gentleman say!"

"What old gentleman?" asked Gerald, pricking his ears.

"Ah, you don't know what a flirt Olympia has been while you were gone. See how she blushes! Never mind, Olympia, I won't tell tales. Only I must say it's hard on somebody we know."

That was Marian's idea of an excellent joke; and it told all the better by making Olympia's cheeks a shade warmer than before.

"Marian," said Mrs. Westwood, sharply, once more taking the part of her step-niece against her own daughter, "I'm ashamed of you. Don't listen to her, Gerald. Mr. Forsyth's an excellent man; and the idea of his flirting! *It's too absurd.* And girls don't flirt when *they're engaged, Marian. It's most* improper, and I won't hear

you speak of such things. You might just as well talk of Gera flirting."

"But who is Mr. Forsyth, mother?" asked the once frank-fac young man, hurriedly, and looking nobody in the eyes.

"Mr. Forsyth, Gerald, is a very distinguished gentleman, a frie of Lord Wendale, who has been good enough to give Olymp drawing-lessons without charging a penny for them. He's a litt odd in his ways; but then he's an artist, so it's quite proper. I c hate girls never thinking about anything but flirting and matc making. I'm sure I never did, and I won't have it now. Where your father, Marian?"

"I don't know, mamma, but I rather think he's gone to t Black Prince. I heard from old Mrs. Wicken that the Irish Majo there again."

Mrs. Westwood's face darkened. "It's very strange," she sai "but quarter-day never comes round without my hearing of th Irish Major. It was so last time, and the time before, and now i so again. And yet I've never set eyes on him, and nobody seems know his business—not even your father, Marian. It's very odd it's about recruiting, as he thinks; for there's never been a you man gone for a soldier, except the Yeomanry Cavalry, since I been here. Whatever your father can want to see him for is mo than I can say. That's his great failing, my dears; he was alwa going off to billiard-rooms and places, and keeping what I call lo company; for low that man must be, or he'ld have brought him here If he has to swear him in, as a magistrate, he ought to have hi respectably into his study, like Mr. Lee, and not go running afte him into the village. I declare everything's all at sixes and seven now; and if your father, my dears, ever thought of keeping a ghos from me, I'ld soon have got at the bottom of this recruiting. But i it means cigars and brandy-and-water, of course one might as we try to get at the bottom of the moon. He's a low, vulgar man, tha Major, and smokes clay pipes with the farmers—that much I d know."

"And they say, mamma," went on Marian, "that he's a gre friend of Lord Wendale."

"No; that I can't believe. Who says so? The aristocracy don mix with people that stay at public-houses and smoke pipes wit farmers. Election time's different, of course; my poor father, tha knew all the aristocracy for miles, used to shake hands with peop *he wouldn't have* known by sight on other days."

"*And, mamma,*" went on Marian, bent on opening her whc

bundle of Gressford gossip, "they say"—but talking of the Captain brought the Captain home, especially as it was lunch-time. He, also, did not look particularly happy; indeed, considering how prosperous and comfortable a man he ought to feel himself, he always wore a curiously hang-dog look about quarter-day.

"Bless my soul, Gerald! come home again? I'm glad to see you, my boy—very glad, indeed," he said, in a voice of misery.

"Then I think you might seem a little gladder, John," said his wife. "Good gracious me, how your coat smells of tobacco. Yes, Gerald's come back, and now, my dear John, there's nothing left to be done but to name the day."

"The day, my dear? What day?"

"John, how can you be so dull! Why, *the* day."

"Yes, sir," said Gerald, "I am come back, to marry Olympia, as I hear I have your and my mother's leave." He spoke almost as gloomily as the Captain himself, and took Olympia's hand with an air of defiant resolution. She submitted silently and with downcast eyes. Mrs. Westwood put on the most winning of smiles.

"There, John," she asked, "isn't that a picture to make us feel young again?"

The Captain breathed hard for an instant, and his inexpressive face grew unutterably long and pale. For at least a quarter of a minute he stood thus, as though turned into a wooden image by excess of paternal emotion. Mrs. Westwood waited for the benediction that, at her bidding, was sure to come. She knew—and her knowledge had often made her jealous—that her husband furtively loved Olympia as if she had been his own child, and guessed what it must have cost him to forbid the match; what joyful relief it must be to him to follow his own heart in submitting to his wife's will. Gerald and Olympia also waited for their doom.

At last he thrust both his fists deep into his pockets, and the paternal blessing came:—

". . . . . ."

It was the first impolite word that he had spoken since his wedding-day without begging his wife's pardon on the spot; the first good round oath that had burst frankly out from a full chest, and without mincing, since Lady Pender had taken his slippery tongue between her nipping finger-nails.

It was more than an oath—it was a bombshell. Mrs. Westwood was hit too hard even to ejaculate "John!" Marian almost screamed. As for Olympia, *she was in a mood that was inconsistent with surprise even had a real cannon-ball* dashed through the parlour

window. She only felt that Gerald started and let go her hand. She, whose nerves had been charged as if with a coming thunder-storm even before she saw Gerald, was the only one of them all who seemed calm before this prodigious explosion.

Mrs. Westwood was the first to recover her tongue, though the sheer panic of the bully when his victim turns had taken her breath away. She instinctively clapped her hands to her ears.

"John, you have been drinking with that Irishman!" she cried out, and taking her hands from her ears, she raised her handkerchief to her eyes. She was cowed in a moment, and it was only instinct that enabled her to make this feeble charge.

"Drinking? I'm as sober as you are, Caroline, worse luck. I wish I was drunk, by George! This is awful—horrible! You don't know what you've done with your meddling"——

"John! *My* meddling? Was that the word?"

But, if Mrs. Westwood was astonished at the Captain's rebellion she was not half so much astonished at what he had said and don as he. His explosion was spent. Custom and discipline are match for most mutinies, and he awoke to the enormity of his fi outburst of temper during a married life of one-and-twenty ye Nay, even before he had ever seen Lady Pender, the dolt of th Rector of Hithercote's family had never been known to utter a ho or hasty word. He did not know himself; but he knew only too well that he had rashly displayed a standard which he had no reserves of wrath to sustain. He hung his head, and would have whistled if his lips had ceased trembling with the terrible word that had just left them.

"Caroline, my dear," he said at last, "I didn't mean meddling. Gerald—Olympia—I'm very sorry. But I have—I have the greatest possible objection to the marriage of cousins. You know you have the same yourself, Caroline. You said so just before Gerald went away."

"John, how can you say such a thing! I'm sure I never did; and so far from objecting, I approve of it highly. If I said 'objected'—which I didn't—I meant 'approved,' and you oughtn't to catch one up for a slip of the tongue. I've known most excellent matches between cousins. We're all cousins, if it comes to that, if you go back far enough. I've seen it proved."

"Very well, my dear; but the difference of age—why, she's old enough to be his elder sister!"

"John! Which is the older of us two? Not by much, of course; *but if you mean* to say that what difference there is is on the wrong *side, I think* you'd better have thought of that before."

"But, my dear, Gerald isn't twenty-one."

"All the better, John. A young man can't marry too soon."

"Then," exclaimed the Captain, "there's only one thing to be done; and if you won't hear reason, Caroline"—the perspiration was beginning to stream from his forehead, for he was plainly in the pitiable position of being compelled, for some unknown reason, to assert a weak will against a strong one—"Caroline, Gerald shall not marry Olympia. He can't marry without my consent, and he shan't have that, by—by—by George!"

Could this be the Captain? or were Mrs. Westwood, Marian, Gerald, and Olympia ear-witnesses of a miracle? The two lovers could only stare at one another, not knowing what to say or do.

"John! You say *shan't* to me?" Mrs. Westwood almost screamed out. "Then I say *shall!*"

Her husband looked round as if appealing to some unseen help in his extremity. But none came. With a groan he escaped from the room, leaving his family gazing at one another in blank amaze.

## CHAPTER V.

*Caspar.*— Attend:
Within the outer wall there hangs a door:
Beyond the door, a gate: and from the gate
There runs a road. Steal out by door and gate—
Hand fast in hand, if so it pleaseth you—
And pass along the road, still hand in hand,
Until you come to—
*Julian.*— Whither, pray, good Caspar?
*Caspar.*—Whither?—And thou a lover?—Answer thou!
We knew the road to church, when I was young.
*Julian.*—Nay, Love must answer me—and Love is dumb.

THE Captain's wrath might seem a paltry cloud, but it had been enough to throw into chaos all Olympia's sky. Everything was now turned wrong side upward. Here was her natural enemy, her aunt, doing all she could to bring about a marriage between her only son and a penniless orphan to whom she had hitherto shown no liking. On the other hand there was her uncle in open and unaccountable rebellion against his wife, and suddenly changing his very nature from easiness to obstinacy and from passive kindness to active tyranny. Aunt Caroline's conduct was improbable enough, but Uncle John's was impossible. And then there was Gerald, come back more like a victim than a lover, *willing, if not anxious,* to give her up to a rival—

such self-sacrifice was surely more noble than loving. And mean while she herself did not feel very warmly on the side of her ow will. Was it perhaps because she could not bring herself to accep the alliance of Aunt Car'line even in her own cause?

The Captain had escaped to his den, and had not emerged. Hi wife, however, was not likely to let him barricade himself out of th way in solitude. She attacked him in his own lair, leaving Gera and Olympia once more alone.

"So," said Gerald at last, "you see it's no use—it can't be. I sh go back to London; lots of things may happen before I'm twen one. And till then I'll leave you free."

"You can't do that, Gerald. You know I'll wait for you till yo a thousand and twenty-one." She would not accept sacrifi without making a full return.

Gerald sighed. "You are indeed a good girl, Olympia. We it's for you to decide. After what you've given up for my sak there's nothing for me to do. But, all the same—if you should ev change your mind"——

"Never."

"Then," he said resolutely, "I'll keep my word, come what may We've gone through too much, and given up too much, for on another to change now."

"Never fear, Gerald. Uncle John won't hold out long agains Aunt Car'line. And even if he does, I'm yours now, as you say come what may."

"All the same, Olympia—I can't bear to think you've throwr yourself away."

"Please don't mention Lord Wendale again. I own I liked hi at first, but I hate his very name now. Oh, Gerald, for shame, t think I'ld have sold myself to be a queen!"

"One thing more," he asked eagerly, as if catching at a last stra "are you sure it was only for my sake you refused the Earl?"

"Of course it was. I think very likely I'ld have said 'Yes' witho thinking if it hadn't been for you; I'm sure he tried hard enough make me."

"Then say no more. It must be, and there's an end."

"Poor boy," thought Olympia, looking at him proudly, "I ne heard, no, nor read, of a man that tried so hard to make a girl g him up for her own good—and Gerald too: I'ld never have thou 'twas in the boy. Sure, I'll never find another like him, if I *through the world.* He mayn't be wise or clever or one to look *to; but one* that would act like him is better than wise.—The

Gerald dear, are you content now? And we'll wait quietly, if it's ever so long."

"I should be a cad not to be content with a girl that loves me like you," he answered, with a lamentably forced smile. "And so—There's an end. Ah, here's my mother again."

Mrs. Westwood re-entered the room quickly, with an unusual colour on her cheeks as though fresh from a battle.

"I never heard of such a thing—never, in all my born days. Your father's out of his seven senses, Gerald. I always knew he was as obstinate as a March hare, but like this!—Reason's thrown away on him, like talking to the wind. I can get nothing out of him but 'No.' I do hope it's nothing on the brain—I've half a mind to send for the doctor—I declare it's too shocking to think of, and those asylums cost hundreds and hundreds before you know where you are."

"Well then, mother, we must wait, that's all," said Gerald, with much resignation. "Olympia is willing, and so am I."

"No!" said Mr. Westwood. "The idea! I won't have my children's happiness sacrificed to incipient insanity. Obstinacy I abhor, and my way I'll have, or I'll know the reason why. There's something in this more than meets the eye, and it's my opinion that man at the Black Prince could say something about it if he pleased."

"But, mother, what can we do? If my father doesn't consent, we must wait till I'm of age."

"Wait till you're the age of a fiddlestick, Gerald! What's your father got to say to it, I should like to know? Which does the money belong to, him or me? He hasn't a word to say. It's all settled on myself, and I may leave it just as I like. And so I told him, and he couldn't deny it. I'm set on this marriage, my dears; and though obedience to one's father is quite proper, obedience to a mother is commanded also, and where they differ children ought to follow the one that has most reason. As for obeying an uncle, that isn't ordered anywhere."

"Aunt Car'line, what on earth is it you mean?"

"You may well ask that, my dear. It's shameful—positively shameful. There's no other word. I hate tyranny, and I won't have it brought into *my* drawing-room. Your father, my dears, has shown himself capable of such obstinacy that I didn't think was to be found. He won't change his mind—that's the great peculiarity of obstinate people; and he won't give a reason, because he knows he's got none. *Therefore, my dear Gerald,* you must either wait till

you're of age, or—well, my dears, I'd better not say anything more, because I'd better not. But all I can say is, you best know your own minds, and I have no thought but for your happiness—that's all."

"Why, mother," said Gerald, with a poor attempt at a joke, "one would think you were hinting to us to run away."

"My dear, dear boy, don't for gracious sake go saying *I* ever put the idea into your head, that's all!"

Olympia considered for a moment. "You've been very good to me of late, Aunt Car'line; will you do something to please me very much indeed?"

"Certainly, my love; anything in my power."

"Then please, Aunt Car'line, tell me why you've been so good to me, and exactly what you want me to do."

"Olympia! Shouldn't a mother try to be kind to the girl her son has chosen? It shall never be written on *my* tombstone that I couldn't get on with my daughter-in-law."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"My dear, to be happy."

"Then I'll go back to my painting till dinner."

She left Gerald with his mother and went to her own room. Not to paint, however—she had to recall her wits from their sea-voyage. Two things alone were clear. Gerald had bound her to him by his noble attempt at self-sacrifice, and she must admit no thought of breaking her word. And yet the bond felt heavy, and the thought was knocking to get in.

Much must be remembered before we suffer ourselves to feel offended by finding, not the soft hand of June, but the cold fingers of November belying the course of life's seasons and bringing the year into blossom.

The quality that in book biographies we praise as originality, and, in reading our friends and relations, blame as eccentricity, had carried her in comparative safety through a course of education that ought to have turned her into a fourth copy of the Miss Penders. But the collision of character and circumstance had compelled her to believe that everything she said, thought, or did was necessarily wrong. The Laurels being the natural and obvious standard of propriety, she was forced, judging herself by the only standard she knew, to admit that she deserved a bad name. It was in very serious jest that she had wished to have been born a man.

Meanwhile, studying life and love in her books, she had grown up *without applying* to either the test of knowledge. There are many

people, according to one who knew his fellow-creatures well, that would never have loved had they never heard tell of Love; still more numerous are they who love strictly according to form and rule until they find him out for themselves, and then they take him for hate, or fear, or *ennui*, or anything that he is not, until it is often too late to recognise him at all. Olympia's engagement to Gerald had been strictly according to romance rules. There were the cruel parents, the poverty, the enforced waiting, the glory of self-sacrifice on both sides. What but love, according to her book theories, could all this be? And yet it was not from Gerald, but from another, that all her experience of kindness, happiness, and interest in life had come. And it had come against every conceivable rule. He, whom her heart had not named, was no longer young; was plain in speech and hard in manner; was reputed rich, that worst of sentimental sins. He treated her, not as a mistress, but as a child. She suspected his motives. He was praised by Aunt Caroline. But then it was with him alone that her natural impulses of thought and speech might discover themselves without shame. It was he who had taken her hand, however coldly, and had led her out into another and grander world; who had taught her that Art is no dream, but the interpreter of dreams. It had been easy to refuse a coronet, though worn and offered by the handsomest young man in England, for the sake of her romantic creed; but to give up the companionship of a plain, odd, crabbed, reserved old man for the sake of what she took for Love himself, was to resign much more than a crown. With all her desire for manhood, she was woman enough in heart to turn instinctively towards the only hand that was strong enough to rule her without provoking her to rebel.

Thus the return of her lover seemed to have brought frost rather than sunshine. She caught herself wishing that he had never come back—that it had taken him at least a year to make his fortune, and even that he had found in some other eyes an excuse for faithlessness to hers. It was a monstrous thought, for it was treason to the commonest and most natural vanity; and she shut her ears to it as if it had been treason to truth and honour. She had nobody to interpret her heart to her, and as for common-sense, she knew not the word. She longed to do something—anything, so that she might cut every knot at once and get into free air, away from the mysteries and incomprehensible complications that she felt closing round upon her.

She was walking backwards and forwards up and down her room, as if struggling to escape *from cobwebs* that the stupidest of the three

Miss Penders could have broken through with ease, when she heard gentle tap at the door and the voice of her aunt asking,

"Olympia, are you there? May I come in?"

She sat down hurriedly at her working table, so as not to be caugl wandering about in the middle of her maze.

Mrs. Westwood entered, without waiting for an answer. "M dear," she said, "I am come to speak to you very seriously indee I have been having a long talk with Gerald, who is sadly troubl about your uncle's unaccountable behaviour. Yes, and I've be talking to your uncle too."

"Well, aunt?" she asked, assuming that the Captain h given way, but by no means overjoyed. She waited to rece sentence.

"It's enough to make a saint angry. His own son—his o brother's child! I never heard of such unnatural tyranny. Ah, takes years to know what's inside a man. Do you know what yo Uncle John says?"

"*What*, aunt? *What* does he say? I shall go out of my wits wi all these secrets. Tell me what he says, and have done."

"Ah, I don't wonder you're in a temper, my dear. I've half mind to be in one myself, and I will too, if your uncle doesn't min I don't like to tell you what he says. You heard him use the mo shocking language yourself, but it's nothing to what *I*'ve been hearin him say. My dear, he said he'ld sooner be in his grave than se you engaged to Gerald. Those were his very words."

"Then"——

"And worse than that! He said that I—*I*, my dear!—didn't kno what I was talking about. To think I should live to hear suc words from a man that owes all things to me!—Wait a minute, m dear—there's more still. So I said, and I'll keep to it, though might have been hasty—and no wonder—Therefore, if you cut c Gerald from your paltry ten thousand for marrying Olympia, I'll c him off from my fifty thousand if he doesn't marry her, though he my own son—that's what I said, and that's what I'll do."

And, then, after this startling preface, she gradually unfolded t most extraordinary plan that inconsistency itself ever proposed to bewildered ear.

Space and time are short, while Mrs. Westwood's style of explan tion is long. But, though her style was florid, it was seldom, if ev thrown away upon nothings, and generally reached a very defin *goal in time.* By slow degrees, too slow to linger over, Olym *made out that* a greedy woman, who worshipped the proprieties, w

roposing a runaway match between her husband's penniless niece nd her own son.

Olympia knew too little of life as it is to be surprised at the proposal self. For aught she knew to the contrary elopements might be in the rdinary course of things. She had read of hundreds. Besides, people re said to be never surprised in dreams. But that the proposal should ave come from her aunt—that her aunt and her uncle should have hus exchanged *rôles*—that was enough to surprise the most inveterate of dreamers. She was not grateful for her aunt's astounding energy in her cause. The sudden transformation of a hard stepmother into a more than generous mother should have made her shed tears of gratitude, considering how much prejudice and dislike the mother must be sacrificing to ensure the happiness of her only son. But she listened dully and coldly as Mrs. Westwood expounded her plan—how Gerald could not wait till he was of age—how it was improper that he should do so—how the whole household would have to live in a wretched atmosphere of mutual distrust and anger till all was over—how an immediate marriage would put an end to all difficulties—how this cruel and tyrannical Captain must give his consent when it was too late to withhold it—how, in fine, she had irrevocably vowed that Gerald should not have a penny of her money unless she had her way. She was vague about the marriage laws, but both she and Olympia knew all about Gretna Green.

Her arguments, though ill expressed, were by no means ill-chosen, as Olympia was driven to feel and own. How could her uncle, who had always been hitherto her champion and protector in his feeble way, be the one to act so capriciously and unjustly, without deigning to give a reason, or even to whisper in her ear that he had reasons and that all would be well in time? *Et tu, Brute!* As for Gerald, there was nothing for it but to accept her doom, however it might come. He was the only one now to whom she owed the slightest pretence of duty: and something told her, faintly, that, if she was to remain as true to him in thought as she was in will, the best thing she could do would be to fly from her life at The Laurels and from the neighbourhood of Beckfield without an instant's pause. All would be over then, and she would know her destiny for the rest of her days.

Finally, so sudden and irrevocable a plunge looked, from the shore, like the unknown Something that she was longing to do. The poor girl was as yet but a headstrong child—steel against the tyrannical and the harsh: wax to the cunning who were clever enough to be kind.

"Aunt Car'line," she said at last, after a long pause, "I can't belie it yet of Uncle John. I'll do just what Gerald pleases"——

"There's a good girl, Olympia. There's nobody to talk, tha goodness, and you'll never repent to your dying day, and I belie your uncle would be pleased in the bottom of his heart if you wou only take things into your own hands and save him the both That's just like those obstinate men—if they once say 'No,' they ashamed to say 'Yes,' though they're longing to, all the time. I different with me. I have good reasons for what I do. I've talk it all over with Gerald: he agrees with me, every word. And i well for him he does, too. For what I say I stand to, right or wro I won't have my children ruined for whims. There, my dear, w your eyes and come down as soon as the redness is gone. Tha you, my dear. I always knew you were a good girl, and I'm often wrong."

One thing Olympia could now quite understand. She knew h aunt well enough to know that when she spoke of disinheritin Gerald she was throwing out no idle threat, but was asserting fixed resolve to have her own way. It depended upon Olympia t decide whether he should be his father's or his mother's heir. Sh had therefore at least one thing to be thankful for. Gerald attempted self-sacrifice would not go unrepaid.

Never, surely, was a girl in such a situation before. She ha tacitly promised to run away with a man against her secret wishe and seemingly against his also, at the request of his mother, who ha apparently every reason to oppose the match altogether. Where w the conspiracy to make her marry the Earl? Had Mrs. Westwo really been in earnest, after all? Then Forsyth's conduct must ha been falsely suspected also. That thought was welcome, but she w half sorry that she had been wrong. The conspiracy had be something intelligible to hold by, and its passing away had left h hopelessly at sea, and in a fog besides.

All she could do was to go straight forward—to give sacrifice sacrifice, and to keep her word.

She followed her aunt's advice about washing her eyes, and t went downstairs again to see Gerald. One flash of sober comm sense fell upon her by the way. She would see her uncle first, and how far her aunt's incredible report of his stubbornness was t He was still in his den when she tapped at the door.

But her visit told her nothing new. The Captain might fi *hard to play* his uncongenial part, but he kept to it, flinching, but *swerving.*

"My dear," he said at once, "don't say you've come to speak about Gerald. I'm master here, and I won't have another word," he went on, taking refuge in the show of anger that stands for the firmness of a weak man. But she was no judge of character, and took him at his word. All that Aunt Car'line had said, then, was true, and he was her soft-hearted uncle no more.

"I'm not going to," she said proudly. "I only came to "—— Her excuse was not at hand, and she shut the door behind her sharply as she left him. He angry—and with her! It was too bitter a blow: and she also took refuge in the anger that stands for the callousness of one who will not show her wound.

But Gerald was the strangest of them all. Whatever had taken place between him and his mother, their talk had ended with the result reported by Mrs. Westwood. He told Olympia, as though talking of a funeral, that if she was willing to bring matters to an end he was willing too: that nothing would be more easy than to reach the land of easy marriages, especially as Mrs. Westwood had supplied him amply with funds and would take care that any attempt at pursuit should be too late. That very evening he would have Peter Pigot's trap to carry them the first stage of their way northward.

"Only are you sure," he asked, always returning to the same string, "that you are giving up nothing—that you still wish to take me as I am?"

"Anyhow, I will," she said, leaving unanswered the question as to her wishing.

"Then," he said yet again, with another last sigh, "it shall be done. To-morrow we will be on our way."

"To-morrow, Gerald? That is too sudden! I've got so much to think of—so many things to do."

Which meant, "To-morrow was to have been my next drawing-lesson: I can't leave my old life without bidding it good-bye."

"The quicker the better, Olympia. The sooner it's over the sooner it's done."

And she felt he was right, whatever he might mean. The world was spinning round with her, and there was nothing to do but spin on and round with the world.

## CHAPTER VI.

The drums they are beating, the fifes gaily play—
The soldiers are coming—Quick march and away!
My heart, how 'tis bounding their bugle to hear—
Were my kerchief a corslet, my spindle a spear!

O'er hill, over valley, with step firm and true,
I'ld march through the country to battle like you:
Like you through the foemen I'ld charge in the van—
Oh joy without peer if a maid were a Man!

EGMONT.

THE very next morning, then, Olympia was to reach at a bou[nd] that conventional end of all romances at which fiction ends and l[ife] begins. There was no need to indulge any of the feelings or to go through the rites and ceremonies prescribed by the traditional rub[ric] composed for such occasions. There was no battle between lo[ve] and duty—between the family affection that feels like a burdenson[e] nothing until it comes to be broken through, and the passion that is half ready to turn to hate when it demands its crown. Nor, thoug[h] marriage was to her nothing more than a name, was she about to enter upon an unknown life with a stranger. What life would mea[n] with Gerald she knew tolerably well. They would always be excellent friends and, when all this trouble was over, she would settle down into a quiet life at The Laurels, first as daughter of the house, then as its mistress, for the remainder of her days. She would be Joan the Shepherdess after all. She must give up all thought of being anything more than Mrs. Gerald Westwood of Gressford St. Mary, and there, as her future husband himself had said, was an end.

But how about him, ugly, elderly, and harsh as he was, who had first unwittingly taught her that to be Mrs. Gerald Westwood of The Laurels was not to fulfil her destiny—that the life she had vaguely dreamed of with her book in her hand was not a dream—that a marriage between herself and Gerald would be nothing more than a word, even though it might be the watchword of loyalty? She was running away from home after all—from the woods that were her true house and home. She would walk in them many thousand times in days to come, but she would live in them never again. They had long ceased to be a place for chasing squirrels and butterflies, even if she had cared any longer to chase outward instead of inward things. If she could only have waited long enough to wish the father of her new mind and spirit good-bye, she would have been

little more content; but she could not persuade herself that such farewells are better left alone.

But she could at least wander out to say good-bye for ever to the woods and lanes in the midst of which she was to spend the rest of her days. She obeyed the impulse, knowing that she was really bidding a last farewell to what must henceforth be new woods, and never more the old. There was time still left before the inevitable dinner bell would call her back to the house from her out-door home.

So she escaped from Gerald and everybody, and went out alone. There was no thought in her of giving chance an opportunity to bring about another meeting with him to whom she had resolved not to say good-bye. She was honestly on her way to pay a last visit to the bower in which her new life had seemed to begin. She was only doing what any girl would do in her place—deliberately seeing, hearing, and touching all the home details she could find, because they would no longer belong to her home. Only with her the voices of the woods took the place of those of sisters, the bushes of cupboards, and the trees of birdcages.

It may be remembered that to reach the broad walk of Gressford Wood from The Laurels one must cross, first the back garden, then the paddock in which Olympia's Bucephalus used to graze, then go a little distance along a bye-lane, then cross the road that passed through the village, and then, after going through a white gate, pass over a piece of rough and broken ground. Olympia was crossing the road when, some little way off, she caught sight of the figure of a man walking at a very leisurely pace from the direction of Gressford. Looking twice, she saw it was a stranger. Looking a third time, she recognised the great Gressford enigma.

In a word, she saw Major Sullivan; and she knew also that he had seen her.

She entered the white gate that opened into the broken ground—the same gate where Lord Wendale had once thrown to his uncle the price of a glass of beer. Turning round on reaching the top of the knoll, she saw that the Major had also entered the white gate and was also crossing the broken ground.

Was he following her? It was not likely—but the thought was not agreeable. Though she had not seen him since she was a child, his memory was not pleasant, and Gerald's account of him had not made her anxious for his closer acquaintance. But he seemed to be quickening his pace; so she *quickened* hers, and went on.

Soon, *however, the suspicion that* she was being followed became

a certainty. She had now reached the beginning of the broad wall and felt, without looking round, that the distance between them, i spite of her quickened pace, was growing smaller. That is one the things one sees with the eyes that lie in the back of th head, without having to turn round. She was brave enough—rath too brave sometimes. But to be deliberately tracked by a strang like the Major into a lonely wood, and thus openly pursued, mad her act like a coward. Without thinking—as usual—of what w prudent or imprudent, sane or insane, she obeyed her panic just at other times she obeyed her temper. Like Daphne before Apoll she took to her heels and ran.

To her dismay, the Major followed out the simile. He, thoug no light weight, and carrying years as well as flesh, and his famou top-coat besides, began to run also.

No help was at hand to turn this Daphne of Gressford into laure fox-glove, or fern. She ran more lightly than the Major, but it wa in vain. His strides were longer; and, if Fear lends wings, he als takes away the breath to use them. Not a yard was between the when she stumbled and would have fallen, had he not caught her arm

"There, I've caught y' up," he panted out, while she stood an looked at him with eyes from which anger was driving out useles fear. "*Caramba!* ye're good at going, anyhow. Sure ye're no frightened of an owld cahmpeenin' Major? Ye've taken all th powder out of me with tryin' to get up to ye. Just wait a minute ti I'll get'm back again."

"How dare you follow me like that? If you don't turn back thi moment, Captain Westwood shall hear of it; and he's a soldier, an 'll do what I'ld do myself if I were a man."

"Oh, the bright eyes! Ah, I'ld know'm among a hundred. does an owld cahmpeenin' heart good to be scolded by eyes lik them. And what'ld ye do, now? Scahlp me, and broil me, an eat me, as I've seen them cahnibals do scores an' scores of times Faith, I think ye would, and it's proud I'ld be, too. There, don't b mad, darlin'. Denis Soollivan wouldn't let ye drame of a tear. Al to think now of the girl ye've growed—and me clane out of mind a if I hadn't nursed ye on me own knees, and made ye laugh befor ye knew how to cry. Ah, 'tis a brave little maid ye used to be them owld times. Ye wouldn't run off from a Blackfoot then, l alone an owld sowldier that loved ye."

"The man has been drinking!" thought Olympia, now far t *terrified to move*, and thinking whether it would be wise to screa "*Oh, pray let me go.*"

"Let ye go, when it's been so bitter crule to let ye go so lon Faith, it's crule—bitter crule—when I've kep' off ye all them year and when I saw ye just now, faith 't wasn't in flesh and blood keep off ye then—no, not to be made fayld-marshal."

"Keep off from me!" she exclaimed, growing desperate wit indignant terror at what seemed like drunken love-making. A wild instinct drew her hand to the pocket of her dress, where she kept a schoolboy's broken-bladed knife that Gerald had once given in their playmate days.

He saw the movement, and smiled. But it was an odd and almost tender smile, and she could have sworn that his eyes glistened with what looked like tears.

"Oh, glory!" he cried out. "'Tis the very trick of ye—don't I mind it well? and how we all laughed once when ye drawed on the Dutchman down at Yerba Buena? Ye haven't forgotten the owld ways after all. But them divles of Yankees an' Spaniards an' Mexicans have learned better than that now. 'Tis now shoot first's the word, an' kape off after. But 'tis pleasant to see ye feelin' after the stiletto; faith, ye shall try'm on me top-coat an' welcome, just to show y' haven't forgotten them dear old days—ah, 'twas a good time. But there—say ye've clane forgot me, an' I'm gone. But don't, now, darlin', go to say ye've forgot Danny, that ye used to put yer little arrums about the throttle of, an' kiss'm as if ye loved'm?'

"Danny?"

"Aye, Danny. Ah, Time's a bitter bad wearin' thing. I'll trot me owld coat against'm any day, an' win. And ye've forgot the par'ht that said 'Kiss Polly,' an' another word I wouldn't say to a growed-up young lady not to be King o' th' Injies? An' ye've forgot that free fight up at Catamarcas—an' all them songs? Well, may be —'*Al Salir*' an' th' 'Yaller Gals' an' all—

*Ahve Mahris Stella—*

Sure 'tis your own self used to sing'm like a sky-lark: none like ye; an' 'twas me own self that taught'm ye. Ah, an' 'Molly Bawn, that I used to call ye in them owld days—

Och, Molly Bawn, don't lave me pinin',
All lonely waitin' here for you—

hem's the words, and the tune too. Sure, Danny isn't clane forgot Molly Bawn?"

It was Forsyth who had interpreted her fading cradle dreams, and painted them for her *in the colours* that lingered after the *rning rainbow had faded away.* That she had lived somewhere

before she lived at Clifton she knew; and, by much effort and b[illegible] the following back of fragmentary footpaths, that previous existenc[illegible] had taken some sort of colour and form. But what are such footpat[illegible] without sound? Our ears wake before our eyes. They alone of all t[illegible] senses know no forgetting. We hear of bad memories for faces, a[illegible] we know that voices change, but who ever heard of a memory bad as to be capable of forgetting a song when repeated by the voi[illegible] rough or sweet, changed or unchanged, that first gave it to the ea[illegible] however long ago?

The tune, half droned, half hummed, by the old campaigner in t[illegible]he solitude of Gressford Wood acted like a talisman. It made h[illegible]er recall nothing in detail, but everything at once, as though her eye[illegible]es were dazzled by suddenly coming from utter darkness into a bri[illegible]il-liantly-lighted room. "Danny!"—the baby-name was the touch th[illegible]at set in motion a long-silent chord; and then the connection betwe[illegible]en her uncle and the Major—a wild idea seized hold of her brain.

"Good God!" she cried out to the disreputable soldier of fortun[illegible]e, forgetting the inconsistency of his brogue with her thought, "You ar[illegible]re not my father?"

"No, darlin'—but, praise be to glory, ye know me now!"

She sighed with relief—it would have been too cruel to find Mr[illegible]s. Westwood's theories as to her father's manners and customs so com[illegible]-pletely confirmed. She was ashamed of having insulted her fathe[illegible]r's memory by the thought. But her fear had almost vanished—perhaps he was really bound up with her earlier life, perhaps at the bottom of the mysteries that surrounded her now. And so, with parted lips, she waited to hear more, charmed to attention by a word and a broken tune.

"Yes, I'm Danny! Not quite your father, but very near: nearer than if I was, may be. Ah, it's high time I came back to ye—I'ld have been content to keep prowlin' an' scoutin' about the place and havin' a look at ye every now'n' then, an' seein' how ye growed, like a soft-hearted owld cahmpeenin' fool as I am—but that's over now. There's other fish to fry, an' I'll fry'm, too."

"You followed me to tell me—what? Who am I? What has happened? Who are you to me, if you are not my father? For heaven's sake, let me find somebody at last that knows how to speak out and say what he means! I'm heart-sick of being fooled. Mr. Sullivan, or whoever you are, I won't move from here till I know everything in the whole world."

"Sure, now, don't be so keen. Isn't that what I'm come to tell ye? *Only don't* call me that name, please. There—I'm better *now,*" and he gave his eyes a rough rub with his sleeve. "It's

natural born fools we all are, an' I'm the worst of 'm. But I don't bate about the bush, anyhow. D'ye mind the big battle of Carabobo?"

"I never heard of the name."

"Never heard of Carabobo? Sure, the schoolmaster's abroad—anyhow, he isn't at home. 'Twas just the biggest thing in bullets that ever was, though I say it that shouldn't, seein' I was there. I'll never forget that day, nor how them roy'lists 'ld have whipped us out of our skins if it hadn't been for Gin'ral Bolivar, and somebody else 't would be consate to name. But I'll tell ye the Irishmen did their duty that day, and I was to the fore of'm. Ye see Gin'ral La Torre"——

"'Have I anything to do with General La Torre?"

"'No, darlin'"——

"'Then, please, never mind him, and go on."

"'Sure I am—but if ye don't like Gin'ral La Torre I'll skip'm. So the long an' the short is we killed some six thousand of them murderin' blagyards, me and the other boys, and we took their guns an' their baggage—and we wanted that last badly, I can tell ye: and we sent off La Torre with his tail betwixt his legs—faith, 'twas death an' glory that day, an' we had the glory an' th' baggage too. On to Caracas was the word—there was no sittin' down in them days, let alone the half of us had nothin' to sit in. I'd got seven bullets under my own skin, and a sabre cut that half split me down—there's the mark of'm. But 'twasn't the Major'ld say 'Halt' when the Gin'ral said 'Forward.' Ah, them was the times!"

"And where was all this? And what has it to do with me?" she asked as the Major paused.

"'Twas in a place called America. Sure, if ye haven't heard of Carabobo, ye've heard tell of Gin'ral Bolivar—him as bate the King o' Spain?"

"Was my father there? Was he in the battle? Was he killed?"

"Deuce a bit! An' faith, if he had been I wouldn't have known. 'Twas every boy for'mself an' th' Divle for all or none that day. 'Twas all chargin' and trahmplin' down th' infantry an' spikin' guns. I'd enough to do, I can tell ye, to look after me own skin an' drill holes in skins that wasn't me own, and so had we all. But we was on to Caracas—and 'twas empty enough when we got there. I never saw such a sight of nobody. I guess they took us for cahnibals, they'd got such a scare—every man, woman, an' child had cut an' run, and left nothin' for pickin' but the pavin' stones—an' them bare. Well, 'twas on that same way to Caracas we'd halted one night *not far off the battle where* some o' them blagyards o' king's

troopers had made a stand—brave boys they were too, out of a pack o' rascals that had heels for hearts: a bit o' th' *sangre azul*, I calculated; an' 'tisn't for a owld cahmpeener that's fought on every side ye can think of, turn an' turn, to speak ill of an enemy that's as like as not to be a brother in arrums. So, thinks I, bein' provost marshal o' th' British Volunteer laygion, that did all the fightin' and got none o' th' pickin's, I'll take a look round and see after some of the boys that'll be pokin' an' prowlin' about among them poor divle o' troopers: for the *pistoles* weren't too flush, I can tell ye, an' th pockets of them that loses is mostly better lined than them-o'-then that wins."

"Well—and you—you found my father among those brave men?"

"Deuce a bit of it."

"What did you find, then?"

"You."

Olympia started at so sudden and unexpected a *dénouement* to rambling history of the battle of Carabobo, of which she had neve heard the name till now. She was heedless of how the minutes wer flying—the mere mention of a real battle by one who had bee there had warmed her heart like the beat of a drum. Forsyth ha never entertained her with his military experiences, and she would s soon have thought of associating him with the art of war as th Major with the art of painting. She would have been fascinate even if she, too, had not been a part of the battle of Carabobo.

"Me?" she asked breathlessly. "On the battle field?"

"'Twas a poor señora, holdin' a baby in her arms. She'd bee gettin' out of Caracas, poor lady, as it might have been out of th fryin'-pan, and had got into the fire. Faith, what with one thing a another, her soul was half way out of her body before I came up an stopped it going farther with a dose o' brandy."

"Was she my mother?" asked Olympia, solemnly. It was h father of whom she had always thought and heard, and her moth was a new idea.

"Poor lady! As pretty a black-eyed señorita as an owld cahm peener, that's seen a few, 'ld care to see. Ah, 'twas sad to a hea that had a soft spot in'm in them old days to see a dyin' lady and livin' baby lyin' there all no-how among them dead troopers. made a man think a bit, and the fightin' somehow turned sour on m stomach after goin' down."

"And what did you do?"

"*I couldn't* leave a pig like that, with them boys about: 'twasn' *the provost* marshal had an easy berth out there. So I just looked

after me pistols, an' took'm right away to me own quarthers—and them was all the pickin's I got that day—a dyin' woman and a baby. Didn't the boys grin when they got to know."

It had happened to Major Sullivan of Castle Sullivan to be once or twice suspected of romancing, or of talking with a purpose. Forsyth, for example, would have given him an exceedingly bad character in that regard: Gerald, if he was any wiser now than he used to be, had every reason to suspect his every word. But Olympia, though she had learned to suspect everybody else, did not suspect him.

While Forsyth was leading that life of concealment which gave him a perpetual air of having something to conceal; while Captain Westwood was outraging his own proper nature; while Mrs. Westwood was plotting and counterplotting under the influence of some inexplicable motive; while Gerald was talking as if he meant one thing and behaving as if he meant another; the bragging Major—to use no harsher word for his eccentricities—was, thus far, as obviously telling the truth as the others had been telling or acting lies. She could not have given a reason for believing in all this romance, but she was justified by a contrast that would have convinced all who have any instinctive power of reading the manner of men.

"'Twasn't much, was it, after fightin' so hard?" he went on, looking at her almost pleadingly, as though still half ashamed of not making a better use of the opportunities of which he, as a maintainer of discipline, had gone out to deprive others. "Well, there was no help for it—an' th' poor señora died right away before next day was through. But she was a mahried woman, no doubt of that, an' she told me quite enough to put me on the trail. But 'twasn't the time to send ye home just then: and how could I leave y'on the road, poor little brat that ye were, that smiled up in me face and had nobody to give ye crust or crumb? Ye weren't much use on a march, not to say ye weren't more trouble than ye were worth till I got used to ye."

"What—you mean you"——

"Was just your own father an' mother, darlin', an' brother an' sister an' nurse an' all, till I sent ye to your fa—uncle, me friend the Captain at The Laur'ls—at Clifton, then. Oh, but that went crule hard!—A quare life we led of it, for ye went with me wherever I'ld go, up from Cape Horn to Hudson's Bay: but 'twas a rare good time, and I was just broken-hearted to part wid ye—but needs must when the *Divle drives.*"

"Major Sullivan"—— she began timidly, holding out her hand.

"Say 'Danny' just once, darlin'—'twill be like the jew to a ow[l] cahmpeenin sowl to hear the owld word again."

"'Danny,' then!—I wouldn't let ye kiss me once," she said almost falling back into her long lost brogue. "But ye may now."

"An' sure I will!" he said, and touched her forehead gently with his grizzled beard.

"But, oh, why haven't ye told me all this before?"

"Ye're wonderin'? Sure, 'tis because I want to save ye again."

It is hard to say how, but there was an imperceptible change in his manner—it lost simplicity.

"Ye're goin' to be mahried, I hear, to that young chap I save[d] once from drownin'. Never mind how I know—I know more abou[t] ye than ye think for. 'Tisn't for nothing I've been pottherin' abou[t] here four times every year—at odd times, I mean. Well, ye see, [as] goes Master Ger'ld, the young scamp, to London, mighty da[y] spoons on ye, I'll be bound—soup-ladles, may be, an' small shar[p] to'm"——

"What do you mean—are there more riddles? Shall I ne[ver] come to an end?"

"Faith, 'tis no riddle at all. There's a young friend of mine [is] there—a mighty pretty girl she is, too—an' sure ye know, [a] boy's but a boy."

"Then I won't know what you mean. Gerald's as true a[s] steel."

"Pr'aps he is—and steel's true to anybody that takes'm. Bo[w] nor bowie can't be true to two at once, ye know. But the girl's a[s] poor as Job—or the Major; 'tis all one. No, I won't name names nor tell tales. If ye won't believe the man that saved ye from dyin' on his livin' an' dyin' oath, I'll say no more."

"And I don't want names nor tales," she said proudly, though with a chill at her heart. "Gerald's as true as—me."

"The young blagyard! I wouldn't have believed it of 'm—'tis just like a brute baste to go fortune huntin' before your wild oats are sown."

"What, love one and marry another? Sure you're laughing at me to tell me such a tale."

"An' why wouldn't he? Love the poor and marry the rich—'[tis] the way of the world."

"You mean he loves me and wants to marry her?"

"*Deuce a bit.* I mean he loves her and wants to mar[ry] *you.*"

"Thank you kindly for telling me I'm a fortune. I'm sure I didn know it, nor Gerald. It's me that marries the rich, and him tha marries the poor."

"What—don't ye know you're as rich as a Jew? Don't ye know there came a letter from them lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Faylds to say ye'd come in for your mother's fortune in Buenos Ayres?"

"I? Sure you're mad, or I'm dreaming!"

"Deuce a bit of either at all. I've not tasted a drop since mornin'. Pr'aps ye'll believe when I tell ye I've seen a letter—never mind where—but I know me owld friend the Captain, ye know: and most of what he knows, I know too."

She would have been an idiot if she had continued to doubt or disbelieve. She was listening, not to the mere words of Major Sullivan, but to the light with which they instantly flooded all that her eyes had seen and her ears had heard that day and the month that had gone before. The possibility of her having suddenly grown rich meant, in itself, nothing. But the change in Gerald, her aunt's hitherto unaccountable transformation, the secret conversations between the two, all things except her uncle's stubbornness, were more than easily accounted for by her having become rich. There was no room for wonder why she had been kept in ignorance of her inheritance until it was safe in the hands of Mrs. Westwood's son. She flushed up for an instant with the natural jealousy that needs not love to grow in, and with bitter disappointment in Gerald's loyalty, wherein she had believed as fully as in her own. She believed, not because the Major had told her to believe, but because she believed what she herself had seen and had not till now seen through.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried out, feeling the ground sinking nder her and letting her fall into an abyss of deceit and treachery. here was none left to trust, not one: not even Gerald, whose etended self-sacrifice, now that it was laid bare, left him only an ject of scorn, both in his own contemptible character and as his ther's passive tool. The thought of being rich conveyed no other ught to her, who knew as little of money as of marriage.

'What'll ye do, darlin'? Sure, here stands Major Dionysius llivan, of Castle Soollivan, County Sligo, ready an' willin' to stand ve against all them blagyards—uncles, aunts, cousins, an' all an' e. Ah, 'twas a bad hour when I let ye get among that crew—it me own heart, that loved ye like me own little gurl, and it's reakin' yours.—D'ye mind now what a free life we had of it e was nothing but me own little gurl?"

He no longer stood still, but began to walk up and down before

him in as open a revolt against all civilised mankind as if she h never left her far Western cradle.

"Ah, 'twas a mistake indeed! I'm not made for them and th ways—it's always been the same since I was born. If I don't mi the old times—I feel them, and I'll have them again. Aunt Car'li bade me run away—and I will."

"Me own brave gurl!"

"I'll not be tricked and tossed about any more. They m keep my fortune, but my fortune's not Me. If that's what Gera wants, let him take it, and marry every girl there is, if he wants t Oh, if I wasn't a woman!—why wasn't I born a boy?"

The Major looked as if he had raised a spirit that rather alarm him. But suddenly, as quickly as they had risen, the signs of t storm went down.

"Take me to London," she said, quickly and shortly, but quiet like one who has made up her mind.

"To London? I didn't look for ye to take it all as hot and sh as this, anyhow."

"Say 'Yes' or 'No.' You don't know from what you've saved —and to think that to-morrow"——

"Sure, I'ld take ye to the world's end!"

"But to-night—it will be too late to-morrow. Now, before I any of their faces again."

"Ye mean it? Ye believe all I've told ye? Then praise b glory! I've but to strahp my valise, an' there I am. But you'll h some traps, I guess? An' how'll ye get them sent down?"

"I haven't got anything, and I won't have them sent down."

"I'll get Payter's gig, of course—but how'll I meet ye?"

"Drive to the sign-post beyond Stackworth. It's about a m beyond Morse the baker's. I'll be there by the time you come."

"What!—ye'll be there in the dark—all alone? A young la like you? There'll be the deuce to pay an' all. I'll tell ye how. I' been thinking as I came along"——

"No! I'm going to have my own way now, all the rest of m days. Wait at the sign-post; and when ye see a young man"——

"A young man? An' who'll he be?"

"Wait for a whistle; and if ye hear it like that—three times stop and wait. I'll be with ye the moment after. The clothes 'll Gerald's; but never mind. I'll pay him some day, if he's so fond money. No woman was ever good for anything, wasn't I told h *this morning?* Say 'No,' if you like—I'll be off in my own way *the same.*—And didn't I say then 'I hate being a woman'?"

Her shattered faith in Gerald's loyalty, her scorn for all the human beings that surrounded her as their defenceless prey, her discontent, her ambition, her longing for unfettered life, her old disgust with her own sex, and the heritage of liberty to which, as the Major had painted it, she had been born—fused into one grand impulse that carried her away like a hurricane. "I wish I were a man," she had often said; but now, in the moment of impulse that came upon her like a revelation, she exclaimed—

"I *will* be a Man!"

(*To be continued.*)

# Our Modern Archers.

IN the meads of Winchester College, on the 5th, 6th, a 7th of August, will the Grand National Archery Society ho its annual meeting for 1874.

Winchester is not beautiful, nor powerful, nor populou But it is great in ancient story. Every square foot of the place h its history. It is not a ruined city, but a city in which seems to li to-day the actual spirit of times very long gone by. There is n mere antiquarian assumption about this ancient Hampshire capit or, to be more correct, this ancient capital of England. The peop of the place are not sufficiently modern in feeling to realise t sentiment with which modern Englishmen and Englishwomen lo upon antiquarian relics and tokens, and thus antiquity itself see almost commonplace in Winchester. Memorial stones, monumen and bits of old architecture do not peep out here and there to m the contrast between the present and the past, but they are exac like everything else in the city—they are the very warp and woof Winchester; and as you stop to read the inscription upon the tabl recording the visitation of the plague, and look upon the two or thre stray inhabitants coming and going within the field of vision, you half unconsciously think of them as having lost friends and kin i that period of calamity and woe. You perceive as you walk through the streets that the difference in the appearance of Winchester from any one to any other stage of its history must be slight; for that hill crowned with chalk and scanty grass must always have looked down upon the houses with exactly the expression that it wears in these last days; and the habits of the people are habits that must have been handed down from generation to generation. Old monuments are hacked by the common uses of the denizens more deeply ever than by age; Hampshire sheep graze upon the grass in the Cathe dral cemetery, and the poor people hang their linen out to dry upo the iron railings that surround the temple. The merry archers o old England in this official Southdown metropolis may think tha they have indeed drifted back to the age of the long bow, for thi is a city which seems somehow to have been left high and dry in th passage of the centuries.

*Terribly* practical as was the bowman's art in the days o

Winchester's glory, there is perhaps not very much difference between ancient and modern archery in its effects upon the health and physical frame of its practitioners, for all the physical movements necessary in the use of the bow are about the best adapted movements for the development of health, vigour, and muscular grace. This is the conviction of the archery poet Wood, as set down in the pages of "The Bowman's Glory":—

> It is an exercise (by proof) we see,
> Where practice doth with Nature best agree;
> Obstructions of the liver it prevents,
> And to the nerves and art'ries gives extents.
> To the spleen's appillations clears the breast,
> And spongy lungs: It is a foe profest
> To all consumptions.

Mr. Wood is not too musical in his rhymes or rhythms, but he wrote of that whereof he knew by the test of practice, for Barrington quotes the following couplet from his epitaph:—

> Long did he live the honour of the bow
> And his great age to that alone did owe.

Roger Ascham—quaint old Roger, the Izaak Walton of archery—used to practise many hours a day with the bow for the benefit of his health, and continually recommended the exercise as an "innocent, salutary, useful, and liberal diversion." "It is," he says, "an exercise moste holesome, and also a pastime moste honeste, wherein laboure prepareth the bodie to hardnesse and the mind to couragiousnesse, suffering neyther the one to be made with tendernesse, nor yet the other to be hurte with ydleness." And archery was eulogised by Bishop Latimer thus:—"It is a goodlye arte, a holesome kynde of exercise, and much commended in physike." The bishop then quotes Marcellius Phisinus, who averred that "it wrastleth agaynt manye kyndes of diseases."

Archery possesses the uncommon advantage of being at the same time a manly exercise and a lady-like accomplishment, causeless of pain to any living thing. Then we have it upon the authority of Madame Bola, the celebrated *danseuse*, that "the attitude of a lady in the act of shooting with a bow is the most graceful that can be assumed"; and Diana with the bow drawn is regarded by artists as the perfection of grace. Comparing the art with other exercises and amusements Roger Ascham says:—"Therefore to loke on all pastimes and exercises holesome for the bodye, pleasaunt for the minde, comlye *for every man to do*; honeste for all others to loke

upon; profitable to be set by of every man; worthy to be rebuked of no man; *fitte for all ages, persons, and places; onlye shootinge shall appeare, wherein all these commodities may be founde.*"

Although from the period of its disuse in this country as an implement of war until the time of its revival in the last century as an instrument of recreative exercise the bow was but seldom spoken of or used, the love of the old national weapon was never dead, but only latent. No really new thing could so lay hold of the hearts of those who came within its influence as does the fashionable restoration of old English archery. And now that the use of the bow, laid aside as a weapon of destruction, has taken its place as a popular and recreative pastime there is not much reason to fear that it will fall again out of favour—certainly never while its general interests are in such excellent keeping as that of the Grand National Archery Society. Since the establishment of archery as an amusement the art has never stood so high in skill or popularity as it stands in the present day.

An idea of the present strength of archery in Great Britain may be gathered from the following list of existing societies:—

The Derry and Antrim Archers (Derry); the Armagh Archers (Armagh); the West Berks Society of Archers, the South Berks Archery Club, and Harrow Archers (Berkshire); the North Bucks Archers and Elthorne Archers (Buckinghamshire); Carlow Archers (Carlow); Carmarthenshire Archery Club (Carmarthenshire); North Cardiganshire Archery Club (Cardiganshire); Wirral Archers and the Cheadle Archers (Cheshire); Mallow Archers (Cork); Mount's Bay Archers and the Truro Archers (Cornwall); the Windermere Archery Club (Cumberland); the Ashburton Archery Club, the Avon Vale Archery Club, the Brampford Speke Archery Society, the Budleigh Salterton Archery Society, the Culm Vale Archery Society, the Devon and Cornwall Archery Society, the Devon and Exeter Archery Club, the Paignton Archery Society, the Sidmouth Archery Club, the South Devon Archery Club, the Teignmouth Archery Club, and the Torbay Archery Society (Devonshire); the Anglesea Archery Club, the Lyme Regis Archery Club, the Blackmoor Vale Archery Society, the Weymouth Archery Society, and the Stour Vale Archery Club (Dorsetshire); the County of Dublin Archers (Dublin); the Royal Company of Archers and the Edinburgh Toxophilites (Edinburgh); the Royal British Bowmen (Flintshire); the Cotswold Archers, the Frome Valley Archers, the West Gloucestershire Archery Society, the Dean Forest Archers' Society, the Cirencester Park Archers, the Archers of the Channel, and the Cheltenham Archers (Gloucestershire); the Aldershot Archery Club, the Southsea Archery Club, the Tytherley Park Archers, the South Hants Archery Club, and the Winton Archers (Hampshire); the Herefordshire Bowmen, the Lugg and Arrow, and the Archers of the Wye (Herefordshire); the South Herts Archery Club, the Aldenham Archers, and the Hertford Archers (Hertfordshire); the Kimbolton Archers (Huntingdonshire); the West Kent Archery Society (Kent); the Elm Archery Society (Lincolnshire); the John o' Gaunt's Bowmen, the Lonsdale, the Lune Valley, and the North Lonsdale Archers (Lancashire); St. Mungo Archers, Glasgow (Lanarkshire); Longford Archers (Longford); the

Archers of the Bann (Londonderry); the Royal Toxophilite Society (London); the Meath Archers (Meath); the Montgomeryshire Archers (Montgomeryshire); the Raglan Archers (Monmouthshire); the Norfolk and Norwich Archery Society, and the West Norfolk Archers (Norfolk); the Northamptonshire Archery Society (Northamptonshire); the Nottingham Park Archers (Nottinghamshire); the Tynemouth Archery Society (Northumberland); the New College Archers, and the Deddington Archery Society (Oxfordshire); the Archers of the Teme (Shropshire); the Bath Archers, and the West Somersetshire Archery Society (Somersetshire); the North Staffordshire Bowmen's Society, and the Lichfield Archers (Staffordshire); the East Suffolk Archery Club, the Waveney Valley Archers, the West Suffolk Archers, and the Houghton Park Archery Society (Suffolk); the East Sheen Archery Club (Surrey); the Hove Toxophilite Society, and the Queen's Royal St. Leonard's Archers (Sussex); the Edgbaston Archery Society, the Knowle Archers, and the Woodmen of Arden (Warwickshire); the Wexford Archers (Wexford); the Wiltshire Archers, the Savernake Forest Archery Club, and the South Wilts Archers (Wiltshire); the Worcestershire Archery Society (Worcestershire); and the Ancient Yorkshire Arrow Meeting, the Leeds Archers, the North of England Archery Society, the St. Wilfrid's Archers, Ripon; the Claro Archers and the Endcliffe Archers (Yorkshire).

At the annual meetings of the Grand National these societies muster in great force from all quarters, and local champion competes with local champion in the great national contests.

The popularity of archery as a skilled recreative exercise dates from the latter part of the last century. Its revival occurred thus:—About the year 1776 one Mr. Waring, who lived with Sir Ashton Lever at Leicester House, became, by reason of too close application to the desk, afflicted with a serious pulmonary complaint, which defied the united exertions and skill of the most eminent physicians of the time to remove. His case was considered hopeless, when he fortunately bethought himself to have recourse to the bow. He tried it, and in the result his hopes were more than realised. A few days' exercise with the bow produced a marked change for the better, and in a short time he entirely recovered his health, and attributed his cure solely to the constant and regular practice of archery. Thereupon Sir Ashton Lever took to the use of the bow on his own account; he was quickly and eagerly joined by others, and presently they met regularly for practice in the grounds of Leicester House, and called themselves Toxophilites. This is the origin of the now celebrated Toxophilite Society which holds its meetings in the Inner Circle of the Regent's Park. The great success of the Royal Toxophilite Society, in whose contests George IV. (who had practised in the gardens at Leicester House), William IV., the late Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales have competed, led to the formation of numerous other societies.

It was not, however, until the year 1844 that a national meeting of

all the archery societies in Great Britain and Ireland was conven
This was held at York, and the great assemblage of bowmen lent
immense impetus to the movement. And if we may compare mod
with ancient archery the performances of some of our bowmen a
bowwomen may be said to fairly rival the historic and partly fabul
exploits of famous mediæval archers, and bowmanship, as a skil
art, has seemingly approached as nearly as possible the point
perfection.

Lady archers, who now vie with men in the skilful handling of
bow, did not begin publicly to compete for prizes until 1845,
since then so greatly has archery increased in feminine favour t
at one of the National gatherings ninety-nine ladies took part
competitive shooting, while the number of men competing reac
109. The guaranteed prize-list has usually amounted to about £4

These National archery tournaments have been held in vari
localities—viz., four times at Leamington and Cheltenham resp
tively, three times at York and Derby, twice at Shrewsbury, Exe
and Bath; once at Edinburgh, Liverpool, Worcester, Oxford,
Alexandra Park, Clifton, Norwich, Birmingham, Brighton, Herefo
and (the present one) at Winchester.

Soon after the National meetings had been established it
found necessary to arrange a regular order of shooting; hence t
origin of what is known as the "York Round"—the principle
which all public archery competitions are now conducted. This,
gentlemen, consists of 6 dozen arrows at 100 yards, 4 dozen
80 yards, and 2 dozen at 60 yards; and for ladies, 4 dozen at
yards and 2 dozen at 50 yards. By this arrangement archers c
always ascertain and keep themselves posted up in the degrees
skill and proficiency reached by their brothers and sisters of t
bow who sojourn at inconvenient distances; and it is upon t
result of two days' shooting (or a "double round," as it is technica
called) that the Grand National prizes are awarded as the be
criterion of good and central shooting. The chief of these prizes a
the "Champion's Gold Medal" for gentlemen, and the "Challen
Bracer and Brooch" for ladies; and these greatly coveted honou
are awarded for a majority of points only, the points for the Cha
pion's Medal being reckoned thus:—Two for the gross score, t
for the gross hits, one for the best score at 100 yards, one for t
most hits at the same distance, and the like at 80 and 60 yar
*making* in all 10 points. The ladies' Challenge Bracer, which w
*presented by* the West Norfolk Bowmen in 1853, and carries with
*the Ladies'* Championship for the year, is upon the same princi

awarded for the greatest number of points, in this case amounting to eight. The highest score ever yet registered at a National competition was made by Mr. Horace A. Ford (author of "The Theory and Practice of Archery") in the year 1857, at Cheltenham, when he scored 1,251 in 245 hits, an amazing number, and one which strongly illustrates the advanced state of perfection to which the practice of archery has attained. Mr. Ford gained the Champion's Medal of Great Britain eleven times in succession, dating from the year 1849, and was without doubt the most skilful of modern archers. The nearest approach to Mr. Ford's scores has been made by the present Champion, Major Hawkins Fisher, who in 1871 carried off the chief prize with a score of 955, and who alone has publicly scored 1,000 on a double round—notably at the Grand Western Archery Meetings at Teignmouth in 1870, when he made 1,034, and at Sherborne in 1872, when his most remarkable achievement was 1,060. In style, "form," aim, and grace Major Fisher's attitude in shooting is the nearest approach to perfection that a man can reasonably expect or hope to attain, and may be studied and imitated with advantage by all young archers.

Of the lady archers, Mrs. Horniblow has gained the Championess's Bracer ten times, the highest number she has scored in attaining it being 764, which she made at Leamington in 1873.

It is interesting to note the progress made by the Grand National Archery Meetings since their commencement on August 2, 1844, at York. On that day the assemblage was in point of numbers modest enough, and there were no ladies in the field. Whether the ladies at that time regarded the public practice of this most charming and healthful of all out-door amusements as "unfeminine," or whether the gentlemen were so ungallant as not to invite them to take part in the exercise, it is now difficult to say; certain it is that when they *did* begin to try their skill with the bow it took them not long to prove that they were no mean rivals for toxophilite honours. In the year following the establishment of the Grand National Archery Meetings eleven ladies entered the lists and contended for the six prizes. For their convenience the meeting was extended to two days, and each lady shot eight dozen arrows, the range at that time being sixty yards. In the result, Miss Isabella Thelwell, of the Royal British Bowmen, was declared Championess of England, she having scored 186 in 48 hits. In the next year the ladies were again conspicuous by their absence, but in 1847 they happily reappeared and have held their ground ever since. Miss E. Wylde carried off the prize that year at Derby *with a score of 245 in 65 hits.* In the year following, also at

Derby, Misses Temple and J. Barrow had a keen contest for superiority, resulting in Miss Barrow winning by a score of 167 in 47 hits, Miss Temple making 160 in 44 hits, the number of arrows employed being 72 at each distance. In the succeeding year, again at Derby, with the same number of arrows as that now adopted, Miss Temple assumed the lead by scoring 189 in 55 hits; the second was taken by Miss Mackay with 163 score in 43 hits. In the year 1850 the Scotch capital was the place selected for the National assembling, when Mrs. Calvert obtained the first prize and Miss E. Foster the second, scoring 161 and 156 respectively; but for Leamington was reserved the honour of being the scene of the triumph of the first Queen of the Toxophilites, when in 1851 Miss Villers made the formidable score of 504 in 108 hits. In 1853 Mrs. Horniblow came to the front and bore away the Challenge Bracer with 365 score in 89 hits, the second in the field, Miss M. Peel, being but one less in the gross score. In 1854 Miss Villers, who had for some time absented herself from the scene of contention, once again put in an appearance (having in the meantime, by virtue of some mysterious necromancy, become Mrs. Davison), and obtained 489 score in 112 hits. Mrs. Davison again carried off the honours in the following year with the most triumphant success; the second in the list, Mrs. Horniblow, following at no contemptible distance—the former making in 115 hits a score of 491, and the latter 103 hits and 437 score. In 1856 seventy-two archeresses entered the lists, the meeting being held at Cheltenham; here Mrs. Davison unfortunately became indisposed before she had terminated her shooting, but with six arrows remaining in her quiver she made 103 hits and scored 461, while Mrs. Horniblow scored 487 in 109 hits, and became invested with the honours of the year in consequence. In 1857 the meeting again took place at Cheltenham, and brilliant was the shooting, the remarkable score of 634 being made by Miss H. Chetwynd; Mrs. Davison scored 548, and Mrs. Horniblow took a good position as third. The latter lady again in 1858, at Exeter, won the Bracer, with a score of 457 in 101 hits; on this occasion Mrs. St. George took the second place with 428 score in 94 hits. In 1859 the very satisfactory number of eighty-four ladies entered against eighty-six gentlemen, when Miss Turner obtained possession of the prize, making five points out of eight and a gross score of 630. In 1860 Mrs. Atkinson, of the Lincolnshire Archers, secured the much-coveted Bracer, the meeting being held at Bath.

On the 17th of July, 1861, Liverpool was the locality selected for the coming off of the National contest, this being the eighteenth

anniversary of the establishment of the Grand National Archery Society. The great meetings, open to all comers, had now been proceeding for eighteen years with steadily increasing popularity and success, each succeeding year revealing additional skill and advancing proficiency in the art of archery, and there was therefore every reason for believing that a more complete and vigorous organisation would be productive of still greater results. And, to judge from the position archery now occupies, it is not too much to say that every anticipation has been fully realised. On this memorable occasion in the annals of archery Mrs. Atkinson again became the Championess, with a score of 575; the second being Miss Turner, who scored 510. In 1862 the meeting was held in Worcester, when the Bracer again passed into the possession of Mrs. Horniblow, she having gained all the points and scored 660 in 128 hits, Mrs. Atkinson being behind her with a score of 542 in 116 hits. In the year 1863 the scene of the friendly but warmly contested struggle for archery honours was classic Oxford, and again Mrs. Horniblow came off victorious, with seven points and a score of 678, Miss H. Chetwynd taking her place as second by scoring 668; Miss B. Edwards following as third with 450. In 1864 the directors of the Alexandra Park, London, guaranteed a prize-list of £500, and at the Alexandra Park the members of the National Society next assembled, this time for the magic Bracer to pass out of Old England into the dexterous hands of a fair archer of the Sister Isle; this being the year which witnessed the signal triumph of the Irish archeress, Miss Betham, who took her English sisters of the bow by storm, and the Champion Bracer by the amazing score of 693. Miss Betham came to the contest as the representative of the County Dublin Archers, and the prize she bore away was the Transferable Bracer. On the same memorable occasion Mrs. Atkinson scored 635, and Mrs. Horniblow 541; Miss S. Butt coming in fourth with a score of 539. This was extraordinarily fine shooting, the fourth score, even, amounting to a total which would have more than sufficed to have gained the Ladies' Championship at many of the previous contests. Miss Betham continued to carry off the honours of the championship for the next two years, winning in 1865 by 606 score in 124 hits, and in 1866 by 662 score in 130 hits, when she relinquished her envied position to Mrs. Lister, who gained it in 1867 by scoring 696 in 130 hits. In 1868 Miss Betham resumed her old habit of bearing away the Bracer, by making a score of 672 in 128 hits, but in the following year Mrs. Horniblow again distanced all her competitors and came to the front the proud Championess of

Great Britain, which title she has annually and triumphan asserted her right to retain, by registering as her score, in 1869, from 123 hits; in 1870, 700 from 134 hits; in 1871, 746 from hits; in 1872, 660 from 136 hits; and in 1873, 764 from 142 h a score hitherto unparalleled in the annals of ladies' archery shootin and one that would most assuredly have made the bold Robin Hoo himself think more than twice ere he engaged himself in a conte with his own weapon against so formidable an opponent.

This brings us to the annals of modern masculine archery. 1844 at York Mr. Higginson came off first prizeman with a score 221, Mr. Meyrick being a close second with a score of 218. T hundred and twenty-one seems a contemptible sort of score to ca with it the championship of the world, as it may be called, wh compared with the present magnificent scores for the championshi but it must be remembered that at this early stage of the existence the National meetings only half the number of arrows which now adopted were employed. In 1845 Mr. Peter Muir, of Ed burgh, appeared, and gained the first place with 537 in his score, second place being taken by Mr. Jones with 499. A somewh remarkable incident connected with Mr. Muir's championship is t his success with the bow was predicted in a ballad written by M John Hughes, then of Donnington Priory, Newbury, and father Mr. Thomas Hughes, late M.P. for Marylebone. This ballad in favour of "The Fitz-Ooth" (*i.e.*, Robin Hood), and printed the committee. The prophecy ran thus:—

> Yon Scotsman, too, will win the day;
> Call me a wind, I must away.

At York in 1846 there was a tough and close contest, Mr. Hubba scoring 519 and Mr. Meyrick 517, both making precisely the sam number of hits—viz., 117. In 1847 at Derby Mr. Muir aga assumed the championship with a score of 631 against Mr. E. Mai land's 549; but in the following year Mr. Maitland took the pri with 581, the second in the list being Mr. Bramhall, who scored 51 The day was a stormy one, and conspicuous for being the one whi brought out the future eleven years' champion. In 1849 the honou of the National passed into the hands of Mr. P. Moore, who gain them with 747, Mr. Ford's score being 703; but the latter gentlem was awarded, in addition to the second prize, the Champion's Go Medal, which is given for the greatest number of points. T *apparent incongruity* of the *second* prizeman carrying off the Cha *pion's Gold* Medal is thus explained:—The medal, as befo

remarked, is given for the greatest number of points made by any archer, and these points are reckoned thus: *two* for the gross score, *two* for the gross hits; *one* for the best score at 100 yards, *one* for the best hits at the same distance, and the same at the 80 and 60 yards ranges. These all counted make ten points. Mr. Ford gained five points, Mr. Moore four, and Mr. Attwood one. In 1850 Mr. Ford gained the championship, which remained with him for so many years, with a score of 899 in 193 hits, against Mr. C. Garnett, who scored 638. In 1851 Mr. Ford scored 861 from 193 hits, Mr. Bramhall being next with 760. In 1852 the champion scored 788 from 188 hits, Mr. Bramhall again being second (a warm one) with 778 from 184 hits. The contest, as may be imagined from the scoring, was an exciting one; and Mr. Ford's own remarks upon the occasion are worthy of quotation:—"When the last *three* arrows alone remained to be shot Mr. Bramhall was two points in score ahead. It was then a simple question of nerve, and I conclude mine was better, as I scored fourteen to my worthy opponent's two." In 1853 Mr. Ford and Mr. Bramhall were again together, the former with 934 from 202 hits, and the latter with 733 from 167 hits. The same remark applies to the next following three years, the scoring being as follows:—In 1854 Mr. Ford 1,074 from 234 hits, Mr. Bramhall 748 from 176 hits; in 1855 Mr. Ford 809 from 179 hits, Mr. Bramhall 709 from 175 hits; in 1856 Mr. Ford 985 from 213 hits, Mr. Bramhall 785 from 191 hits. This was the year of the famous gathering at Cheltenham, when seventy-two ladies and 112 gentlemen arrayed themselves before the targets. In 1857 Mr. Ford made the grandest score on record—1,251 from 245 hits. On this occasion Mr. Bramhall retired from his long-kept second place in favour of Mr. George Edwards, who made 786 score in 188 hits. In 1858 Mr. Ford again amazed his competitors by scoring 1,076 in 214 hits, and Mr. Edwards kept the second place with 817, scored by 187 hits. In 1859 Mr. Ford exhibited a falling off, his score showing 951 in 205 hits; and 1860 found him defeated by his former second, Mr. G. Edwards, who now assumed first place with a score of 886, Mr. Muir being next with 855, and Mr. Ford third with 807. In 1861 Mr. Edwards scored 745, and retained the championship. Mr. Golightly came next with 725, Mr. Muir third with 662, and Mr. Ford fourth, 661. In 1862 Mr. Edwards again came in at the head with the capital score of 902, Mr. Ford following with 896, Mr. E. Mason with 788, and Mr. T. Bolton with 665. 1863 found Mr. Muir the greatest archer *probably* that Scotland has produced—at *any rate in modern days*—for the third time champion, with a

score of 845, Mr. Ford second with 780, and Mr. Coulson and Mr. Edwards third and fourth, with scores of 682 and 669 respectively. In 1864 the championship again passed to Mr. Edwards, his score being 897; Mr. Muir was second with 821, Mr. Walters third with 737, and the fourth, Mr. R. W. Atkinson, with 716. In 1865 Mr. E. A. Holmes came to the fore with a score of 788 from 174 hits. In 1866 Mr. Edwards once more became the victor, his score being 900 in 192 hits. In 1867 Mr. Ford, for the twelfth time, and to the delight of all good archers and true, regained his old position by making the rarely-approached score of 1,037 from 215 hits. 1868 ushered in a new champion altogether in the person of Mr. W. Rimington, who gained his laurels by 807 score in 187 hits. Mr. Rimington headed the list again in 1869 with 909 score in 191 hits. In 1870 Mr. Holmes once more appeared as first prizeman, this time scoring 807 in 183 hits; and from 1871 up to the present time the chief honours in archery in this country have been monopolised by Major Hawkins Fisher, who gained them in his first year's championship by scoring 955 in 205 hits, in 1872 by 771 in 175 hits, and in 1873 by 898 in 198 hits.

It will thus be seen that a steady but marked improvement in the scoring has characterised the annual meetings of the Grand National Archers since their inauguration, exactly thirty years ago. Had feats like some of those which I have recorded been accomplished in olden days, what songs of triumph would have been chanted in celebration of the wonderful hits of Mr. Ford and Major Fisher! How the wandering minstrel would have filled the baronial hall with the story, told amid sweet sounds, to pensive and eager listeners, of the skill of accomplished and charming Mesdames Davison, Horniblow, Atkinson, and Lister, and Misses Betham, Chetwynd, and Turner! What tales of prowess, lisped in doubtful but piquante rhymes, would have become familiar in the nursery!

The Leamington and Midland Counties annual meeting is another important institution in modern archery. It has occupied a high position in toxophilite circles ever since its formation in 1854 through the exertions of Mr. Henry Bown. The crack shots of the nation are invariably present at these meetings. From Staffordshire and Northamptonshire come knights and peeresses of the bow; from Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Cheshire; from the breezy downs of Sussex; from "proud Lincolnshire"; from busy Lancashire, shrewd Yorkshire, metropolitan Middlesex, and remote *Flintshire*. Here it was that Mr. Ford in 1856 took the archery *world by surprise* with his then unequalled score of 1,162, having a

the same meeting in 1861 scored 1,014. Here it was that Miss S. Dawson of redoubtable skill evinced that her fame could no longer be claimed exclusively by the Western Counties, and that Miss Betham came across the Channel in 1864, and with a score of 735 gave Mrs. Horniblow the "retort courteous" for having conveyed away from her the Irish Championess's Bracer at Bray the previous year. Here have champions and championesses, Mrs. Villers Forbes, Mrs. P. Legh, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Kinahan, Mrs. Litchfield, and Messrs. Spedding, W. Butt, Macnamara, Tawney, Boulton, Aston, &c., thrown many of their preceding performances into the shade. The annual match at Leamington, which "came off" so recently as the 24th and 25th June last, affords us, in the splendid scoring of Mrs. Lister, 693, Mrs. V. Forbes, 656, Miss Hutchinson, 607, Mrs. Pond, 583, Mrs. Hornby, 580, Mr. Prescot, 824, Mr. Betham, 803, Mr. Fryer, 741, Mr. Aston, 633, Mr. Sagar, 628, Captain Garnett, 622, and Lieut.-Colonel Norbury, 620, some idea as to who are destined to wear the laurels of the season of 1874.

Another public match is that annually shot at the Crystal Palace. There is no better place in England for such a "joyous passage of arms." The admirable area of level greensward known as the cricket park affords verge and room for the targets, and here season after season, during which many counties of England have persistently sent their contingents to struggle for coveted guerdons, we have seen the best examples prominently placed before minor celebrities, who again have reacted upon mere novices, and set them seriously to work, inspiring hope even in the breasts of those whose idea of the target-field was, until they had witnessed the stirring contests at Sydenham, scarcely exalted above a mere playing at "bow and arrow," and an idle mimicry of middle age amusements. In these trials of skill, showing both a steady hand and a quick eye, the following shooters have distinguished themselves since the meetings were commenced in 1859:—Mrs. Pinckney, Mrs. Kinahan, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Mayhew, Miss Ellis, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. Blaker, Sir W. Baynes, and Messrs. E. Maitland, Meyrick, Rogers, F. Townsend, Swire, Elliot, Walford, Croker, Everett, H. Palairet, Boulton, Fryer, Sagar, and Gregson, irrespective of many whose names appear in the sketch already given of the National Society. At the sixteenth annual meeting held at Sydenham three weeks since Mrs. Pond achieved a first-prize score of 700 with 130 hits; and Mr. Rimington, after a long absence from public contests, making the leading score of 913, being four points in excess of that with which he last took the Champion *Medal of Great Britain*, and fifteen points in advance of

Major Fisher's score which gained the champion honours at Leamington last year.

The Grand Western *réunions*—another public match under the auspices of the archers of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, and Wilts, but open to archers of the United Kingdom—were commenced at Taunton in 1861, and have since been held at Salisbury, Weymouth, Exeter, Teignmouth, and Sherborne; and some of these meetings have been of a character scarcely secondary to those of the Grand National either in the number of competitors or the variety and value of the prizes. There are, in connection with this popular contest, two challenge trophies, which can only be won by residents of the five counties. The possession of these honours entitles the winners to be considered the Champion and Championess of the West. The greatest scores by which the prizes have been obtained were 699 by Miss Ripley in 1871, and 8 by Mr. Walrond in 1871. The Lady Champion Belt was also won in 1861 by Miss A. Turner; in 1862 by Mrs. A. A. Malet; in 1863, 1864, and 1866 by Miss S. Dawson (now Mrs. W. Butt); in 1867 and 1869 by Miss Ripley; in 1870 by Miss M. Lockyer; and in 1872 and 1873 by Mrs. Pinckney. The Gentlemen Champions have been—in 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864, Mr. H. B. Hare; in 1866, Mr. H. Walrond; in 1868, Colonel Ward; in 1869, Mr. R. Price; in 1870, Mr. Walrond; in 1872, Mr. Price, and in 1873 Mr. O. F. Prescot. It was at the Grand Western, at Sherborne, in 1872, that Major Fisher made his most remarkable score of 1,060 in 220 hits, of which twenty-one were golds; and within the last few years the best deeds of the undermentioned archers have been chronicled in connection with their achievements at the Grand Western:—Mrs. Everett, Mrs. Kinahan, Mrs. Hicks, Mrs. Letts, Mrs. V. Forbes, Admiral Lowe, Colonel Smyth, Messrs. C. H. Everett, G. E. Fryer, Aston, Rimington, Coulson, Jenner Fust, E. N. Snow, and C. H. Garnett—the last an honoured name among the bowmen of England, and one which will be found time after time occupying a prominent place in the annals of the National Society, equally with those of the veteran judge, Mr. C. M. Caldecott, and the courteous secretary, the Rev. O. Luard.

A peculiarity of the Leamington meeting, in which it was imitated by those at the Crystal Palace and at the Grand Western tournays, was that winners of first or second National prizes within the previous three years were prevented from counting their white and black circles, and *winners of third*, fourth, fifth, or sixth prizes within that period their *outer whites only*. This is a somewhat similar arrangement to that

which obliges a Derby winner to carry extra weight for the Goodwood Cup; and it seems an equitable arrangement, as a tolerably accurate shot now and then stands a good chance against champions, who otherwise would be certain to secure the best prizes. Of course those who are losers by these regulations grumble a little; but this is of small consequence when compared with the additional zest with which all other candidates for the honours of the sward enter the lists. It is at the National that the great guns must look for their laurels, and be content to allow rising celebrity to have a fair field elsewhere.

At the Grand National meeting held at Cheltenham in 1872 the committee resolved to recommend that in future the winners of the principal prizes at the National competitions shall at public matches submit to deductions in the following ratio:—

> Winners of first score prizes at any National within three years to have 20 per cent. deducted from their gross scores; winners of the second and third, 15 per cent.; of the fourth and fifth, 10 per cent., and of the other score prizes 5 per cent.

These deductions are to apply to hits as well as to scores, and to ladies as well as to gentlemen. This new plan of percentage-handicapping, instead of the former system of deducting blacks and whites, came into operation with the Leamington, Sydenham, and Grand Western Committees during the season of 1873; and local archery societies, convinced of the value of the improvement, have not been slow to adopt a similar system at their prize meetings.

Among the older existing English societies, the most venerable is probably the one known as the "Ancient Yorkshire Arrow Meeting," which was revived as far back as 1673, from which date a regular record of the winners has been kept. The prize (an arrow of silver) is competed for annually, and is obtained by the first hit in the gold, while the second prize, a silver bugle, goes with the first hit in the red. The winner of the first prize is the captain for the year, and he who carries off the silver bugle is constituted lieutenant for the same period. There are also two other prizes, viz.: a medal for the greatest number of hits, and a very ancient horn spoon, which is reserved for the archer who last hits the white. The time and place of meeting (always, until lately, within twenty miles of Eriholme-on-the-Tees) are fixed by the captain.

The Woodmen of Arden (Warwickshire) is another old society, and was revived, after a long lapse, in the year 1785. The number of members is limited to eighty; but the rules of the society were suspended by general *consent in* favour of the late Sir Robert Peel, *on the occasion of the jubilee* festival in 1835. The Earl o

Aylesford is Lord Warden of the Woodmen of Arden, who hold their meetings at Meriden, where a forest hall, used both as a dining-room and a ball-room, was erected in 1844. The shooting grounds are in the Forest of Arden, and consist of about twelve acres of land. The silver bugle horn of Arden was presented to the society in 1787 by the Earl of Aylesford; it is never shot for at a less distance than nine score yards, which may be extended to twelve score. In the following year Lady Aylesford gave the woodmen a silver arrow, to be shot for at nine score yards. Afterwards two medals, a gold and a silver one, were given to the society by Mr. William Palmer as prizes for the Master Forester and Senior Verderer. A small bugle and arrow are awarded annually as ladies' prizes, on the days of shooting for the bugle and arrow, the mode of awarding them being this :—

Every woodman wishing to contend for the bugle or arrow draws a number by lot for his rank in shooting; the numbers are afterwards put into a bag and drawn by the ladies, and she who—being a spinster or a bride—is fortunate enough to draw the number of the winner is presented with the prize, and is expected, as "queen of the day," to open the dance in the evening with the winner for a partner.*

There are two other medals than those previously mentioned, which were given in the year 1818, by Mr. Wriothesley Digby, the then secretary, as prizes for the best archers of the year at 100 yards range—the gold one for the woodman who shall gain the greatest number of prizes at the grand target, or "wardmote," and the silver one for him who shall gain the next greatest number. The winners of these medals rank for the year ensuing next after the Senior Verderer. The Master Forester for the year is the woodman who first hits the gold at the annual wardmote, and he who makes the next gold is chosen Senior Verderer for the same period.

Another good archery society is the Queen's Royal St. Leonard's Archers, formed in 1833 at Hastings, under the special patronage of the late Duchess of Kent; the late Prince Consort was a patron of this society, and to it the Queen and her royal mother presented in 1834 two perpetual honorary prizes to be shot for annually, called "The Royal Victoria Prizes," together with a "banner," as a token of their illustrious patronage. Two more honorary prizes were added by the same illustrious donors in 1837. The challenge prizes

* *This rule suggested to Mr. J. Hughes, of Donnington Priory, one of the many songs with which he promoted the harmless merriment of bow meetings in his day.*

of the society are—for ladies, the first Victoria, for highest score, and consisting of ornaments for the hair, and the second Victoria, for the greatest number of hits, also an honorary star. For gentlemen there are a silver bugle and an honorary star, the former being gained by the best score.

Archery in Ireland appears unfortunately to be declining. Erin once boasted of her National Meeting, and besides possessed three public matches, viz.: The Grand Ulster, the Grand Leinster, and the Munster Grand; but all have passed away. It was at the Irish National in 1864 that Miss Betham achieved one of her best scores, 655 from 127 hits; that Mr. Edwards scored 827 from 191 hits; and that Mr. Betham in 1866 first obtained the Irish Champion's Medal on a total of 800 in 176 hits. The gentlemen's and ladies' champion honours at this meeting were last gained by Mr. Betham and Miss Hutchinson respectively, both of whom—and also Miss Betham, daughter of the former—have conspicuously distinguished themselves, as has been already described, at our English matches; Mr. Betham being the best shot Ireland has produced, and still holder of the Irish Champion Medal. In August last Sir Edward Lee arranged an open match in the grounds of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, in the hope of resuscitating the declining art and of establishing at least one public match in the Irish metropolis; but the laudable effort bore little fruit, and archery in Ireland, which for the time seemed to be looking up, now appears to be hopeless. Had Sir Edward Lee remained in Dublin, the hope of seeing archery revived there in all its glory would have been a reasonable one, but his presence has been transferred to the Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill. At the match referred to Mr. Betham registered the highest score, and won the chief prize, a silver cup, making 666 in 162 hits. The next principal prize fell to the share of Miss Hutchinson, who made the greatest gross score among the lady competitors, viz.: 638 in 132 hits. At this meeting the Northern, Belfast, Limerick, King's County, and Longford Clubs were well represented.

The Irish Champion's Medals, formerly the great attraction of the now defunct Irish National Meeting, were last contended for in 1869, and awarded—the ladies' championship and medal to Miss Hutchinson with a score 666 from 130 hits; and the championship and medal to Mr. Betham, for 716 score in 164 hits. This was the last of the once famed Irish National.

The only archery clubs now existing in Ireland are the County Dublin, the Wexford, the *Longford*, the King's County, the Armagh, the *Mallow, the Derry and Antrim*, the Bann, and the Meath.

Archery in Scotland is not quite so flourishing as could be wished; yet the history of some of the Scottish Toxophilite Associations is both interesting and curious. The Kilwinning Papingo was permitted to die of neglect in 1870, after having attained its 387th year. The chief honours of this society were gained by the archer who, with his foot placed against the base of the church, could knock off one of the wings of a wooden bird, representing a popinjay, and affixed to a pole projecting from the steeple, by discharging his arrow at it perpendicularly from the ground. The prize was a silver arrow. The present Prince of Wales was the last patron of this society. It is to be hoped that the lovers of archery in Scotland will seek to revive the glories of this most ancient and historic institution. Another famous society no longer existent was the Irvine Toxophilites, formed in 1814. In 1839 its members took part in the Eglinton Tournament, clad in Lincoln green and buff, and wearing buckskin boots. They were commanded by Captain Grahame, and the Earl of Eglinton (afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) was so impressed with the event that he caused to be offered for annual competition a gorgeous gold belt and quiver, set with large and valuable carbuncles, and known as the "Eglinton Tournament Belt," and every year the Eglinton trophy was shot for until the society came to an end.

Another important body of ancient bowmen, and one which has the advantage of present existence, is that of the Royal Company of Archers known as "The Queen's Body Guard for Scotland." This society is supposed to owe its origin to the commissioners appointed by James I. of Scotland, who enforced the practice of archery throughout the country, and it received the title of "His Majesty's Company of Archers" in the year 1677 from the King himself. The usual range is 180 yards, and the shooting is limited entirely to the members of the company. The Royal Archers hold their privileges under the Crown by Royal Charter, which enjoins upon them the service of a pair of barbed arrows to the Sovereign. Thus a pair of these arrows were presented to George IV. at Leith, upon the occasion of that King's visit to Edinburgh in 1822; and also to Queen Victoria when she visited Holyrood in 1842. The appointment of the company to be "The King's Body Guard for Scotland" was confirmed by William IV., who presented it with two new colours. The collection of ancient papers upon archery which has so long remained in the possession of this distinguished body *toxophilites*, and which Mr. John Balfour Paul has undertaken *arrange and* edit, is now in the press, and its publication will

eagerly welcomed. The Salisbury Archers of Edinburgh are now no more, and I fear not much better report can be made of the St. Mungo Archers of Glasgow.

The Championship Medal of Scotland is in the possession of Colonel Robertson, of the Royal Toxophilites (London), who has won it more than once. It is annually shot for, according to the rules of the Champion Medal of Great Britain, sometimes at Edinburgh, Linlithgow Palace, or Glasgow. Scotland has produced some fine shots in our time, prominent among whom stands Mr. Peter Muir, twice Champion of Great Britain and many times champion in his own country. It was at the meeting held at Stirling, in 1865, that a remarkably keen contest took place between Miss Betham and Mrs. Horniblow. At the end of the first day there was but one point between the ladies, that point being in favour of Miss Betham, then championess; at the termination of the 60 yards on the second day but 6 points, and at the finish 29 points; and this not from any falling off in Miss Betham's magnificent shooting that season, for she made at Stirling the largest score of the year (714), but from the splendid scoring of Mrs. Horniblow, in whose favour 685 were registered.

The principal societies in Wales are called the "Royal British Bowmen" and the "Raglan Archers."

I must defer till next month the consideration of the moot question of range and certain suggestions for increasing the popularity of the art.

AN EDINBURGH SALISBURY.

# LOVE IN WINTER.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

" *LOVE is like the roses,*
*And every rose shall fall,*
*For sure as summer closes*
*They perish, one and all.*
*Then love, while leaves are on the tree,*
*And birds sing in the bowers:*
*When winter comes, too late 'twill be*
*To pluck the happy flowers.*"

It is a maiden singing,
An ancient girl, in sooth;
The dizzy room is ringing
With her shrill song of youth;
The white keys sob as swift she tries
Each shrill and shrieking scale:
"*O love is like the roses!*" cries
This muslin'd nightingale.

In a dark corner dozing
I close my eyes and ears,
And call up, while reposing,
A glimpse from other years;
A genre-picture, quaint and Dutch,
I see from this dark seat,—
'Tis full of human brightness, such
As makes remembrance sweet.

II.

Flat leagues of endless meadows
[In Holland lies the scene],
Where many pollard-shadows
O'er nut-brown ditches lean;
Grey clouds above that never break,
Mists the pale sunbeams stripe,
With groups of steaming cattle, make
A landscape "after Cuyp."

A windmill, and below it
A cottage near a road,
Where some meek pastoral poet
Might make a glad abode;
A cottage with a garden, where
Prim squares of pansies grow,
And, sitting on a garden-chair,
A Dame with locks of snow.

In trim black truss'd and bodiced,
With petticoat of red,
And on her bosom modest
A kerchief white bespread.
Alas! the breast that heaves below
Is shrivell'd now and thin,
Tho' vestal thoughts as white as snow
Still palpitate within.

Her hands are mitten'd nicely,
And folded on her knee;
Her lips, that meet precisely,
Are moving quietly.
She listens while the dreamy bells
O'er the dark flats intone—
Now come, now gone, in dying swells
The Sabbath sounds are blown.

Her cheek a withered rose is,
Her eye a violet dim;
Half in her chair she dozes,
And hums a happy hymn.
But soft! what wonder makes her start
And lift her aged head,
While the faint flutterings of her heart
Just touch her cheek with red?

The latch clicks; thro' the gateway
An aged wight steps slow—
Then pauses, doffing straightway
His broad-brimm'd gay chapeau!
Swallow-tail'd coat of blue so grand,
With buttons bright beside,
He wears, and *in his* trembling hand
*A nosegay, ribbon-tied.*

His thin old legs trip lightly
In breeches of nankeen,
His wrinkled face looks brightly,
So rosy, fresh, and clean—
For old he is and wrinkled plain,
With locks of golden-gray,
And leaning on a tassell'd cane
He hobbles on his way.

Oh, skylark, singing over
The silent mill hard by,
To this so happy lover
Sing out with summer cry!
He hears thee, tho' his blood is cold,
She hears, tho' deaf and weak;
She stands to greet him, as of old,
A blush upon her cheek.

In spring-time they were parted
By some sad wind of woe;
Forlorn and broken-hearted
Each faltered, long ago;
They parted,—half a century
Each took the path of pain—
He lived a bachelor, and she
Was never woo'd again.

But when the summer ended,
When autumn, too, was dead,
When every vision splendid
Of youth and hope was fled,
Again these twain came face to face
As in the long ago—
They met within a sunless place
In the season of the snow.

"*O love is like the roses.*
*Love comes and love must flee!*
*Before the summer closes*
*Love's rapture and love's glee!*"
O peace! for in the garden there
He bows in raiment gay;
Doffs hat, and with a courtly air
Presents his fond bouquet.

One day in every seven,
While church-bells softly ring,
The happy, silent Heaven
Beholds the self-same thing:
The gay old boy within the gate,
With ribbons at his knee!—
"*When winter comes is love too late?*"
O Cupid, look and see!

O talk not of love's rapture,
When youthful lovers kiss;
What mortal sight may capture
A scene so sweet as this?
Beside her now he sits and glows,
While prim she sits, and proud,—
Then, spectacles upon his nose,
Reads the week's news aloud!

Pure, with no touch of passion,
True, with no tinge of pain;
Thus, in sweet Sabbath fashion,
They live their loves again.
She sees in him a happy boy—
Swift, agile, amorous-eyed;
He sees in her his own heart's joy—
Youth, hope, love, vivified!

Content there he sits smoking
His long Dutch pipe of wood;
Gossiping oft and joking,
As a gay lover should.
And oft, while there in company
They smile for love's sweet sake,
Her snuff-box black she hands, and he
A grave, deep pinch doth take!

There, gravely juvenescent,
In sober Sabbath joy,
Mingling the past and present,
They sit, a maid and boy!
"*O love is like the roses!*"—No!
Thou foolish singer, cease!
Love *finds his fireside* 'mid the snow,
*And smokes the* pipe of peace!

# GREAT TOWNS AND THEIR PUBLIC INFLUENCE.

## II.—MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER has a long past history as well as a powerful modern influence. Celts of several tribes, Latins, Saxons, Danes, and Normans have fought over this site on the banks of the narrow Irwell, and it was through much tribulation and suffering that Manchester became a settled portion of that many-raced England in whose future history she was destined to play so great a part.

Old Leland, whose testimony relates to the period of the reign of Henry VIII., says of Manchester :—"It standeth south side of the Irwell river, in Salfordshire, and is the fairest, best builded, quickliest and most populous townne of al Lawcestreshire."

Camden confirms this statement a little later, and says that it surpassed the neighbouring towns "in elegance and populousness." Its importance then, as now, was due to the excellence of its manufacture of woollens, which, curiously enough, were early called Manchester cottons. In 1724, according to Dr. Stukeley, Manchester was the "largest, most rich, populous, and busy village in England," and he adds: "Their trade, which is incredibly large, consists much in fustians, girth-webb, tickings, tapes, &c., which are dispersed all over the kingdom and to foreign parts. They have looms which work twenty-four laces at a time, which were stolen from the Dutch. [Was this an anticipatory notion of Free Trade?] There is a free school here, maintained by a mill on the river, which raises £10 per annum. And on the same river, for the space of three miles upwards, there are no less than sixty water mills."

In the dispute between Charles I. and the Parliament Manchester, like almost all the large towns, took sides against the King, and successfully resisted an assault made by the royal forces under Lord Strange. It was renowned, in the language of the day, as "a zealous and godly place," and it was probably for its zeal in the popular cause that Cromwell in his "Reform Bill" anticipated 1832 and gave a member to this among the other large towns whom

summoned to send representatives to his first Parliament. "Bonnie Prince Charlie," in his rash attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors, entered Manchester on November 29, 1745, and was proclaimed here as James III. His sovereignty was a short-lived one, but was not a little disastrous to the town and its inhabitants. Byrom, a native poet, and a warm partisan of the "Prince Pretender," supplied his friends with four lines which long served them for a toast on festive and public occasions. They are the well known :—

> God bless the King! I mean our Faith's Defender;
> God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
> But who Pretender is or who is King,
> God bless us all, is quite another thing.

In the present and the past the influence of Manchester on the country at large springs from the same source, and that influence has been more social and economic than political. It was based upon trade, and her greatest—almost her only really great achievement, the Free Trade agitation and the repeal of the corn laws, had its origin in and drew its strength from the disastrous consequences of protection upon trades and manufactures.

To Manchester belongs the honour of having formed a distinctive school of public men in the Free Trade struggle; but Reform preceded, and was, indeed, the necessary forerunner of Free Trade. Like Birmingham, Leeds, and other large centres of industry, Manchester had been unrepresented in the House of Commons. The member given by Cromwell was of course taken away after the Restoration. The French War resulted in dear food, heavy taxes, and distress. The colliers dragged two cart-loads of coal from Bilston to Carlton House, the residence of the Prince Regent, in the hope that if they could bring their sufferings and want visibly before the actual head of the State he might put an end to them. A similar fancy took possession of the poor workmen of Manchester. In 1819, a year of fearful distress, they proposed to march to London and lay their complaints before the Regent. They proposed, of course, to walk all the way, to sleep under hedges or in barns at night, and the poor simple souls had provided themselves with blankets for that purpose. They were rather roughly treated by the not over-scrupulous authorities of the time. These eloquent though almost speechless proclaimers of the people's miseries were dispersed, imprisoned, and never allowed to reach the august presence of him whom they fondly hoped to move by their tale of woe.

The remedy in which the people believed was Parliamentary Reform. Early in this memorable year of 1819 a great meeting was held at Manchester, and again the people resolved not to apply to Parliament but directly to the Prince Regent. Their profound disbelief in the want of sympathy between the Legislature and the people led to this infatuation. The year was destined not to pass without making wider the gulf between the rulers and the ruled, and the hatred of class against class, which had recently been of a grievously quick growth, was intensified by the shedding of innocent blood. This was the Peterloo massacre. The Government had published proclamations against "seditious meetings." The two "legislatorial attorneys and representatives for Birmingham" had been elected, and a proclamation against mock elections had also been issued. Nevertheless it was determined to hold a meeting in Manchester to petition the House of Commons for a reform of Parliament and the repeal of the corn laws. August 16 was the day fixed for the meeting, and a field near St. Peter's Church, called St. Peter's Field, the place. The people were assembled—60,000 in number—and the chairman, "Orator Hunt," was addressing them when they were attacked by a body of yeomanry, who killed eight persons and wounded about 600 in the attempt to disperse the meeting and arrest its chairman. This attack of the yeomanry on the people has inspired several local ballads. I quote a verse from one of these broadsides as a specimen of the popular political muse of the time:—

> Mr. Hunt neaw coom forrard an' spoke a few words,
> When the Peterloo cut-my-throats shaken'd th' swords;
> Aw thort sure enoof they were running ther rigs,
> Till aw seed morn nor twenty lay bleeding like pigs.

From this time the people of Manchester became bitterly earnest supporters of Parliamentary Reform, and when the time came rendered effective help in carrying the Bill. It was here that in 1832, on the last defeat of the Bill by the Lords, the advice was first given to "go for gold and stop the Duke." That this advice was given in earnest and with the intention of carrying it out to the fullest is proved by the fact that there was a run on the Manchester savings-banks, and no fewer than 620 depositors gave notice of withdrawals to the amount of upwards of £16,000.

In a few graphic sentences Lord Macaulay has described the Manchester of 1685, when its population was under six thousand people. The Rev. W. N. Molesworth says that in 1830 "it was a political cypher, unrepresented in Parliament, and having the municipal

institutions of a village." By 1846 it had grown to be "the metropolis of a great part of the northern and midland counties, and was more especially the centre of a district which was regarded as one that was emerging from barbarism, the inhabitants of which still used an uncouth dialect which provoked the derision of their southern countrymen, and which was chiefly known by its smoking chimneys, its perpetual rains, the length and severity of its winter, its almost sunless summer, as well as by a lawless turbulence which embarrassed the Government, perplexed the Legislature, and dismayed the inhabitants of the more favoured parts of the kingdom."

But the day of Manchester's political greatness was approaching. The inventions of Arkwright and the application of steam had developed her old cotton trade into one of the most thriving industries of the kingdom. The passing of the Reform Bill gave two members to the constituency, and hastened on the agitation for the repeal of the corn laws—an agitation which was organised and conducted mainly by Manchester men, and carried to a successful issue by Manchester influence. Free Trade had its birth and growth in this great town, and its victories are due to the skill, the indomitable energy, and the irresistible logic of the Manchester School.

The first members returned for Manchester were Poulett Thompson, "afterwards Lord Sydenham, who at that time was the most conspicuous Free Trader in the kingdom, and Mr. Mark Phillips, well known as an ardent Radical and a zealous Free Trader." Public opinion in the great towns was being educated by the teachings of these early advocates, by the stirring poems of Ebenezer Elliot, and by those still more effectual tutors—bad trade, low wages, high taxes, and empty stomachs.

Manchester was by situation and by the condition of the people admirably fitted to conduct such an agitation. She was the active and industrious centre of the rapidly increasing cotton trade, a trade largely depending on foreign markets, and the great millowners and manufacturers found their energies crippled, their skill baffled, their resources jeopardised, and the industry and skill of their workpeople rendered of little avail by the influence of the corn laws and the prevalence of Protection. It was a question of life and death to the manufacturing interests, who entered on their Free Trade crusade with all the resolute calmness and unflinching courage of men who had calculated the strength of the enemy's entrenchments and were resolved to carry the position. The struggle cost ten years of sharp *and unceasing* agitation.

*The first Anti-Corn Law Association* was organised in London in

the year 1836, but it did little work, had comparatively no influence, and speedily died of inanition. It was in 1838 that the agitation became powerful, and it was then that an association was formed which was not dissolved until the work was done. The Anti-Corn Law League was founded in Manchester. When the time was ripe the man was ready. Richard Cobden came to the front, and with him were associated a bold array of able and earnest lieutenants: Poulett Thompson, Mark Phillips, Dr. Bowring, J. B. Smith, Milner Gibson, George Wilson, C. P. Villiers, and John Bright. Cobden and Bright were the Achates of the agitation. They were in some respects the antitheses of each other. Cobden was calm, logical, and unimpulsive; strong in reasoning, powerful in figures, a perfect master of the subject, he exercised an enormous influence over hearers and readers. Bright was fervid, eloquent, "terribly in earnest," and denunciatory.

The difficulties were increased by the course taken by a large portion of the working classes. The time of the Corn Law League was also the period of the Chartist agitation, and Feargus O'Connor and his forces were arrayed against those led by Richard Cobden. Free Trade meetings were disturbed by Chartists. Amendments were proposed, although rarely, if ever, carried; and the battle of Protection was fought by Protection's own victims. The Chartists contended that the shortest way to repeal the corn laws was to pass the Charter. Yet the corn laws were repealed twenty-five years ago by the unreformed Parliament, the Charter is not yet the law of the land, and the second Household Suffrage Parliament is governed by the old Protectionist party.

For six years the Anti-Corn Law League worked unceasingly. The Leaguers built a Free Trade Hall in Manchester, and when that was burnt down they erected another: "the largest room available" for such purposes "in the kingdom." Bazaars were held in support of the League, and at one of these the money realised amounted to £25,000. The money raised for this agitation was enormous. In a speech at Covent Garden Theatre on February 19, 1845, Mr. Bright said:—

> In the year 1839 we first asked for subscriptions, and £5,000 was given. In 1840 we asked for more, and between £7,000 and £8,000 was subscribed. In 1841 we held the great conference at Manchester, at which upwards of 700 ministers attended. In 1842 we had our great bazaar in Manchester, from which £10,000 was realised. In 1843 we asked for £50,000, and got it. In 1844 we called for £100,000, and between £80,000 and £90,000 has been paid in, besides what will be received from the bazaar to be held in May. This year is young, but we have not been idle. We have asked our Free Trade friends

the northern counties to convert some of their property, so as to be able to defend their rights and properties at the hustings. This has been done, and it now appears that, at the recommendation of the Council of the League, our friends in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire have invested a sum of not less than £250,000 in the purchase of county qualifications.

But this was not enough. Another appeal was made to the Manchester Free Traders. A meeting was held at the League offices on December 13, 1845, of seventy of the largest subscribers to the funds, and it was resolved to make appeal for £250,000. Another meeting for this purpose was held on the 23rd, at which in an hour and a half upwards of sixty thousand pounds was subscribed.

Such is provincial public spirit in England. London was little more than a spectator of this stupendous agitation. Manchester was the political capital for the time. Free Traders throughout the land fixed their eyes on Manchester and from Manchester took their cue. To the great cotton capital belong the chief honours of the campaign and the victory. Manchester converted Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington from the old dogma of Protection to the new creed of Free Trade. The town, which was unrepresented in the House of Commons in 1830, in 1846 dictated to the British Parliament a policy which is revolutionising the commerce of the world. The Bill was adopted by the House of Lords on the 25th of June, and on the 2nd of July the League was dissolved. Its last acts were to vote £10,000 to its chairman, Mr. George Wilson, and to take steps to raise a fund sufficient to enable Mr. Cobden to devote himself to the public service.

The public influence of Manchester culminated for the time in the success of this famous agitation. To-day the "Manchester School" is a phrase of history and not of current politics. But its work did not quite cease in 1846. The Manchester School was inspired by two leading principles: Free Trade and non-intervention in foreign affairs. Non-intervention is not now the badge of a political section or the motto of an agitation; but the theory has had an immense influence on British statesmanship, and Manchester may fairly lay claim to much of the honour of such incidents as the Geneva Arbitration and the French Treaty.

But if Non-intervention has set its mark pretty deeply on British Imperial policy, as a banner of agitation it almost extinguished the "Manchester School." Cobden defeated Lord Palmerston in 1857 on the Chinese question, but it was upon our policy in the Crimea rather than upon our acts in China that in the general election which followed the Manchester School was defeated along the whole line.

Cobden lost his seat, and Manchester rejected both John Bright and Milner Gibson by large majorities.

But the decadence of the direct influence of the Manchester School is not a measure of the fall of the city's political influence. The School dies, but Manchester lives, and presently, when the time comes for understanding the political developments through which we are now passing, it will perhaps be seen that the great town which was once the capital of the Free Trade movement became the real centre of that "Conservative Reaction" which has had almost as potent an influence upon a period of Parliamentary history as had the Anti-Corn Law League of thirty years ago.

It must not be forgotten that the Manchester School, or rather the great body of politicians identified with it, were early leaders in the agitation for national education. In 1849 the Lancashire Public School Association was formed for the purpose of obtaining a system of national education very like that now advocated by the League. In October, 1850, a conference on the subject was held at Manchester, at which it was resolved "That the Lancashire Public School Association be resolved into a society to be called the National Public School Association, for the establishment by law in England and Wales of a general system of secular instruction, to be maintained by local rates and under the management of local authorities specially elected by the ratepayers." Mr. Cobden was one of the most earnest supporters of this association, and at a public meeting of the National Association held also in Manchester on January 22, 1851, he moved a resolution and made one of his best speeches in support of the system proposed. The labours of this society prepared the way for future action on the education question; and although it failed in its direct object, it materially helped to form a healthy public opinion, to remove many prejudices, and to disseminate a large amount of information which has since been used with much practical effect. When this association failed it was speedily followed by the formation of an Education Aid Society, whose objects were to gather statistics, to create a demand for education, to inform and direct public opinion, and to pay the school fees, either in whole or part, of indigent parents. So useful was this society and so thoroughly praiseworthy its work that similar societies were formed in other large towns, and thus the way was prepared for the Government to deal with elementary education as a national question.

In the formation of the National Education League Manchester took an early and a somewhat influential part; but subsequently, in accordance with that turn of the great cotton capital towards Conservative

reaction which began with the Crimean War and was strengthened by the course of the American War of Secession and its influence on Manchester manufacture, the chief educational influence of Manchester has been thrown into the scale of the rival society, the National Education Union, which has its headquarters in that city. In fact, at the present moment Manchester is the greatest opponent of the doctrines of the National Education League; and if it is with any propriety that this last society is called the "Birmingham League" its formidable antagonist may with equal truth be described as the "Manchester Union." The town that accomplished Free Trade has done more than any other place in the country to prevent the repeal of the Twenty-fifth Section of the Education Act and to defend the denominational system of education from its enemies. The triumphs of Manchester are of various sorts, but they are triumphs none the less; and none can call in question the great influence of the famous metropolis of the North any more to-day than in 1846.

In local matters the public spirit of Manchester has rarely been equalled and never surpassed. The wealthy have never failed in their duty. The public buildings which adorn the city are among the finest and most costly of modern structures. The Assize Courts, the Exchange, the new Free Trade Hall, and the Town Hall are splendid examples of their kind. The charities are numerous, extensive, and munificently supported. Including the Peel Park at Salford, which is really a Manchester institution, there are four free parks, three of which were purchased by public subscription. To Manchester belongs the honour of establishing the first free library, in 1852, thanks to the unceasing exertions of Sir John Patten and Dr. John Watts. There are now one splendid Reference and six district Lending Libraries, each with a news room attached. From the last published report (the twenty-first) I find that during the year 1872-3 "609,462 volumes were issued for home reading, 149,692 volumes were used by 137,728 readers in the branch reading rooms, 92,852 volumes and 91,702 specifications of patents were issued in the principal or Reference Library to 54,172 and 984 readers respectively, being in the aggregate 943,708 issues to 703,300 readers." It is also stated that 1,741,960 persons have used the reading rooms. "This, added to the number of borrowers and readers, makes an aggregate of 2,501,564 persons who have availed themselves of the free libraries" in one year. Every reader will remember the magnificent Art Treasures Exhibition which was opened in Manchester in *1857*. *In 1847* the town was created a see, and

the Rev. Dr. James Prince Lee, then Head Master of Kin Edward VI.'s Free Grammar School at Birmingham, was appointe the first bishop; the second is the already famous Dr. Fraser. I the words of Mr. Disraeli, "What art was to the ancient wor science is to the modern—the distinctive faculty. In the minds men the useful has succeeded to the beautiful. Instead of the C of the Violet Crown, a Lancashire village has expanded into mighty region of factories and warehouses. Yet, rightly understo Manchester is as great a human exploit as Athens."

It is, no doubt, to the doctrine of non-intervention, which was conspicuous an article of the political creed of the Manches School under Mr. Cobden's leadership, that is due in a gre measure the change which has come over the course of Manchest politics. Free Trade was thirty-five years ago a thing capable realisation in the immediate future; non-intervention was a muc more remote possibility. We are not yet so civilised as to liste with cool blood to the trumpet of battle. The Crimean War wa one of the turning points in the history of Manchester influenc and the doctors of Universal Peace came for the time to be regarde less as politicians than as prophets of the time foreshadowed by th poet—

> When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In the Parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There are other causes, however, for the more recent relations c Manchester towards the policy and progress of the nation. Apa from the corn laws, Free Trade was looked upon by the body of th working class rather as a manufacturer's than as a workman's que tion. No sooner was the Act passed abolishing the duty on corn tha other social questions arose, in discussing which the Manchest School, true to its particular principles of political economy, wa placed in direct antagonism to the tolerably well understood wish and wants of the working classes. They opposed all factory legisl tion, and in opposing the Factory Acts they committed a politic blunder from the effects of which they have never yet recovere The Protectionists, smarting under their recent defeat, support Mr. Fielden's Bill for shortening the hours of labour in factori The Manchester School opposed these measures. This was F Trade with a vengeance, and Manchester was defeated, and t School lost its hold upon the sympathies of the working classes.

The great body of the people in Manchester are divided into t *classes*—the wealthy mill-owners and the operatives who depend u

their daily work for their daily bread. It is almost impossible to avoid a certain lack of social sympathy between the two classes. They are too widely separated from each other in habits, tastes, manners, modes of thought, and ways of living to produce that harmonious and organic whole which is required for joint action or for a deeply sympathetic pursuit of a common object and end. In this respect Manchester is in curious and not advantageous contrast with Birmingham. In the Midland capital, in consequence of the vast variety of industries and the small amount of capital needed to begin business in so many of them, the wealth of the place is more equally divided among its people, and there is consequently a closer union of interests, of tastes, and of common fellowship than perhaps under the circumstances is possible in Manchester. In Birmingham there are fewer millionaires and more well-to-do people in proportion to the population than in any other large town in the kingdom; in Manchester the case is reversed. Nevertheless in a city of upwards of half a million inhabitants, of almost exhaustless wealth, of great public spirit, of trained skill, of quick practical intelligence, the centre of one of the most important of the industries of the kingdom, it will always be comparatively easy so to awaken public interest and to excite public opinion as to give the city a powerful and for a time even a paramount influence in public affairs. That influence is less conspicuous to-day than at certain past periods in our political history. The School of politicians bearing the city's name on its banner, which passed laws and overturned Ministries, has for all practical purposes ceased to exist. The work which has been done remains a great work in history; it has enriched our Statute Book, benefited the country, and earned and well deserved the thanks and gratitude of the nation; but the School is dead and its influence is gone, even before the departure of all those who took part in its creation. For such a city probably is reserved other and even nobler work in the future.

SEXAGENARIAN.

# Men and Manner in Parliament.

## By the Member for the Chiltern Hundreds.

### V.—The Silent Member.

In the closing sentences of his speech on the second reading of the first Reform Bill, introduced to the House of Commons by Lord John Russell in 1831, Sir Robert Peel impressively warned the House to "take care that it did not signalise its own destruction by bearing down the pillars of the edifice of its liberty, which with all its imperfections still contained the noblest society of freemen known to the habitable world." This high encomium, true in the day when it was spoken, albeit the noble owner of Gatton with its constituency of five and the right hon. proprietor of Wareham with its score of voters were represented in the Commons House of Parliament, is infinitely more true at the present time. Regarded from any point of view the House of Commons has not its equal anywhere as a legislative assembly. Its composition is the most harmoniously diverse, its sense of honour is the highest, its perception of humour is the keenest, its business capacity is the largest, its collective wisdom approaches the nearest to perfection, its purity is the most stainless, its appreciation of native talent is the quickest and most generous, and its instinct is the truest of any of its compeers throughout the kingdoms of the earth. It is the one British Institution which no Briton need fear to vaunt; because foreigners are foremost in their praise of it and are united in their attempts at imitation. Next to being the Lord Mayor himself, to be a member of Parliament is, as Mr. Mundella can testify, the surest passport to distinction for mediocrity travelling on the Continent, and the simple letters "M.P." on the bearer's card, even though the bearer be Mr. Mitchell Henry, are an open sesame to all the choicest treasure houses that lie between the Ural Mountains and the Bay of *Biscay.*

*This is a high* tribute paid to the House of Commons, but it does

not weigh one drachma beyond the just due. The British House of Commons is, then, incomparable. Who makes it so? It is not the Orator, for, as we have seen, the House counts but two in all its ranks. It can scarcely be the Official Member, for his part is but to rough hew the ends which the House itself shapes. The Independent Member, though one of the peculiar institutions of the assembly, is not strong enough or sufficiently united to account for the phenomenon. It is not the Talker, for he is a weed indigenous to all legislative assemblies, be they called Scaccarium, Congress, Corps Législatif, National Assembly, Cortes, Reichsrath, or what not. There remains only the Silent Member, and we are forced to the conclusion that it must be he. Regarded numerically there is reason for this conclusion, for of the 653 members who sit in the present House of Commons, the number who actually carry on the debates, and whose names appear from day to day in the newspaper reports, do not exceed one hundred. But of the remaining 553 is it to be said that they have no influence in forming the character of the House of Commons, and, quite apart from voting power, in guiding the destinies of the empire? I do not suppose that any responsible person would adopt that view, and some, travelling directly in the opposite direction, might well be inclined to glorify the inarticulate multitude that sit night after night on the green benches, performing the great work of making a House, keeping a House, cheering their own champions, and calling "'vide! 'vide!" when distasteful persons from the other side "catch the Speaker's eye." It has been estimated by a high authority that speech is silver but silence is golden, and if we can think of what the House of Commons would be without the Silent Member we shall be fain to admit that the aphorism is not exaggerated. What a difference there would be in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Disraeli supposing the Silent Member were rooted out of the House, and there remained only the Talking Member, ambitious, restless, eager to be on his legs and fill the chamber with the sound of a voice dearer to his own ears than that of Demosthenes would have been had the great orator lived in the present day and represented North Shropshire! We owe much to the Silent Member, even from this point of view. Archimedes was never able to carry out his cherished design of moving the world out of its orbit, because, though he was prepared to construct a lever big enough, he could never find a fulcrum on which to rest it. The Silent Member is the fulcrum by which the orators of the House of Commons move the world, and he claims consideration accordingly.

*Moreover there is no proof, because* the Silent Member makes no

speeches, that therefore he is not eloquent. Hudibras is not t only distinguished personage who

> although he had much wit
> Was very shy of using it.

"*Quand on le sait faire parler il est admirable*," wrote Mada de Stael of Goethe after having visited him at Weimar. A possibly it is the same with the Silent Member. If we o knew how to make him talk he would excel those who, l that great Talker of the Parliament that with hopeless desperati kicked against the pricks of the Reform Bill, contemptuou twit them with their taciturnity. "Does the hon. membe said Sir Charles Wetherell, making his "dying speech" for borough of Boroughbridge which had a prominent place in L John Russell's *index expurgatorius*, "who cries 'Hear, hear' a 'Question,' and says nothing else, never affording others the opp tunity of reciprocating the same cries—does the hon. gentlem behind the chair suppose," &c. I daresay the honourable meml referred to shrank further back behind the Speaker's chair, and it certain that the boisterous baronet—of whose manner we have in th later days seen a servile imitation in Mr. Bernal Osborne—enjoy a momentary triumph. But had not natural modesty prevail "the hon. gentleman behind the chair" might have accept the implied challenge to controversy and been able to show that truly, he did not talk much he, like the sailor's parrot, thought t more, and was a prime power in a great assembly.

There is no phrase in more common use in Parliament than "t House." "The House will remember," "if the House thin proper," "the House will now adjourn," the House will do this a the House will do that—*toujours* the House. What is "The House The House is, I venture to affirm, the estimable gentleman w comes down to Palace Yard with unvarying regularity, generally the family carriage, and not unfrequently accompanied by fema members of his family, of whose agreement with the main argume of this chapter I am at least assured. He is either the scion of som ennobled race or a successful tradesman or merchant. Regardin the House of Commons in the conventional light of an assembly o the select of a great people, the Silent Member in moments of frank ness sometimes poses himself with the historical question whic troubled the great King George III. when he discovered the apple i the centre of the dumpling. "How did he get there?" Th question is one which, to answer fully, would demand a review o

the state of English society not to be compassed within the limits of a magazine number. Sufficient that he is there, and satisfactory that he does his duty manfully and with a stoical disregard of the mental toil and personal inconvenience entailed upon him. Parliamentary honour has its duties as well as its privileges, and the Silent Member is not the man to shirk them. The Whip finds no more reliable correspondent than he. He will leave the most charming after-dinner society to hurry down to the House and vote with his party on a great division. On small questions of committee he is equally useful. From the smoke-room, from the tea-room, from the dining-hall, from the library, from the pleasant terrace facing the river where he can sit on summer evenings and watch the stately coal barges go up to their haven at Fulham Creek, the Silent Member comes trooping at the sound of the division bell, and blocks up the bar, waiting for the signal "Ayes to the right, noes to the left. Tellers for the ayes, Mr. Black and Mr. Yellow; tellers for the noes, Mr. White and Mr. Blue." What is the question upon which the committee are going to divide? Perhaps some intricate matter of detail in a Land Transfer Bill, of the bearings of which the Silent Member, fresh from the terrace or the tea-room, knows no more than the bargee he has been watching through the blue whiffs of smoke that languidly rose from his cigar; possibly on an abstruse question of procedure under a Judicature Act, the ramifications of which are to be mastered by the non-professional mind only at an expenditure of much thought. Happily for the Silent Member, he is not called upon to form an opinion on the subject or even to know what the division is about. His duty is to follow Black and Yellow or White and Blue into the lobby, record his vote, and go back to the terrace to finish his cigar and wait till the tintinabulation of the division bell once more calls him to arise and save the State.

Nearer midnight the Silent Member often becomes enthusiastic, and sometimes even vocal, though, as in Sir Charles Wetherell's day, his vocabulary of speech is limited, and "Hear" and "Question," with an exceptional burst of cock-crowing, occasional cries of "Order," and one final roar of "Divide!" comprehend its full volume. Those crises of political history when it is necessary to arrest at a certain hour of the night the further progress of a party measure, or to hasten on a division after the leaders have delivered their swords, are the Waterloo of the Silent Member. He has turned up religiously precise at prayers, and has secured a comfortable and commanding seat. He has stayed through the question time and the opening of the debate, just as the *flaneur of the boulevards sips* his glass of absinthe before

going to dinner. Then he dines leisurely, leaving the House of Commons from seven to nine an abandoned place on the desert air of which the Talker wastes his eloquence. At nine the Silent Member returns with a toothpick and in a condition of good humour with himself and all the world. About half-past nine the higher class of Talkers who can keep an audience together begin to show themselves, and the debate grows exciting. In the days before Achilles sulked in his tent, and when he was at the head of an ever-victorious phalanx, Mr. Disraeli was wont to rise from the Front Opposition Bench about eleven o'clock, and for the hour or so over which his harangue extended there was much pleasurable excitement for the Silent Member, culminating when Mr. Gladstone sprang up impulsively and, breathing fire and flashing brand, set himself to the task of repelling assault and advancing to certain victory. It seemed a special providence that the rival leaders of party should be men of such diametrically opposed temperament, and that a feast so spiced with variety should be provided for the delectation of the connoisseur. An artificial, highly polished, keenly-sharpened, epigrammatic, terse, unemotional style that of Mr. Disraeli; and then to be followed by Mr. Gladstone, trembling through every fibre with the quick hot rush of passion, glowing and copious in language, luxuriant in fancy, fervid in conviction, and often beside himself with righteous rage—surely this was a dainty dish to set before the Silent Member, better than theatre, opera, waltz, or whist. Finally arrives the moment when he, always a latent power in the House, openly manifests his supremity. Some obstinate Talker who has carefully prepared his speech and has found no previous opening for its delivery, presents himself, and gets as far as "Sir." Perhaps it is Mr. Goldney; it is not unlikely to be Mr. Whitwell; and it may be Mr. Wheelhouse. Thereupon arises a roar such as is elsewhere heard only in the National Assembly when Mr. Gambetta delicately distinguishes as "misérables" persons who differ from him upon particular processes of usurping supreme and personal government over the people of France. This is the Silent Member become vocal, and as his stock of voice-power is unimpaired by lavish use, it is in vain that the stubborn Talker attempts to make headway against the angry torrent. He is but one and they count by the score; and in the end he sits down hoarse and heartbroken for not a word he has uttered has reached the Press Gallery, and the world is bereaved of his counsel.

*On* occasions when the object in view is temporarily to stay the *progress* of a measure or to obtain the adjournment of a debate the

Silent Member rises to still greater heights of heroism, and shows that when need be he can do more than shout "Divide!" Incidental reference has been made in preceding chapters to alternate motions that "the House do now adjourn," and that "this debate be adjourned." It may be useful to explain that, according to the forms of the House, an hon. member may at any stage of a debate move its adjournment, discussion may thereupon take place, and if the motion be opposed a division will be called. On the figures being announced another hon. member may straightway get up and move the adjournment of the House, whereupon will follow a second division, to be succeeded by others on alternate motions for the adjournment of the debate and the adjournment of the House, the only limit to the number being the strength of the minority and the obstinacy of the majority. During the debates on the Reform Bill of 1831 the tactics of the Opposition being to delay the measure, the House divided seven times on the alternate motions, there being debates on each, and the struggle, commencing at midnight, closed at half-past seven on the following morning with a victory for the minority. In the Session of 1869 a struggle only less desperate arose in connection with Mr. Newdegate's motion for an inquiry into monastic institutions, the House adjourning at five o'clock in the morning, the sun of a summer's day having for nearly two hours been shining through the casemates on the brave but pallid and heavy-eyed representatives of a people who, as Napoleon I. petulantly said, never know when they are beaten. The hero of these fights, as of many others, was the Silent Member, who stubbornly remained at his post and "saw the thing out" whilst the more brilliant Orator and the busy Talker were lapped in slumber.

This is, however, only one phase, and that obviously not the highest, of the character of the Silent Member. Some of the best known, most highly valued, and most useful members of the House never make a speech and rarely even throw in an observation in debate. But their influence is nevertheless felt, for others speak the thoughts of which they can make communication freely enough in private conversation, though tongue-tied in the presence of an assembly met together for the distinct purpose of debate. These men are able advisers in the task of drawing up a Bill, or in the work of Select Committees. After a late sitting of the House they are to be found at noon in the committee room upstairs, hearing and weighing evidence, and preparing reports upon which great Acts of Parliament shall be passed. At half-past four o'clock they are once more in their places in the House *ready and watchful in* the service of their country.

It is a great thing for a nation that a body of men such as that which sits in St. Stephen's should be found willing to devote itself, for the most part without money payment, to the guidance of the affairs of the empire. When the colourless glass of the unprejudiced observer is levelled at individuals there is, as we have seen, much imperfection of various kinds. But take it for all in all the House of Commons is what Mr. Gladstone in tones of generous pride called it when addressing it last month on the Public Worship Regulation Bill "the greatest deliberative assembly in the world." If we analyse the sources of this greatness we shall, I venture to believe, find a chief one in its abundant store of human nature. Dryden's lines describe at once its power and its charm of absorbing and ever fresh interest. It is an assemblage of a character

> so various that it seems to be
> Not one but all mankind's epitome.

If a personal criticism which, if sometimes apparently harsh and possibly often faulty has always been honest in intention, has had the effect of throwing into high relief some evidences of dullness, verbosity, and vanity, it must be remembered that the House of Commons is a representative assembly not of gods but of men, and that men are sometimes vain, verbose, and dull. And is it not something to be proud of that not a breath can be whispered against the personal honour of Members, and that those amongst us freest from taint of sycophancy and constitutionally incapable of reverence for any particular groupings of the alphabet regarded as mere groupings, take off their hats and salute the House of Commons as the highest model of the true gentleman anywhere to be found? The House of Commons is, like all other human assemblies, built up of clay. But the closer our study of its Men, and the more intimate our acquaintance with its Manner, the readier is our acknowledgment that the particular material used in its construction is

> The porcelain clay of human kind.

# SCIENTIFIC PILGRIMS.

BY J. E. TAYLOR.

WE are beginning to understand that science need not be dry. The generation of taper-headed youths whose portraits in the pages of *Fun* gave so much effect to their conviction that Darwin's theory is all humbug has not yet died out; but at the meetings of the learned societies at Burlington House may be seen another type of young men, reading papers and figuring in discussion. They have mystical letters behind their names, but they are not otherwise distinguished by marks of eccentricity or insanity. They do not differ in costume or gentlemanly address from well-bred young fellows who have not made science a pursuit. Their hair is not long, nor are their faces thin, or pale, or unenviably studious-looking. Their coats and trousers are not cut in strange fashion. Possibly their hats are larger than the usual run, for they have to roof bigger heads.

In short, science as a hobby does not render young men snobbish any more than does horse racing or billiard playing. And there is room for the movement of a little of the old Norse fighting temper at these learned gatherings. There is a *casus belli* in almost every theory, and the strife is very like that into which men plunge in matters of everyday dispute, although, mayhap, the subject is archebiogenesis or the sarcode nature of the hydroid polypifera.

It is a promising fact that we are growing out of the old cant about science. If it be the "wisdom of God to hide a thing," then is it "the glory of a king to find it out." Still brighter is the promise in that the great questions in which the human intellect is now engaged are taken up by the young. If their ardent spirits fly somewhat too highly at hypotheses, wisdom is long-lived and can wait. The years will tone down the fiery zeal, and sober industry and plodding investigation will follow. Indeed, I am almost unjust even in associating the names of young men of science with far-reaching hypotheses, for the authors of some of the boldest are *savans* who have grown white-headed in the service of science, and our hardest workers in the laboratory and dissecting room, at the microscope and in the field, *are under forty* years of age.

Once a year these investigators of natural laws, old and your assume the habits, if not the garb, of pilgrims, and conver from every part of Great Britain towards the city where t British Association holds its meeting. As the Congress usua occurs in August, during the Parliamentary recess and the univers vacations, the event is a holiday as well as a pilgrimage. More th two thousand lovers and pursuers of truth—ladies as well as gent men—attend this "Parliament of Science." The time is past wh the few *savans* who first met in a little room at York and found this learned body had their efforts partly ridiculed and partly piti Nobody dreamt that the little Association would ever attain to present importance and influence, or imagined that other countr would proudly copy our example and found national unic for the advancement of science upon the British model. I institution, not even the venerable Royal Society, has equal pub influence with the British Association. Other learned societies h their regular meetings in London, but the outside world rarely he anything about them. Not so the "British." For forty-four years it not only allied itself with scientific research and investigation, bu has been the nursing mother to some of the most important popu discoveries of the period. It has worked out the theory of the tid the variations of the magnetic needle, the laws of storms, the s cession of life upon the earth, the spectrum analysis of terrestrial well as celestial bodies, the nature of comets and shooting stars, a the antiquity of man. Its voice has been heard whenever Parliam has demanded scientific authority, or when any of those gr national undertakings have been afoot which bind peoples m nearly together than even their kindred languages and single lines descent. In the lists of its presidents are the most brilliant nan in British science.

The Association has been the training-school of young and ard investigators, and the means of introducing to the world men a ideas which would perhaps not otherwise have been heard of. H a dozen other societies and congresses have copied its example a trodden in its footsteps, but no other organisation has secured great a popularity.

The hold which the British Association has upon the intellige of the nation is exhibited in the eagerness with which its vi are sought by our large towns. On about the fourth day of Congress the general committee assemble to deliberate on the n place but one that shall be visited—for that of the immediately s *ceeding year* has been already decided upon. Deputations fr

perhaps half a dozen towns, representing the town councils, local scientific societies, guilds, manufactures, and arts, are ushered in to describe the advantages which their respective localities may present —geological, botanical, mechanical, or otherwise. The competing towns put forward their best spokesmen, and the meeting is often marked by features of strong humour as well as interest. Perhaps the claims of a particular town have been patiently advanced for three or four years in succession, and then sometimes the others will recognise the claim, and withdraw—only, however, to urge their own petition more importunately next year. And when the decision is made a prospective scientific "revival" ensues in the fortunate town, which forthwith proceeds to raise a fund to meet the cost of rooms, all manner of local expenses, and hospitality.

The local newspapers are usually out of pocket by events of this kind, but they bear the sacrifice cheerfully and produce a voluminous history of the event for honour rather than profit. They engage special staffs of reporters from the metropolis, and frequently secure the services of scientific writers. The old weeklies, and bi-weeklies, in the case of the smaller towns, are jerked out of the comfortable groove in which they have been quietly spinning for years, and suddenly find themselves metamorphosed into "dailies" for the first time in their existence.

There are scientific pilgrims who through a long series of years never miss one of these meetings, and these are wont to compare one year's local reception with another and to mark the curious differences. The smaller towns break forth into a blaze of colour, whereas such places as Liverpool and Bradford hardly honour the occasion with half a dozen yards of bunting, life being too earnest and arduous for the hanging out of banners. But everywhere the local public throng the doors of the buildings where the evening lectures and *conversaziones* are held, hoping to catch a glimpse of the owners of great names whose published opinions or researches may have caused old theories to shake and totter if not to fall. Nowhere have I seen so eager a gathering or witnessed so much intelligent curiosity of this kind as at Exeter and Bradford. Of late years the committee have thrown a very popular element into the annual gathering of the Association, by telling off one of their best known members to the duty of giving a lecture on some important scientific subject to the working men of the district. The lecture is usually delivered on a Saturday evening in the largest hall in the place, and the room, however large, is always densely crowded, the working men having formed a committee *and made* arrangements for the discourse

weeks beforehand. The attendance of the members of the Ass ciation at these lectures is strictly forbidden, in order that the class for whom they are intended may have accommodation enoug That the lectures are listened to by appreciative audiences I hard need say. The crowd of earnest-looking and eagerly attenti listeners whose faces are directed towards the platform as the face one man forms a spectacle not to be forgotten. Some of the bes popular lectures which have been published in recent years wer originally thus delivered. This praiseworthy endeavour to bring together the high priests of science and the industrial populations who are engaged in carrying out into practical effect the great scien- tific applications of the day was first commenced by Mr. Justice Grove at Nottingham in 1866, he being president of the British Association that year. At the next meeting Professor Tyndall (the president for the present year) gave one of his most animated and vigorous discourses to the working men of Dundee. In Norwich in 1868 Professor Huxley lectured on a "Piece of Chalk" (after- wards republished in his "Lay Sermons"). Sir John Lubbock, one of the most attractive of popular lecturers, addressed the artisans o Liverpool on "Savages" in 1870; whilst Mr. Spottiswoode, one o the best physicists of the day, lectured to the working men o Brighton on "Polarisation" in 1872.

Formerly the president in his inaugural address was wont to present a kind of review of the progress each science had made during the year—"to take stock," as one of them termed it. How- ever useful to the intelligent public this custom was, it became more difficult year by year owing to the gigantic strides which each science made. At length it was found impossible to crowd into an hour and a half's address even the barest outline of scientific dis covery and invention, and now each president confines himself to such subjects as his hearers know that he is best acquainted with.

In order to facilitate the work of the meeting the Association splits itself up into seven sections named after the first seven letter of the alphabet. Thus mathematics, astronomy, and physics occup the attention of the first, chemistry of the second, geology of th third, biology of the fourth, geography of the fifth, ethnology of th sixth, and mechanical science of the last.

As early as eight o'clock in the morning the "reception room" i opened, and here the temporary post-office delivers letters. A dail "journal" can there be procured, in which will be found the lists o papers to be read during the day in each section. The sections' *proceedings* terminate at three o'clock, and from that time th

members are free until about eight, when the lectures, *soirées*, &c., commence. The reception room in its busy hours is an animated and interesting scene. On the opening day it is crowded. People who have not seen each other for twelve months, but who may have been crossing swords in the pages of some scientific journal meantime, are shaking hands, each perhaps mentally taking stock of the ravages which the common enemy has made on the other in the interval. Other matters of interest move the spirits of the throng in the reception room on the succeeding days. Everybody seems anxious to hear or to tell some new thing. Readers of papers are continuing the discussion which was abruptly terminated in the section-room. An enthusiast who has a crotchet to ventilate is perhaps forcibly button-holing two or three unwilling listeners too courteous to deny him. Meanwhile notable introductions occur, and scientific men from different parts of the country or different quarters of the globe, engaged perhaps in the same scientific pursuit, known to each other by fame and perhaps by epistolary correspondence, are meeting for the first time in their lives and laying the foundations of personal friendship.

At the scientific *soirées* assemble the most eminent naturalists, geologists, astronomers, mathematicians, chemists, geographers, and engineers in the world. They represent the high-water mark of scientific thought and enterprise. One wears a green shade over the eyes, having nearly lost his sight peering through the optic tube at the world of the "infinitely little." Another is a bronze-faced traveller who for many years has been living among savages in order to trace the course or origin of an unknown river or to mark on the map the boundaries of a great and hitherto never-heard-of lake. He is talking to a man who has also been a voluntary exile for years, collecting the plants and insects of a strange land. By-and-by as you move through the well-dressed and chatty throng you encounter a *savant* prematurely old, his pale face wrinkled and puckered in lines of thought. He has devoted his life to abstract mathematical investigations. Here is one with an unusually broad and square forehead whose name as an engineer is world-wide, who has spanned the largest rivers with bridges, tunnelled through the hearts of the highest mountain ranges, or cut a canal from one sea to another. By his side is a famous chemist looking a score of years older than he is. That pallor is due mainly to the fumes breathed in the laboratory. You may be almost certain that the group of ruddy-faced cheerful men laughing together in one corner of the hall are geologists or

naturalists. The learned company is perhaps diversified by o[ne] or two angular and spectacled ladies whose appearance does n[ot] belie the conventional idea of the "blue-stocking," although the[re] are many others of the fair sex in the company not less learn[ed] or distinguished who are in any respect less graceful or beautiful tha[n] their unscientific sisters.

Not every reader, even among those well acquainted with t[he] history and the doings of the British Association, has heard [of] the "Red Lion Club." This celebrated society is now on the wan[e] Its originator was Professor Edward Forbes, a man who too[k] such a hold on the affection of his scientific *confrères* that thoug[h] he has been dead eighteen years his memory is yet fresh in th[e] minds of those who were personally acquainted with him. Abou[t] thirty years ago he was a rising young man, and like many other[s] about him who attended the meetings, not overburdened wit[h] cash. The dignitaries of the Association were just beginning to b[e] recognised by municipal authorities, and invited to big dinners the younger scientific men being left out in the cold. Thereupo[n] Forbes and a few kindred spirits determined to start a club o[f] their own, at which beef steaks and stout or ale should form th[e] [illegible] with whisky toddy to follow, accompanied b[y] songs and ballads, mostly *impromptu*, with witty parodies of scientifi[c] papers and lectures. The following year the club was duly an[d] regularly founded, and some of the rules of the *Maga* club, whic[h] had been instituted at Edinburgh by Forbes and others when h[e] was a student at the University, were dovetailed into those o[f] the "Red Lions." The name was derived from the sign of th[e] tavern where the first beef steak supper was held. The member[s] of the new club were all rising men, and their company as we[ll] as their club began to be sought after. The doings of this gatherin[g] of scientific good fellows presently became somewhat famous, f[or] in the exuberance of his imaginative fun Forbes had introduce[d] a system of ludicrous mock-masonic mysteries and practices. Som[e] of these still cling to the "Red Lion" Club, although some youn[g] naturalists are prevented from joining by the guinea annual dinne[r] for the club has unwisely forsaken its primitive diet of beef and al[e] and taken to courses. It has, also, lost one of its most cheerf[ul] members in the person of Professor Rankine, whose Jove-like hea[d] never looked so grand as when he was singing one of his own son[gs] among the Red Lions. For several years Rankine was "Lion-King" the equivalent of "chairman" in the language of men.

*The young* provincial naturalist, who has looked up to the leade[rs]

in science with reverential awe, is a little taken aback when he is first introduced to the "Red Lion" Club. Whilst dinner is being served or waited for leonine, ursine, and hippopotamus grunts and roars are heard, and the affrighted, perspiring waiters start as they are serving the soup to some rampant "Red Lion," and get a sharp snarl and snap instead of the ordinary "thanks!" Grace before meat is spoken by the "Lion-Chaplain" thus:—"Brother lions, let us *prey!*" The chair and vice-chairs are filled by men distinguished in the scientific world, who seem to enter into the rollicking fun of the thing with all the zest of minds that have not been unbent for twelve months. The speeches overflow with wit and broad humour, and are responded to by the leonine roars of the audience, who growl and wag the tails of their dress-coats in approval.

Belfast entertains the British Association this year, and Bristol next. The meeting commences on the 19th of the present month, under the presidency of Professor Tyndall, from whom may be expected an animated philosophical address. The railway companies usually allow the members of the Association to travel over their lines to the place of meeting at reduced fares on the production of their members' tickets. Belfast must prove an attractive locality. Its university is famous for its professors, one of whom, Professor Harkness, is well known as a leading geologist. The Naturalists' Field Club of Belfast is the most active in Ireland, publishing a yearly report, with papers read and excursions made, of more than usual interest. I hardly need say that the neighbourhood abounds in general as well as special interest, for at a short distance are the Giants' Causeway, the wild Antrim coast, and antiquarian and historical incidents superabundant. The coast is zoologically and botanically rich, whilst the chalk in such places as Woodburn Glen yields abundance of characteristic fossils. The Cave Hill quarries, Deer Park, Mountstewart, Grey Abbey, &c., are well-known botanical collecting grounds. The basalt, which has contracted in cooling into the polygonal pillars that have given its popular name to the Giants' Causeway, is of Miocene age, and forms part of the same old lava sheet that has produced such scenic effects about Edinburgh, which crops up in Fingal's Cave, and forms a submarine plateau that comes up in the Faroe Islands, and is possibly continued into Iceland. It is the last evidence we have of active volcanic disturbances in Great Britain, occurring, however, during a period we may consider as geologically recent. The basaltic rocks in the north-east of Ireland undoubtedly present the grandest display of volcanic strata in Great Britain. *They cover nearly the whole* of Antrim, which county thus

lies buried beneath an old lava sheet. Its average thickness is over seven hundred feet, and the chalk on which it rests is frequently to be seen altered from its usual earthy appearance into a crystalline or granular structure, owing to the intense heat and pressure it has undergone during the ancient volcanic overflow and disturbance. The basalt of the Giants' Causeway contains seams of Lignite, or brown coal, the representative of the vegetation which flourished here during the Miocene period. In other places this old lava stratum contains iron ore, in which (as at Templepatrick) may be found the fossil remains of plants and insects. These well-known geological areas will be visited during the meeting, and tolerably full details will be given of what is to be looked for in the shape of minerals, fossils, plants, &c., that being the custom adopted by the Local Committees for supplying their visitors with as full a description of the scientific features of the locality as possible.

The pilgrims leave their mark upon the localities which they visit. A spurt is given to scientific investigation and inquiry, which is usually visible during the succeeding winter months. Those who are interested in science will then utilise the encouragement and popularity they have enjoyed to organise scientific lectures. Young students are made by these meetings and older students take fresh courage.

So the Association on its travels is true to its purpose as a society founded for the Advancement of Science.

# WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

## V.—MIDLAND STREAMS.

COWPER must indeed have been a poet to find so much in the River Ouse worthy of his attention. True, his was a humble soul, and very little gave him content. Musing and wandering he saw more sermons in stones, n the running brooks, and good in everything than most men. ıse is an interesting river, but it is not romantic. It is prosaic ıiness-like from beginning to end, fulfilling its course through ›road pastures of Northampton, Oxford, Buckingham, Bedford, gdon, Cambridge, and Norfolk, like a respectable commercial r who has to "work" a certain district, and is prepared to onscientiously to the last. Cowper had a favourite expression Ouse. He called it "slow-winding." The poet was accu- ıe river is slow, and I believe it pursues the most serpentine of all our rivers, through the flattest part of our great shires. Thus it fully justifies Cowper's double use of the ion referred to. He says :—

> Shut out from more important views
> Fast by the banks of the slow-winding Ouse;
> Content if thus sequestered I may raise
> A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
> And while I teach an art too little known,
> To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

uch words terminates the not half appreciated poem on "Re- nt." Yet again the poet returns to his idea. He has not many pages of his "Sofa" before he draws a picture of the ıe knew so well and loved so much, which, like all his pic- of the country about Olney, is Wilkie-like in its fidelity to :—

> Here Ouse, slow-winding through a level plain
> Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
> Conducts the eye along the sinuous course
> Delighted. There fast rooted in their bank
> Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms
> That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
> While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
> *That as with molten glass inlays the vale,*

> The sloping land recedes into the clouds,
> Displaying on its varied side the grace
> Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
> Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
> Just undulates upon the listening ear;
> Groves, heaths, and smoking villages remote.

This sketch is as faithful now as ever it was, and it is a descriptio[illegible]on that may be said to apply not only to the particular district in whic[illegible]ch the poet lived and suffered, but to the general character of t[illegible]he river. Here and there the Ouse is not without picturesqueness, b[illegible]ut there is always that fine suggestion of molten glass inlaying t[illegible]he vale. By no chance will the Ouse ever be taken into custody [illegible]for brawling or riotous behaviour. When the rains descend and t[illegible]he floods come the Ouse swells, muddens, and overspreads the meado[illegible]ws in a methodical manner, doing its overflowing with dismal thorou[illegible]gh-ness, but conducting itself with persistent respectability, under [illegible]cir-cumstances which would warrant any other river in roaring [illegible]nd trampling down all that lay in its way.

In summer and in winter, going to Ouse-side with a pocket edit[illegible]on of Cowper in my pocket, I have, when sport failed, beguiled the time by following his minute observations of the scenery. I could give you the address of that boy of freedom of whom it is written :—

> To snare the mole, or with ill-fashioned hook
> To draw the incautious minnow from the brook,
> Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
> His flock the chief concern he ever knew.

The young rascal will get you a can of gudgeons for a consideration, and forsake his flock to accompany you on your piscatorial wanderings in the fields. And as you wander you shall be ever and anon reminded of the river's poet. By Sandy I have met that "reeking, roaring hero of the chase" who hunts that part of the world to this day. The little inn where you stay has its "creaking country sign," and "ducks paddle in the pond before the door." On every side "laughs the land with various plenty crowned." Many is the time when, smoking "the pipe with solemn interposing puff," I have stood "ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme," or taken shelter from showers under "rough elm, or smooth-grained ash or glossy beech," and in the absence of luck have returned "at noon to billiard or to books." Whether poor Cowper added fishing to his simple amusements has not to my knowledge been recorded, but you may remember how sagely he observes

> So when the cold damp shades of night prevail
> Worms may be caught by either head or tail.

—an unvarnished statement of fact which leads me to suspect that he poet had at some period of his life been interested in that amiliar operation to the angler of stalking "lobs" in the garden ith a lantern and flower pot, having an eye to the bream to whom ich dainties are an irresistible bait.

This pathetic couplet on wormology must be a reminder that is is not an essay on the poet Cowper, but a sketch of the er by which he spent so many years of his life. The Ouse ughly speaking runs in a north-easterly direction. Rising in orthamptonshire, it for a while divides the counties of North- apton and Buckinghamshire, touching and indeed almost encir- ng the town of Buckingham, and afterwards, beyond Stony ratford, receiving the Tove, which passes near the rare old town Towcester and takes in the drainage of Whittlebury Forest. Newport Pagnell the Ouse is increased by the little Ousel, then ws on to wooded Weston, where stands the park placed at owper's disposal by his faithful friends, and to Olney, where lived in neighbourship with John Newton, of Olney hymn me. By-and-by it comes to Bedford. At Tempsford it is joined y the Ivel; it becomes a broad, deep river in Huntingdonshire, takes numerous minor streams in its course through the Fen Level, and fter 150 miles of persevering twisting and turning delivers up its ribute in goodly volume at the estuary of the Wash.

The Ouse is an excellent pike river, and remarkable for the size nd quantity of its bream. For the greater portion of its length ntil recently it was under no law but that most wholesome law of respass, which, judiciously enforced, is so potent a preserver of wood nd water when other provisions fail. And there is probably no stream in England which has been more poached than the Ouse. It has been long a recognised custom for men, armed with nets made after a fashion most suitable for the purpose, to undertake a tour as regularly as the spring comes round, and, placing their abominable traps across the mouths of the brooks, to drive down from the long water-courses the fish which have pushed their way up to spawn. Literally nothing comes amiss to the nets so used; and as in the level country the little water-courses are narrow and deep and fre- quent, the brooks and ditches are capital breeding grounds. A gentleman last March in Huntingdonshire, riding leisurely home fter a day with the hounds, leaped one of these yard-wide water- ourses and started a poacher who was hiding under a bush. The arauder had been using the net above described, and in his dirty ck were several *pike of about two pounds'* weight, and one fine

fish of over twenty-eight pounds, quite out of condition and heavy with spawn. To be sure the rights of property must be preserved, and if the farmers and other occupiers of the land have no objection to this sort of fish murder there is nothing more to be said.

But that spirit of preservation which in a former paper I mentioned as so beneficial to the Thames is not confined to metropolitan head-quarters. In all parts of the country, rivers, to foul and poach which the public from time immemorial fancied they had a prescriptive right, are being protected by local societies, and although there is generally some sort of opposition at first from the obstinate and meddlesome wiseacres who imagine themselves called upon to be village Hampdens at every new proposition, however trifling it may be, before long the innovation, proving itself an improvement, is warmly accepted and supported. Nothing would be more reprehensible than the shutting out of the public from opportunities of enjoying the delights of angling, and as a rule this course is scrupulously avoided. Wherever these associations exercise jurisdiction you find a certain stretch of free water as to which the only restrictions insisted upon are those which are necessary to good order and fair play.

Here let us return to the Ouse. Formerly the river in and near Bedford was worthless to the angler, but it is now most sensibly preserved by the Bedford Angling Club, of which Mr. Howard, the famous implement maker, is president. The most valuable rule the club has passed is that which leaves the jack unmolested till September, up to which month Master Luce should unquestionably be allowed in every water to fatten himself for the sacrifice. Again, the club permits no fishing on Sundays, and the "free water" in the centre of the town must be fished under the eye of the keepers. In a year or two the Ouse between Bedford and Barford Bridge—within two hours' reach of London let it be remembered—will be first amongst the pike waters at our disposal. Fish of ten and twelve pounds are abundant in the long sluggish reaches, where the water is frequently fourteen or fifteen feet deep, and seldom indeed does an angler return without a brace or two of good pike. Towards the close of last season, in a North London angling club, a tray of pike was exhibited as an illustration of the value of the Ouse: there were two fish—a handsome pair, alike as two peas—of nine pounds and a half, four between five and seven pounds, and three not much above or below four pounds. That was the reward of one short winter-*day's live-baiting* three miles or so below Bedford.

"*Red Spinner*" found himself last autumn in a "hot corner"

the Ouse jack. I had a Cowper in my pocket, ıair in my heart. Two days had I been sojourning at a waterside inn at Barford Bridge, a melancholy example of ge reverses to which the angler is subjected. The "tip ıad been sent me that the pike were feeding, and off I went ay to Sandy by train, and to Barford per dogcart, with a ɔn who meditated valiant deeds with his bait can. Even ghting from the two-wheeler—as a matter of fact my com- ncumbered with three rods and little short of half a hundred- f miscellaneous *impedimenta*, tumbled out head foremost, shed the baiting needle he had ostentatiously stuck in his saw an urchin, wielding a clothes prop and line to match, t a pikelet close to the bridge: and rubbed our hands at the

But the entire day was a blank. Somehow the fish f," and fed not. Perhaps the wind had chopped round to the haps the fish knew, as they are said to do, that atmospheric were pending; perhaps they had retired into the magni- ickets of tufted reeds which rose like a wall out of the e of the river; perhaps the sportsmen were not sufficiently ith their lures.

rs are often laughed at for that ready excuse they have under ımstances and at all times to explain ill luck: the water is or too high, too bright or too coloured, or the weather is able, or has been, or threatens to be so. Nevertheless, you may, it is undoubted that fish do suddenly and without ırent reason drop into listlessness and lie at the bottom like a be tempted by no bait whatsoever. On this morning we ry expedient; roach, dace, and gudgeon were in turn placed e live bait tackle; every spinning flight in the box was d; artificial trout, phantoms, and red-tasselled spoon bait d; and finally we settled down to—what is after all the thod of fishing the Ouse—trolling with the gorge bait. A mes during the day we distinctly saw pike lazily follow the ɔr dead roach to within a few inches of the surface, never g—the cheats!—to touch the bait, but pursuing it out of mere e instinct. We thus returned to our hostelry, muddy, ut of heart, and hungry; and stamping our feet at the ıfronted the country postman. There he was to the life as "The Winter Evening." We had heard his horn twanging ler bridge while we passed through the third meadow with slanting over our shoulders. He was the poet's "post" a *few touches of difference.* The boots were spattered, and

the waist strapped as of yore, but his locks were not frozen for a obvious reason. It was not frosty weather, and

He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch.

We did not whistle as *we* went, and I have already intimated th we were not exactly light-hearted. Not at any rate until we ha plodded upstairs into our snug sitting-room. Ah! what a friend friend a blazing wood fire is! How the flames seem to wink at yo and how the crackling and sputtering suggest somebody laughin and nudging you under the fifth rib! (It is the fifth I believe Why, a ten pound note, or three fives at the outside, would hav purchased the furniture of that cosy room, outside of whose windo the sign swung and creaked. But it was a palace to us, though th branches scratched the window as if they were angry fishwomen clawing at a husband's face. There was a storm brewing south eastward, and the rising wind made mad work with such few leaves as were left upon the branches, while the day faded out in the sullenest of moods.

What more suitable time for relishing the warm chamber, loose slippers, cleanly spread tea-table, and savoury ham and eggs! We made love to the Dresden shepherdess in china on the mantel piece, and admired the cheap hunting scenes on the walls, and as tumbling out the winches to wind the sodden lines round the chai backs—never neglect that precaution, Mr. Pikefisher—we tumblec also the Cowperian pocket edition out of the wallet, what more natura than that, thawing into good humour, we should hold forth i recitation? My companion, the "Gay Comrade" of our first Wate side Sketch, rather prides himself upon his elocutionary gifts an graces. The shadows of the wood fire flickered about his curly hea in the darkening room, as he extended his right arm and in com manding tones began—

Now stir the fire, and——

Margaret of the ruddy cheeks and white apron at that precis moment silently entered, bearing candles; with a little shriek sh observed—

"Oh, no, sir, please don't; them logs churkle dreadful, and th sparks 'll pop out and you'll burn the carpet if you poke the fire."

The G. C., somewhat abashed at being caught in a tragic attitude at my laughter, and at being so ruthlessly brought down into the ham-and-eggs atmosphere of every day life, pierced the poor woman straight in the eyes with a fearful glance of Othelloish, Macbethical and Hamletian power. Then he resumed—

And close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel——

"I'll try," quoth Margaret, "to fast up the shuts, but I know two of the hinges is broke, and the blind don't come only half ways down."

The reciter here found it convenient to gaze vacantly out into the gloom and hum something until the handmaid had descended into the lower regions, and then good humouredly, and with a fine sort of frenzy in his expression, he finished the broken measure—

> —wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

We forthwith welcomed according to our lights. The sofa, weak and ruptured in the hind off castor, refused to be wheeled; the steaming column arose, not from the dear old urn now so seldom seen, but from the hot water jug doing duty as a reserve force to the teapot; and to be honest (poor *but* honest as the story books have it) the cups were not quite so innocent as those handed round in Mr. Newton's Buckinghamshire Vicarage or Mrs. Unwin's parlour, for, as a precaution against cold—and understand, once for all, from no less praiseworthy motive—our tea was flavoured with just a suspicion of cognac, which increased the cheering quality without producing actual inebriation.

It is Cowper's fault that by this time I have almost forgotten my "hot corner" experience on the Ouse. I apologise and pass on. The morning after we had welcomed our peaceful evening in—do not fear, I really will not wander away from the point any more—it blew a gale, and we had not been out of doors five minutes before we were drenched. At length we got a mile or two down the stream, but the blank of the previous day was repeated. Like those very old fishermen we read of, we toiled all day and caught nothing. The sun began to set in a copper coloured and wild sky about five o'clock, and in the midst of a discussion as to whether we had not better go back to welcome another &c., the wind fell—soughed convulsively amongst the quivering forest of reeds, sighed, and went to sleep. Now was the time. A lively gudgeon cast within a few inches of an island of rushes in the middle of the river did the trick; in a twinkling the float darted away and the winch spun round merrily. In all directions the small fry, leaping out of the water and fluttering on the surface, betrayed the whereabouts of the ravenous fish. Released from the mysterious spell laid upon them to our loss during the two previous days, they now appeared to throw caution to the winds. As fast as I rebaited my float disappeared and a fish

came to bank. Who shall account for the unaccountable? G. C. is in all points a better angler than myself; his tackle w and his style of fishing more artistic. Yet, when too dark to river we reluctantly reeled up, his bait had not been touched, half a dozen pike taken in the manner I have described by were hopping about in the grass. It was all the more singular b my friend had thrown his baits into places where fish were moving, and where directly he shifted his position I was in successful.

In July and August there are almost miraculous draughts o amongst the bream in the Ouse. Not a hundred yards from I Bridge there is at least one bream hole out of which sixty po fish have been taken, and you hear of bream of six pounds. however, is an extraordinary weight, but a three-pound fish at all uncommon in any part of the river. I must confess to n respect for the *Cyprinus Brama*. A fish that is shaped bellows, that is as thin as a John Dory, that is as uneatable John Dory is delicious, that is capricious in his habits, a rarely rises at a fly, cannot be termed beautiful or useful t cook or sportsman. In the Ouse country, notwithstanding hi and general insipidity, the poorer people do eat the bream a him passing well. At Huntingdon on one of my holidays Ouse the landlady of a small inn served up a breakfast dish relished to the extent of absolute consumption. It was a th of white fish, from which the bones had been extracted, and was served up yellow brown with some description of savou sauce. Having eaten every flake, inquiring I found it bream I had on the previous night so execrated. But freque since have utterly failed to make the bream a decent edible.

The processes necessary to successful bream fishing, lik insisted upon by barbel fishers, are not nice. Ground baitin before you fish (days before should you fish in the broads of N also celebrated for their bream) is a necessity. Great fat lob are the best bait, and the fish himself is covered with slime not pleasant to handle. No angler would care to fish o bream if there were other fish within his reach, but in Bedf and Huntingdonshire men of the artisan type manifest a affection for the sport, and wherever bream exist I have fo same predilection, and always look upon the broad, fork-tail brown bottom-grubber as a kind of working man's candidate. by a village I once visited in Yorkshire there ran a canal i there were a good many bream. Amongst the men who a

six feet intervals lined the banks on a summer's evening was a quaint, shrewd Barnsley pitman, with whom I became very familiar. He would think nothing of a fourteen miles walk for the sake of three hours with his pet bream, than which, he firmly believed, no nobler game swam the water. He was a consummate coarse fish angler, and a hero amongst the Yorkshire Waltonians. Poor fellow! Years passed, and I had forgotten him. Then I saw him, blackened and dead, one of a ghastly row of unfortunate colliers just brought up from a pit, laid out on benches, and ticketed, till the coroner should inquire into the miserable circumstances which without warning cut them off from the land of the living.

Before taking leave of the Ouse I ought to add that it contains other fish than bream and pike. Perch of two pounds and upwards are often caught, and the anglers who give themselves entirely to perch fishing will not allow that the Ouse is second to any other stream either as to the quantity or quality of the bold handsome-barred fellow which we all know so well. I have slain heavy baskets of fair-sized perch—that is to say, three-quarters of a pound or thereabouts—under the railway bridge across the Huntingdon Race-course, and I took there close to the bank one of a pound and a half, with a mere scrap of worm. Chub are common in the Ouse and afford good evening sport with the fly, and roach of course swarm in such a stream: eels likewise. The Bedford district I have mentioned because it is nearest London, but there is no better angling for pike in the Ouse than the five or six miles of which St. Ives may be made the half-way house.

Without intending to be disrespectful or unfaithful to the queenly Thames, I must profess an undying adoration of the Trent, the many-armed Trent that takes much of its inspiration, if not its source, from the breezy highlands of Derbyshire. It is a kingly river, and terminates its long stately journey by joining another river, many-armed, and mountain-flavoured as itself—the Yorkshire Ouse. The only resemblance existing between the Ouse of the Midlands and the river which is supposed to be the north and south division line of the kingdom is that each has its poet. Cowper sang of the Ouse, Drayton and Kirke White of the Trent. Drayton, adopting a prevailing legend, has a somewhat bold way of accounting for the word "Trent"—

> There should be found in her of fishes thirty kind;
> And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,
> Should in succeeding time be builded on her bank;
> And thirty several streams from many a sundry way
> Unto her greatness should their wat'ry tribute pay.

Including the Derbyshire streams which are swallowed up in it, the Trent, no doubt, could yield specimens of every fish known in English rivers. The Ouse I have chosen to describe as sober-minded and substantial. The Trent, so far as I have seen it, is a sparkling genius that makes its presence known by infinite brightness, dash, and impulse. The Ouse is a solid line of infantry; the Trent a glittering squadron of light cavalry. Its scenery is amongst the best to be found in the Midlands, while there are spots nowhere to be excelled this side of Severn or Tweed. Serving the busy Potteries in the outset of its course, it becomes aristocratic, and runs through Trentham, whose trees it lovingly laves, flowing with moderated pace through the beautiful park, and lending new charms to its far-famed gardens, terraces, temples, fountains, and hanging plantations. In the valley which the Trent gladdens are other great family seats—Sandon, Ingestre, Tixall, Hagley, and Donnington—where cliffs enter romantically into the composition of the landscape.

My practical angling acquaintance with the Trent—in this paper I shall say nothing of the Derwent, Wye, or Dove, not wishing to associate their trout and grayling with meaner company—is confined to a few miles below Nottingham, and unkind is the fate which prevents me at least once every summer from standing knee-deep for a day or two in the rippling Trent. It is Kirke White who applies to the river the term "rippling." Writing in Wilford churchyard, he exclaims:—

> It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
> From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
> To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
> Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
> And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook most pleasant.

The Trent anglers according to my observation are more sportsmanlike than their brethren of the Thames, and much more skilful as "all-round" anglers. Punts are scarcer on the Trent than on the Thames, being the exception instead of the rule; and punt-fishing, pure and simple, is not Waltonianism of the highest kind. In the meadows close to Nottingham, even amongst the lads who find a livelihood in catching dace for bait, a frank generous spirit exists amongst rivals, and there is none of the jealousy and grudging and meanness I have seen with Cockney pot-hunters. The Nottingham *system, viz.*, the running line and travelling bait, is more artistic and *telling than* the tight line, so much so that Thames and Colne men *are adopting* it more and more.

The Trent, in spite of the proverbial variety of its finny population, is chiefly interesting to the angler for its dace, barbel, and pike. Sport with them may be reckoned upon at times and in places where nothing else could be procured. Persons familiar with the river and its deeps find it worthy of all their attention as a haunt of pike. "Here and there"—and it is yearly becoming still more "here and there"—you may pick up a grayling. The Trent was once a noted grayling stream, and Hofland, one of the most reliable of angling authorities, a pleasant writer, and a prince of fly-fishers and fly-makers, thought well thirty years ago of the river in that character. A few grayling are still caught every season, but they are fast disappearing. Salmon, though not unknown in the Trent, are also few and far between.

As to barbel, take the following quotation from a paragraph in the *Field* of the 11th July: "Mr. B. and a friend captured over 100 pounds in one day near Collingham, and Mr. C. and a friend sent over 80 pounds on Wednesday night, with instructions to meet the trains every night, for they were hooking them every swim. Some were over nine pounds each." I saw a pretty afternoon's sport one August day under the lee of a lonely wood below Lowdham. A groom and two friends in a boat, after a few swims finding no bites, went ashore for an hour and returned. The barbel at the previous trial were splashing like porpoises and turning over on the top of the water; now they were still as mice, and the three men at their first swim were fast to a fish each. So they went on catching great ruddy brown lively fellows which gave capital sport, and required every one of them careful playing and a strong landing-net. The bottom of their boat was covered with spoil when the game was thrown up.

Old Nottingham Bridge was a many-arched and picturesque structure, from which it was possible between the racing currents to catch barbel. There was a noted angler in the town whom, for convenience, we will designate Bowles, and he was quite historical as to barbel—a Gamaliel to whom the stocking-weaving Sauls sat to learn the wisdom pertaining to greaves, dew-worms, marsh-worms, brandlings, gilt-tails, red-worms, tegg-worms, peacock reds, dock-grubs, and so forth, in which your Trent anglers, let me say, are remarkably learned. Bowles was an institution on Nottingham Bridge. Tradesmen and workfolks strolling that way in the cool of the evening naturally looked for Bowles, his spectacles, and his strong barbel rod. But *he, I am informed*, was never seen at his post *after the following occurrence*:—The word was passed that Bowles

had hooked a monster barbel. The news penetrated into the town ascended to the workshops, ran along the meadows up and down and caused great excitement. Looms, counters, tea-tables, business and pleasure were alike forsaken, and there was a regular stampede in the direction of Nottingham Bridge. Sure enough Bowles was engaged in a mighty struggle. The old man perspired, but never blenched. The crowd became immense. Bowles would winch the monster in within a few yards of the shore when, whew! out it shot into the stream like an arrow from the bow. The superb skill and patience of Bowles were audibly commended; he was too wily to check the monster in those furious rushes, but waited till the line slackened to winch him cautiously and proudly in, amidst such cries as "Bravo, Bowles," or "He won't get over you, guv'nor," or "Give him time, Georgy." The noise of the crowd hushed at last, for young Badger had, by direction, gone down to the water's edge to use the landing net. Bowles was bracing himself up for a final effort. Wind, wind, wind went the winch; in, in, in came the monster. "Be careful, Badger, be careful," said the crowd; "Now then, nip him, nip him," shouted Bowles. Ah! me, what a tremendous roar there was when the monster was landed—a drowned retriever, with whose blown-out carcase the eddy had been playing unkind pranks!

Would you not consider sixteen dozen of dace, the lawful capture of the artificial fly, a pretty decent day's sport? I saw it with my own eyes done by a Nottingham angler two years ago. It was at a part of the river where, broad though it is, you may wade across and wade you must to do the best that can be done. This dace master had occupied the same compartment of the train as I had and had courteously, considering my strangerhood, offered to show me the best shallows and to place his fly-book at my disposal. He laid stress upon the latter because a special description of small hackle is required. His fishing boots, however, gave him an unapproachable advantage. Sixteen dozen dace and three or four pound roach lay in his rush basket when we met at night, all taken by a thinly-made red palmer with gold twist. Even I, the stranger whipping from the bank, could show over four dozen silvery fish running about three to the pound, exquisitely shaped, and more gamesome than the dace of either Thames or Colne. Anglers do not always return from the Trent with sixteen dozen dace, but they would be downcast indeed if they did not surpass my four dozen, of *which, nevertheless*, I was very proud.

*Of the* Trent in its higher waters I know nothing, except that it is

said to contain trout and grayling, and that Armstrong thus described it:—

> If the breathless chase, o'er hill and dale,
> Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
> Not less delightful, the prolific stream
> Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
> A stormy channel rolls its rapid maze,
> Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds
> Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent.

RED SPINNER.

# SEAPORT AND SEASIDE.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

PORTSMOUTH always has been to me, since far-off day a place of absorbing interest. I made its acquaintan primarily through the pages of Captain Maryatt's nove and "The Hard," and "The Point," and "Bro Street" were familiar places long before my eye rested or my f trod upon them. Wordsworth has a dainty fancy about "visit Yarrow" expressed in a poem which must have charmed even sav Lord Byron, who did not like Wordsworth and had the manlin to say so. "Winsome Marrow" takes it as a matter of course th Wordsworth, being in Scotland, will go and see the classic stream Scotch poetry. But no—

> Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown;
> It must, or we shall rue it:
> We have a vision of our own—
> Ah, why should we undo it?
> The treasured dreams of times long past
> We'll keep them, winsome Marrow,
> For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
> 'Twill be another Yarrow.

Portsmouth is "another" place from the one sketched in stray pa sages of Captain Maryatt's sea novels; but still it is a town full o old world memories and whiffs of salt sea breezes that have whistle through the yards of the phantom frigates in which Peter Simpl served as midshipman, and in which that supremely self-satisfied an well-nigh perfect youth Percival Keene sailed as first lieutenant The beautiful white-winged frigates, sloops, and line-of-battle ship that once passed slowly up and down the neck of the harbour hav sailed away out of human sight, cut up for firewood or at ancho round the coast, mastless hulks, on which lads are trained to b sailors or men are tended through sickness and death. The *Victor* that often proudly passed with spreading sails by the beach at Sout sea, going out to battle or coming home from triumph, is moored a last anchorage in the harbour, with a small slab let into the deck mark the place where Nelson fell. Here, also a sheer hulk, lies t *St. Vincent,* overtopped and put to shame by the *Duke of Wellingt herself,* albeit the Admiral's flag-ship, displaced in the estimation

the Admiralty by the ugly-looking craft called the *Devastation*, which is lying at anchor off Spithead. With the transition from wood to iron and from sail to steam all the traditions of the navy have changed, and with them has altered the Portsmouth of Captain Maryatt.

But the Hard is there still, and so are Broad Street and the Point, though the two latter have in a woeful way come down in the world since the introduction of railways. In the coaching days Broad Street was a great centre of business, where shops and inns used to drive a trade only exceeded by the more ambitious Hard on the other side of the water. Here was the famous Blue Posts Tavern, the place of which the facetious coachman who brought Peter Simple on his first journey to Portsmouth remarked:—"The best inn is the Blue Postesses, where the midshipmen leave their chestesses, call for tea and toastesses, and sometimes forget to pay for their breakfastesses." The ghost of Peter Simple would look in vain to-day for the familiar Blue Posts. They also have vanished, having first decayed, alike in woodwork and character, and were finally burnt down, leaving an empty walled-in space offering an eligible site for building. But Broad Street is not a place to build in just now, the town having turned round to face the railway station, as window plants turn to the light, and poor Broad Street chancing to be on the other side is left in the cold shade. Neither is the Point itself what it used to be in the good old days when the fleet's boats used to make it their landing place, and when the jolly boat was wont to lie abreast of it whilst the pressgang were ashore ravaging the public-houses. A great iron floating bridge creaks and groans its way across the Straits, and the boatmen have descended to the depths of touting for penny fares to compete with it! *Sic transita gloria.*

As long as the water runs through into the broad bosomed harbour the Point will, however, be a centre of attraction. The boatmen still cling to it as of old and lounge about day and night, clad winter and summer in thick pilot cloth coats and ample neck-cloths of woollen or worsted. They have a curious, though, seeing that the tide washes the end of the street, perhaps a not altogether unreasonable fancy, that the sole end of man in entering Broad Street is to hire a boat. They stand in relays from the barracks down to the water's edge, and the circumstance that the unfortunate visitor has more or less peremptorily declined the overtures of an ancient mariner thirty paces down the street altogether fails to convince the mariner stationed at every subsequent five paces that he really is not going *on the water and* will not want a boat. I lived at the

Point whilst sojourning in Portsmouth, and though I went down the street several times a day for a fortnight, obviously with the simple intention of reaching mine inn, I was not spared a single solicitation. It was wearisome for the first five days, but happily human nature has a marvellous adaptability to circumstances, and it is even conceivable that one dwelling at the Point would in course of time come to feel that something was lacking in his daily life if he had not the opportunity of repeating at every five paces, "Not to-day, thank you," in response to the inquiry, "Want a boat to-day, sir?"

Point Tavern is not exactly the place at which one who hankers after the elegances of the modern hotel would care to take rooms. I stumbled upon it in the dead of night, having left my first love among Portsmouth hotels—one in the High Street, where Nelson slept the night before he set out on the cruise that ended in the Bay of Trafalgar—to go and smoke a cigar by the dark waters that lapped the shore at the Point. Here of course were the inevitable boatmen, and here Peter and I struck up an acquaintance, which he was not slow to suggest, in a roundabout way, was worthy of the pouring out of a libation. So Peter led the way to the Point Tavern, and there I met my fate. I had not been in the place five minutes before I found myself wandering up stairs and down stairs in company with Matey, who carried a tallow candle in a bottle and was showing me the glories of the establishment. Matey was the proprietor of the Tavern, of which he had recently got possession, and which he regarded with a mixture of respect and fond affection really touching to see. He had been a bumboatman—was so still, in fact, or, to adopt the inscription on his card, was "Purveyor to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh." Having saved some money he had taken the tavern, and his life's ambition was to make it equal to "the Zodiac," a neighbouring hotel, the coffee-room of which could have conveniently accommodated the Tavern from cellar to roof.

"There, sir, what do you think of that?" said Matey, his straw hat more than ever at the back of his head, a short clay pipe in his mouth, his bared arms tatooed like the lost Roger Tichborne's, and a look of beaming satisfaction on his honest face.

"That" was a little room in front of the bar, into which the stranger, unsuspicious of a step, had literally dropped out of the passage. It was about twelve feet long by eight broad, and had originally been some six feet high. But Matey, conscious that competition with "the Zodiac" was incompatible with the adjunct of a bar only six feet in height, had dug a couple of feet downward and so lowered the floor.

"There'll be a glass window all across this," said Matey, waving the tallow candle to and fro, "with bottles and cigar boxes all about, and me at the opening serving out. I'm going to have bunkers all round the walls, a nice wire blind in the window, with 'Wines and Spirits' in fine letters. There'll be a firegrate, glass chandelier, and matting all over the place; and if 'the Zodiac' can beat that then I'm done. We'll be able to make up five beds every night when we're all settled, and Lieutenant Stubbs of the *Spanker* says that as soon as I'm ready he'll never set foot in 'the Zodiac' again, and so say all of the officers of the *Jibboom*."

Matey took me upstairs, and ushering me solemnly into a little low-roofed room slowly passed the bottled candle round the walls as if he were looking for a crack. He did not speak a word beyond the monosyllable "There!" but his eye glowed, his form grew erect, and I knew well that we were in the best room of the Point Tavern. Like the other chambers before the hand of modern improvement, nerved by the proximity of "the Zodiac," had attacked the flooring, the room was low. There were a couch, a table, a capacious and unwieldy arm-chair, and three other chairs. On the wall were two remarkable pictures done in needlework. One represented a ship in full sail, with the pennant streaming downward from the lofty top-mast and trailing for half a cable's length in the yeasty sea. The other was a spirited sketch of an island visited by the *Galatea* when Matey and the Duke of Edinburgh cruised in her; a brown cotton island rising out of a green cotton sea, with white cotton tents crowning its summit, and an intensely blue cotton sky glowing over all, including the *Galatea* lying at anchor in front of the island. The windows of the room opened out on a broad balcony, below which the sea glistened in the starlight, spreading right and left in an apparently illimitable expanse, dotted with ships' lights that revealed ghostly glimpses of mast-heads and yard-arms. The look-out from the balcony was decisive, and I engaged the room on the spot.

It was done in a moment of enthusiasm communicated by Matey. But I do not think I regretted it during my ten days' sojourn at the Point. It is true that several drawbacks in the culinary department manifested themselves owing to Matey's experience in this direction having been exclusively acquired in the forecastle of a ship. The desirability of always having a tablecloth spread before taking a meal was an abnormal circumstance to which, after a day or two, he took with much alacrity. But the chop or steak, swimming in gravy, always *came up in one soup* plate, and the potatoes in

another, as if they were rations. We never got beyond a rotati chops and steaks as the *pièce de résistance* at dinner. Matey failed to turn up in the morning with his straw hat respec removed from the back of his head and his short pipe decor disposed in his waistcoat pocket, and say—

"What would you like for dinner to-day, sir?"

"What did I have for dinner yesterday?"

"Yesterday, sir? You had chops, sir."

"Then we'll have a nice steak to-day."

On the following day a precisely similar conversation took p only reversing the relative position of the chops and steaks. save time I once gave Matey a standing order to serve up cho steaks on alternate days; but he steadily ignored the instruc and came up with the regularity of clockwork to "take his ord in a formal manner understood to be observed over the wa "the Zodiac."

From my balcony was spread a glorious sight of sea and ship It seemed but a gun-shot across the Straits to the low land o other side, where Haslar Hospital modestly hides its noble h and yet ships of stateliest build sailed by so close that their arms almost brushed the balustrade of the balcony. The Cu House authorities, alive to the conveniences of the situation, hired the house next to the Point Tavern, and stationed there a with a speaking trumpet of farcical size and a mission to ascertai name of every craft that passed. Whenever a sail hove in s from a coasting lugger to a five thousand ton steamer, be sure the colossal speaking trumpet would emerge from the opened window and a deep voice issue with the challenge and the qu "Ship ahoy! Where are *you* bound for?" The emphasis always the same, a solicitous insistance on the personal pronoun if the speaking trumpet would convey to the captain of the ve hailed that there was on the part of the country a peculiar inte felt in his journeying, and that though a good many ships pas that way, yet after all the prime question was "Where are bound for?" Sitting here one morning in the spring of year I saw steam by a long white hull, weather-stained and s blistered. A little group of men stood on the poop, some in civi dress, some with military cloaks hanging loosely on their should some in the scarlet of the British Army, and some in nondesc uniforms of grey, with white canvas helmets and leggings of untan *leather.* Land and sea were alive with men and women, racing al *the shore* or rowing madly up the harbour to keep pace with

long white hull that seemed to move onward by magic, for sails it had none, and the phenomenon was not to be explained by the presence of paddle-boxes. The bells were clanging from every steeple; drums beat and trumpets blared from point to point along the battlemented pier; flags flaunted from every mast-head; the sailors manned the yards of the men-of-war; the white-smocked boys of the *St. Vincent* swarmed on the bulwarks of the old ship like a hive of bees; cheer echoed cheer from ship to ship as the steamer glided on, and the prolonged roar of the multitude that thronged the Hard sounded like the meeting of many waters. It was a great welcome home, and well earned, too, for the figure in the frogged military cloak that leaned in easy attitude on the bulwark and with flushed cheek surveyed the glorious scene was Sir Garnet Wolseley, home from Africa, and among the little group who stood around him were the men who had fought in every fight from the Prah to Coomassie, and whose names will live in history as long as the story of the wondrous campaign is read.

Portsmouth is a place whose topographical peculiarities are sure to strike and even to bewilder the visitor. Strictly speaking the town is confined within the limits of the site of the old walls, and the neighbouring localities are named respectively Portsea, Southsea, and Gosport. But the distinctions, except as regards Gosport, which is at the other side of the harbour, are too fine for the mind of the casual visitor to grasp, and the conglomeration of houses, shops, and streets here gathered together "a simple Portsmouth is to him, and it is nothing more." For those who like a bit of old world scenery of the maritime sort, the Hard—reached by boat from the Point, or by road over ancient drawbridges and under musty arches—is a place in which to saunter away an afternoon. It is not much altered since it was the promenade of the naval heroes of the Great War, except perhaps that some of the shops have been rigged up with new fronts, and are less attractive in consequence. The class of business carried on has not, however, altered by a single cocked hat or one brass button with crown and anchor displayed. Here are the same windows full of naval uniforms, sword belts, and cutlasses, the same little collection of foreign coins, ugly china, and bits of old lace, and here in a shop next door to one kept by Captain Cuttle's friend, Mr. Sol Gills, is the veritable "chest containing an officer's suit of clothes" which Peter Simple had the opportunity of buying a bargain seventy years ago.

The London and South Western Railway Company, happy in the possession of "*the direct route*," run frequent and cheap trains to

Portsmouth this holiday weather, and the place is one where a week or a fortnight may be well and healthfully spent, for has not Southsea one of the finest bathing beaches in the kingdom? On this, the sea-side of Portsmouth, lies the smooth expanse of Spithead, with the Isle of Wight bounding the prospect and inviting a visit. The straits are speedily bridged, for boats cross from Portsmouth and Southsea nearly every hour, and in twenty minutes' sail Ryde Pier is reached. Going direct to the Isle of Wight from London, the holiday-maker does not, unless he pleases, call at Portsmouth, for he takes train from Waterloo for Ryde, *viâ* Stokes Bay. But in any case he will land at Ryde Pier, and will pay twopence per head for his party, as his contribution to a fund continually being raised to enable the steamboat companies to pay for the convenience of mooring their boats at the pier. From the pier to the railway station a distance of a mile intervenes, and a tram runs to and fro, the modest charge per passenger being one shilling, which is pretty well for an omnibus running a mile. As visitors going by rail invariably book at the pier, this charge is made with impunity, strangers not knowing that a proportion equal sometimes to one-half of the through fare is a charge on account of the tram car, and maledictions are consequently occasionally muttered anent the extortion of the Isle of Wight Railway Company, whose fares for short journeys are thus made to look monstrous. Visitors who do not care about a shilling, but who care a great deal about checkmating extortion, will do well to note that the station is to be reached comfortably in a walk of twenty minutes, or, if they prefer to ride, there are plenty of cabs at the entrance to the pier whose fare to the station is, for two persons, one shilling; three, eighteenpence; four, two shillings. If the train or boat arrive with anything like punctuality, there is plenty of time to get to the station by the road, and when it is done the traveller will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has smitten imposition in its tenderest point.

Ventnor is the terminus of the little railway that bisects the Isle of Wight, and where all is lovely it bears away the palm. Independent of its natural attractions, Ventnor has a special charm by reason of the irregularity with which it is built. With the exception of Lydd, where the houses seem to have dropped from the sky, and where some turning their backs on the street at an angle just sufficiently acute to show their thorough independence, open their front doors on to the less fields, I know no English town more delightfully irregular in its *streets than* Ventnor. It has, moreover, an advantage over Lydd *inasmuch* as the former is built on the level of the shingle, where

Ventnor is built up and down a cliff. Grace Greenwood travelling in Texas visited a place called Stockton, renowned for the depths of its mud. One still spring day a miner's hat was observed mysteriously moving along the surface of the ground. A levy of the inhabitants was called, the hat was seized, and the discovery made that there was a stranger under it, who when extricated observed as he scooped the mud out of his eyes that he "had a mule down thar." The memory of this stranger's hat is borne in upon the visitor to Ventnor as he walks along the high roads and suddenly, on the right or left hand, comes upon a chimney peacefully smoking at the level of the pathway. Looking over the hedge it will be discovered that there is "a house down thar," a house probably three stories high, with rich gardens spread at its feet, and visions of other chimneys indicating the existence of houses below their level. Some of the cottages appear to be constructed on the primitive principle of hewing a hole in the cliff and building out from the side a shell of three walls. In High Street the houses, as befits the dignity of the locality, are exceptionally built in a line. But by way of recompense the eye gratefully rests on the irregular outline of roofs, which is prodigal of curves and angles and mingled colour. All the dwellings are built of stone, and a garden is a matter of course, though the Londoner happily does not soon grow accustomed to the sight of geraniums growing in bushes up the sides of the house, side by side with great rose trees, and with fuchsias in clusters such as Glumdalclitch would not have scorned to wear in her hair when she dressed to captivate her little lover Gulliver.

At the foot of the town the sea is spread out, a constant source of delight for the eye, a moving picture whose colours never pall, and of whose "composition" we never weary. White here, as it dashes against rocks where the sea-weed blooms; green in the near distance, save when a cloud floats over it and paints itself in dark purple on the rippled surface; light brown where it washes over the sandbank; a broad belt of azure beyond, deepening to a purple fringe as it nears the horizon; and then a gauzy veil of haze thrown over the dreamy distance where the blue heaven bends down and sea and sky kiss each other.

Driving along the Undercliff to Black Gang Chine, the sea plays hide and seek with you for the full distance. Sometimes it is lying in full view below you on the left, with the stately ships sailing on to their haven under the hill, moving, as it seems, so slowly along the vast expanse, that it is only by watching them grow larger as they come up with the *waves from the* Atlantic, or go out to sea and fade on *the western horizon, that* you know they really are moving, and

are not painted ships upon a painted ocean. Sometimes the s hidden by clumps of trees or cosy country houses, and sudd pounces upon you as you clear a gable end. Once you gladly it, for the pile of buildings that obstructs the view is one it does good to see, and guards the Undercliff from the application o atrocious couplet we sometimes sing with such unction—

> Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile.

The buildings form a terrace of houses running parallel with the road and standing a short distance back, and though we see t only from the rear we recognise the lightness and handsome de of the structure and think that if we hankered after residence terrace on a somnolent country side "them's the jockeys for From the far side we get a glimpse of the trimly kept gard facing due south, stretching down to the sea, and wooing the g zephyrs that blow across the water. At the Ventnor end of terrace we see the masons busy building two more houses, an fervently hope that no "strikes" may ever come to stay the prog of the work, for this is the National Cottage Hospital for Cons tion, the earthly Paradise of our brothers and sisters stricken the fellest and the most sorrowful of all human diseases. May shadow of this noble terrace never grow less on the greensward, rather lengthen, westward to Rocken End and eastward to Vent till its arms are long enough to enfold at least a tithe of those seek to be at rest within them.

Black Gang Chine is worth visiting chiefly for the drive along Undercliff, the varied beauty of which is unsurpassable. The C itself is a break in the cliffs leading down to the sea, and is unfo nately "the property of the owner of the bazaar," through which visitor must perforce pass. I wonder who leased out a piec God's workmanship to a keeper of a "bazaar," and brought abo state of things in which one may not walk down to the sea throu gully in a remote corner of the British Islands without undertal in the first place to "buy something at the bazaar"? It is im sible to look in the face these rugged volcano-rent cliffs wit three-and-sixpenny scent-bottle in one pocket and a blue-top half-crown toilet vase of real Bohemian glass (bought at bazaar) in the other. But if you tumble the bottles over the of the precipice you will find it easier to scramble down your and the sea is worth getting at here. It rolls in upon a beach wh *infinitely* small pebbles take the place of the commoner sand *glisten* in the sun like a field of dulled diamonds. There is no

of life save where, miles and miles away, a full-rigged ship is coming up on the wind with all sails set. A canvas tent, apparently deserted by a nomad tribe of Ordnance surveyors, gives the last touch to the absolute solitariness of the scene. And then the peculiarly human moan of the sea! I never heard anything like it elsewhere. Perhaps it is sorrowing for its dead; perhaps it is an unavailing and hopeless cry of rage because it can never get at the cliffs that provokingly overtop it; but if we must answer little Paul's question I should record my belief that the sea is thus ceaselessly moaning because of its utter loneliness.

Leaving Ventnor on the other side, there is a glorious walk through Bonchurch and by the Landslip to Shanklin. Passing by the little churchyard in the corner of which John Sterling sleeps, you come out on the cliff, clothed with verdure to the edge and bedecked with ferns and wild flowers that pass a pleasant summer time,

> Rocked by breezes, touched by tender light,
> Fed by dews, and sung to by the sea.

You meet in this brief walk brown heath and green wood, cornfields gay with poppies, cliffs grown grey with sentry work, quiet country lanes strung on either side with high thick hedges such as Devonshire might envy, a few houses, a distant church, half a dozen stiles, a dip through a lane cut in the cool rock, and then Shanklin with its pretty houses, its glorious cliff, and its broad blue bay.

# A Rambling Story.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Iron Cousin," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," "The Comp
Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.

## PART III.

ZE morning, as we entered the library rather ear
than usual, we found the room already occupied
Jasper and his tutor, sitting there at their studies,
latter having returned from his short absence
London. I was drawing back, not wishing to intrude, but M
Lawler said lightly: "Oh, it's only my brother and Mr. Woodl
we need not mind them; they'll be gone with their books in a
minutes I dare say; here, Captain, just draw back this curta
its shadow falls across the easel."

"Don't go, Mr. Woodley," said Sir John, as the preceptor qui
rose to withdraw; "don't go, Jasper, my boy; try what you can b
do to find us in talk for an hour or so; we're plaguey few of us,
every one is some help. Come, let's hear if you haven't someth
to make us merry with; now, then, for a funny anecdote, Jasper,
lad; what's the use of all your books, my fine fellow, if you c
find us one good story, at a pinch, out of them when we want one

The boy tried to return his father's gleeful look, but only one
his serious smiles crossed his thin, pale face.

"Can't you give us one of your military tales of adventure
exploit, Captain?" said Miss Lawler; "my father is always
interested with your stories."

"Ay, that's one of the many famous good things a soldier's cle
at," said Sir John; "he makes a capital hand at playing knife
fork, rattling a dice-box, and drawing a long bow."

"That's a hit in revenge for my slaps at your portrait mania,
John," roared young Norton; "but Miss Lawler will bear me wit
that I speak nothing but the strictest truth always."

"Oh, as to Dru, she's always ready to swear to the truth of
thing that is amusing—and I like her the better for it," said her fat

"*Like your* daughter the better for being ready to *swear*, Sir Jo
*drat it!*" exclaimed the facetious officer, "but what a strange w

that is, by the bye, of your daughter's; 'Dru' you call her—short for Drusilla, I apprehend. What on earth—if you'll give me leave to be so bluntly expostulatory—what on earth could induce you to have Miss Lawler baptised by so excruciatingly out-of-the-way a name as Drusilla?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied her father; "we've had rather a fashion for out-of-the-way Christian names in our family; my wife's name was Jemima; mine, besides John, is Gabriel; we called our boy Jasper, and our girl Drusilla—odd names rather, every one of them; there's Mr. Woodley, too, his is an unusual name also—his name is Cuthbert."

I started as if a shot had been discharged close to me; I could not help it, I was so completely taken by surprise; I felt suddenly put into possession of a secret, the most distant suspicion of my knowing which could not cross those in whose presence I had learned it, and the sight of their utterly unconscious faces added to my sense of strangeness; my own abrupt becoming aware of a fact so vitally concerning themselves made the calm features of Mr. Woodley and the open, smiling countenance of Miss Lawler strike me as most singular. I glanced at each of them in turn; his, grave, unperturbed, attentive to something that his pupil was saying to him in an undertone; hers, gay, easy, mirthfully disposed for raillery and sprightly talk. She was handing me my paint brush, which, in the first start of surprise, I had let drop and had unconsciously allowed her to stoop for and return to me. As I took it from her hand, bowing and attempting some sportive apology in answer to her lively banter upon my absence of mind, I thought how curiously her countenance would change if she could suddenly see what was passing within me and know the exact cause of my preoccupation.

Presently a sounding oath, rapped out by Sir John, made us all look round; it was in reply to something that had been said by Captain Norton, who now stood aghast at the sudden storm his words had raised.

"You're a whipper-snapper, sir, to make any such remark. Lawler's as good a name as Norton, any day, and you must be an insolent young chap to insinuate the contrary. Who asked you to change her name, sir? Not I, sir; not her father, sir; I shouldn't choose you to do it, sir, although Drusilla can't be altered and Lawler can—for that's what you meant to hint, sir, by your speech. Don't attempt to deny it."

Captain Norton endeavoured to make himself heard, protesting against *such interpretation of his* meaning, but the angry Sir John

burst in again with another explosion: "Don't palter, young man; don't prevaricate and try to make out that black's white, and white's black; tell me plainly, yes or no, whether you didn't mean to say that you'd be happy to change Dru's name of Lawler into Norton. Tell me that, young sir."

"Sir John, I should be only too proud to," stammered the Captain.

"There, sir, there, sir, that'll do; I see it all; you needn't say a word more; I see it all, clearly enough; I was an old fool, a purblind ass, not to see it long ago; but I see it now, sir, I see it now. I see you want to marry my girl, to make a soldier's wife of her, to take her away from me and make her toil after the camp or stay at home and break her heart pining after her vagabond husband; that's all soldiers' wives have to expect, and Dru shan't be a soldier's wife no, no, my girl shall neither tramp her life out far away nor wear it out here; she shall neither trudge her legs off abroad nor cry her eyes out in England. Say no more, sir; say no more; you can't and shan't have my Dru for your wife, sir; excuse me, but I wish you a very good morning, sir." Whereupon Sir John made a sudden dive at the bell-handle, rang it violently, and, when the servant appeared said: "Order Captain Norton's curricle to the door; he is returning immediately to Norton Park;" and when the man was gone, he turned again to the young officer and said: "No ill will between us you know, but you can't be my Dru's husband, that's all; shake hands, my good fellow; we part friends; but Dru shan't be a soldier's wife—that I'm determined."

On Captain Norton's departure there ensued a general pause; then Miss Lawler broke into an irrepressible laugh, mingled with hysteric sobs, and stood trembling with excitement. At sight of her agitation Mr. Woodley rose hurriedly, but his movement was not perceived by Sir John, who went to his daughter, trying to soothe her with kind and fondling words.

"Don't take on, Dru, my girl; he's not worth a second thought; he's but a whipper-snapper, a dandy soldier. I'll find you a husband worth twenty of him. I was afraid all along that you'd a fancy for him, yet I thought you were too sensible a girl to care for a fellow that would be sure to break your heart in the end; all soldiering jockeys do—they can't help it, it's the fault of their calling; they break their wives' hearts one way or the other, either moiling their lives out by taking them abroad, or fretting their lives out by leaving them *at home. Don't* think of him any more, Dru, my dear girl."

*Miss Lawler* looked up with one of her lively glances, in the midst

of her sobbing: "I never thought of him at all, papa; I thought *you* wished me to think of him."

"I, girl? Not for a moment; I liked him as a neighbour and the son of an old friend—but for a son-in-law, no, no; he's a good shot, a capital judge of horses and dogs, a very good fellow in his way; but a husband for my Dru! no, no, no."

"What sort of man should you think a fit husband for your Dru, papa?" whispered Miss Lawler, half plucking up a saucy spirit, half timidly.

"Time enough to think about that when the husband offers, child," said her father, patting her on the shoulder laughingly. "Now let's forget there are any such people as husbands in existence, and put off talking of them till the time comes when we must choose one. Thank Heaven, that needn't be yet awhile."

I thought I perceived Mr. Woodley make another motion forward, as if the impulse were strong upon him to speak out; but a beseeching glance from Miss Lawler arrested his intention. The specimen I had just had of Sir John's violence when thwarted made me scarcely wonder that his daughter shrank from confessing her secret choice. I now could understand that her flirting with young Norton had been used as a means of misleading her father's suspicions from the right object; still I could hardly absolve her from blame, in continuing to conceal the truth from him, and I even more wondered at her husband consenting to this continued concealment.

That same day I chanced to wander far into the woods, and my steps instinctively turned in the direction of Ashdale. I was revolving many sweet and some uneasy thoughts, when I was joined in my walk by Miss Lawler, who, like myself, had been induced by the beauty of the afternoon to take a ramble of some distance.

"I have not forgotten my promise," she said, smiling, as we stopped to rest on some felled trees that offered a tempting seat; "this is an excellent opportunity to fulfil it by telling you something more of my friend Lady Gertrude."

"You are generous in needing no reminder," I returned. "I knew I might rely upon your redeeming your pledged word of your own accord."

"It is a pleasure to myself to think about her and to speak about her," was the reply. "Lady Gertrude is the most beautiful, the most uncommon creature I ever knew; she is more like a heroine in a poem or romance than an ordinary woman. I feel proud of knowing her, and interested in all I *know of her;* there is a peculiarity about her *story and a certain mystery attending* some parts of it that

inspire me with a sentiment for her different from that I have ev
experienced for any one else. She is not the least like young ladi
in general; Lady Gertrude makes me feel better, and more sober
into something worthy and good, when I have her before me, eith
in fancy or in reality."

As my companion said this softly, I thought I had never se
herself to such advantage, so little of the usual flighty, frivolou
inconsequent Miss Lawler in her manner.

"Lady Gertrude Vivian is an orphan," she continued, "heiress
considerable estates, and born to an elevated rank; she is an ear
daughter, and her mother was a countess in her own right; she w
indulged from babyhood and a complete spoiled child of fortun

"When she lost her parents, however, she passed into the wardsh
of her uncle and guardian, Lord Haughtonhurst, who is a stri
disciplinarian. Thoroughly courteous and condescending to all t
world, in the management of his niece he is rigidly despotic; he
regardful of her tastes, lavish in his appointments for her comfo
and luxury, but peremptory even to severity in his control over h
inclinations and actions. During that month I passed with them
London I had an opportunity of seeing strong proofs of this. H
own apartments were furnished in a style of gorgeous elegance th
might have suited a palace, her equipages were magnificent, h
establishment of servants numerous and richly liveried; but t
rooms seemed superb security, the carriages more for state tha
freedom of range, and the retinue of domestics rather janitors tha
attendants; the observant rule and perpetual supervision exercise
by his lordship over the whole gave them this air of restraint.
could perceive that the same impression existed in Lady Gertrude
and that her free spirit fretted beneath the thraldom, though she wa
too gentle of nature to make any active effort at resisting it."

"A guardian! A tyrant gaoler rather!" I involuntarily exclaimed

"Yet he thought himself only fulfilling the character of th
former," replied my companion. "He watched her jealously, main
tained a vigilant authority over her conduct, and believed that in s
doing he was but performing the duty of guardian and protector t
his orphan niece. She could speak to no one without his knowledge
she could go nowhere without his sanction; he was apprised of he
every look or word, dictated her every communication or movement

"Once, I remember, she ventured to take a drive in the park b
herself, and came home, with a beautiful colour in her cheeks, look
*ing happy*, absorbed, and full of pleasant thought; when my lor
*expressed* lofty displeasure, begged she would never repeat such a

act of unfeminine independence, and scowled fearfully all the rest of the day.

"Another time she and I were driving out together when, on passing down a by-street in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, a painting caught her eye, in the shop-window of a picture-dealer, that took her fancy intensely. We could not stop then because the carriage had been appointed to call for Lord Haughtonhurst at his club, on our way home, and it was near the hour he had named; but Lady Gertrude recurred to the subject that evening, when we were alone, and next day she drove straight to the picture-dealer's to make inquiry after the painting."

"Which was the street where this picture-dealer lived?" I could not help inquiring.

Miss Lawler named the street and resumed—

"The picture was no longer in the window when we arrived, and a visible concern seized Lady Gertrude. With eagerness she got out of the carriage and entered the shop.

"'There was a painting here yesterday—I saw it in your window as I passed,' she said to the picture-dealer; 'I trust it is not sold; I wish very much to purchase it; I hope it is not gone.'

"'I am sorry, madam, it is, since you wish to have it; it was bought last evening. An American gentleman admired it, came in, paid for it, and took it away with him in a hackney-coach at once. It is a picture of decided merit, the work of a very promising young man. He was here with a friend of his yesterday; you might have seen the artist and secured the picture both, madam, had you then stopped and made your purchase, for I remember seeing your carriage pass just as he left my shop. He is a young man of very great talent, and has already attracted distinguished notice. That very picture of his was to have been exhibited this season, but it was not finished in time, though he worked early and late to get it done.'

"I heard Lady Gertrude draw a deep breath, and then she said, in her low, sweet voice, 'Can you tell me the artist's name?' 'Yes, madam, it is Maurice Darwin.' Lady Gertrude gently thanked the picture-dealer, and we left the shop."

I uttered no word that could interrupt Miss Lawler, who proceeded—

"After this I perceived Lady Gertrude grow more than ordinarily pensive, silent, and abstracted; she lost her spirits, fell ill, and at length became so seriously indisposed that Lord Haughtonhurst, in alarm, called in the first *physicians*. Her malady took the form of brain fever, and for some days I never quitted her bedside. She

lost consciousness, and in her murmured wanderings the name of Maurice more than once escaped her lips. I was anxious that this should be unobserved by any but myself, and especially apprehended lest it should come to the knowledge of her austere guardian. But once, when he was in the room, minutely questioning me as to her state, while she lay sunk in a torpor of burning sleep, Lady Gertrude stirred languidly, and breathed the name 'Maurice Darwin' in an earnest tone. Lord Haughtonhurst eagerly bent down to listen, and again the words came feebly but distinctly forth, 'Maurice—Maurice Darwin.' I shall not readily forget the look of suppressed wrath that glowed in the listener's face as he turned to me. He seemed about to overwhelm me with furious words of reproach or questioning, but, checking himself, he stalked out of the room.

"During the remainder of her illness he took no notice of what had passed, merely visiting her chamber daily with ceremonious inquiries after her health; but no sooner was she convalescent than he treated her as if quite recovered, and pressed her into company. He encouraged visitors, and daily presented new acquaintances to her. More than one suitor sought her hand, and Lord Haughtonhurst urged her to make selection among them. Upon her first evading and then declining every advance her uncle flamed out in stern anger. He taunted her with indulging a secret preference for an obscure artist, a nobody; told her he had taken pains to discover who was the object of her unworthy fancy; vowed that she should not disgrace herself or her family name; insisted that she should make choice of one or other of the men of rank and honour who courted her alliance, as the only mode of proving that she had not cherished a romantic and degrading passion."

An irresistible movement of indignation on my part made Miss Lawler exclaim as she resumed—

"Yes, Lady Gertrude, feeling her delicacy outraged by this coarse imputation, summoned spirit to resent it, telling her uncle he was straining his authority in seeking to control her sentiments and to prescribe her choice. But Lord Haughtonhurst answered that he would prove to her that he had full authority to restrict her in all ways; that he was empowered by law to enforce his determination with regard to her—namely, her preservation from a disgraceful marriage—in short, he carried matters with so high a hand that he succeeded in overcoming Lady Gertrude's brief show of resistance, and since then he has obtained her passive submission to his will in all things, save that of marrying. She will listen to no suitor, hear of *no alliance*, accept no husband; but in everything else she yields

him entire obedience: she goes where he thinks fit, sojourns where he appoints, lives as he desires.

"One time he took her down to a sequestered cottage in the midst of a thick wood, where he thought she would be secure from the addresses of a certain spendthrift baronet who laid close siege to her, and who was a match he disapproved. Another time he hurried her off into Wales, where he thought she might have change of scene, and learn to forget her first obscure predilection. After that he brought her to Ashdale, where Jasper and I renewed our former intercourse with her; but since then he has taken her away to the Continent, hoping that travelling and perpetual novelty may completely obliterate the impression which he believes to be gradually fading away from Lady Gertrude's mind."

"And do you share this belief?" I asked.

"I do not," answered Miss Lawler. "From what I have witnessed of Lady Gertrude's behaviour, and from what I know of her character, I should think that she will probably continue to acquiesce in all exterior and immaterial things; that she will go on following her uncle's dictates in all matters which concern the mere forms of existence; but that in her inner self she will preserve her own thoughts, her own feelings, her own preferences and inclinations; and that if she should indeed have cherished one peculiar sentiment to the extent of refusing all idea of other attachment for its sake, there is every probability that it will endure unchanged to her life's end."

As Miss Lawler concluded she rose from her seat, and we took our way homeward in silence, I musing deeply upon all I had heard, and mentally revolving each point of the story as it corresponded with my previous knowledge of events.

"That cottage in the midst of a thick wood, or forest, which you mentioned," I presently resumed—"was it effectual in concealing the lady from her admirer, the spendthrift baronet, alike disapproved by her guardian and herself?"

"Curious enough that you should ask that," remarked Miss Lawler. "No. He followed up his unwelcome pursuit by an attempt as bold as it was unprincipled; he tracked her down to the secluded spot, lay in wait for her with a travelling chariot and four, carried her off, and would have succeeded in his purpose of conveying her to Scotland, and there, by a Gretna Green marriage, have secured her person and fortune—the latter being doubtless his chief object—had it not been that the carriage broke down on the way; and thus Lord Haughton-hurst, who meantime received intelligence of the daring attempt,

was enabled to overtake them and rescue his niece from this lawl
Sir Henry. I had the particulars of the circumstance chiefly fron
faithful female servant—Sarah Dugdale—who was placed by
lord about the person of Lady Gertrude. Sarah was at the cott
in attendance on her mistress at the time of Sir Henry's enterpr
and it was during a momentary absence of the worthy woman, wl
Lady Gertrude was alone, without help, without resource, that
stole upon her retreat and forced her away. Sarah's desperation
finding her lady gone, and at the thought of his lordship's
pleasure, caused her to keep out of his sight for a time; but she
subsequently restored to his good graces when he found how entir
innocent she was of any blame in the matter, and she gained p
mission to return to Ashdale before Lord Haughtonhurst return
from Wales. It was during this period that I gathered what h
passed; for Sarah knew well how I esteemed and loved her lady, a
willingly related to me all I sought to learn."

"And I cannot sufficiently thank you, in my turn, for repeating
to me," I said, "for although unknown, your Lady Gertrude inspi
an interest stronger than most women do upon personal acqua
tance; believe me, I feel more gratitude than I can express for
account you have given me of your beautiful friend."

"I know not how it is," said Miss Lawler, with her frank sm
"but I think you have an especial gift at winning confiden
Mr. Hamilton; what a delightful father confessor you would ma
were you a friar and I a good Catholic; as it is, I could find in
heart to tell you many a peccadillo and trouble of my own tha
should no more think of disclosing to most people than of flying
the moon; now, how are we to account for this?"

"Unless by the fact of my having a discreet air and a kind
grandfatherly look which guarantees my being a safe depositor
a lady's perplexities, I cannot tell," I replied.

"As to the grandfatherly look," said she archly, "I fear
cannot say much for that; but as regards the discreet air, you h
it in perfection; I feel that I could trust you with a matter
involved even honour and life, were it necessary, and that you wo
neither reveal, betray, nor take advantage of the confidence; I sp
gravely, but I feel gravely. Do you know, that scene of this mo
ing unburthened my heart of so great a load that I must express
sense of relief to you who were a witness of it. I had feared
father wished a union between Captain Norton and myself,
partly with a desire to gratify him, partly with a view to anot
purpose I had, I fell into the folly of flirting and coquetting,

affecting a levity not natural to me. Oh, the weariness of that self-imposed task! And oh, the relief of no longer being under the necessity of acting, but returning to my own unshackled freedom of speech and manner!"

"Keep steadfast to that right emotion, and dare to be your own frank, open, candid self throughout!" I exclaimed. "Be true, sincere, and honest in all things, dear Miss Lawler, and your future fate will be no less happy than your present relief of heart predicts."

She looked at me fixedly for a moment, then turned her eyes on the ground and sighed, pausing.

Another moment or two she walked on without speaking. I cared not to disturb her reflective mood, and thus we both arrived at the plantation adjoining the house, silent and full of thought.

In the shrubbery we found Sir John, Mr. Woodley, and Jasper. They were sitting in a thick-pleached arbour, formed of mingled arbutus and Portugal laurel, and directly Sir John espied us he exclaimed—

"Welcome back, you truants. I came out to meet you, but soon felt glad to sit down and wait patiently here, not knowing which direction you had taken."

Miss Lawler gave her father some smiling answer, but continued her return to the house, still apparently lost in reflection.

"Dru seems not quite herself, this evening," said Sir John, looking after her; "she's been all life and spirit since my return till now; I suppose it was our chancing to fall upon the subject of husbands this morning that has made her thoughtful; all the fault of that foolish young chap Norton. What must ail him, in the name of nonsense, to take a fancy to my Dru for a wife, when he might have known I couldn't spare her? Why, she's the light and life of my house; I can't have her getting married and running away from me. No, no, no, no! Let me put you at once upon your guard, Hamilton; don't *you* be taking any foolish notions into your head about my Dru, because, I tell you fairly and frankly, I can't let her go. You've been having a long ramble with her this afternoon, but I hope you haven't been leading her astray with any tomfoolery about love and marrying, and such like. I'm open and above-board myself, and I speak out straightforward what I think and what I mean."

I was about to reply, when Mr. Woodley spoke. "Sir John Lawler," he said, "I take shame to myself that with one of so open and straightforward a character I should have been guilty of even the least shadow of concealment; *how* much more keenly, then, do I feel to blame *in having practised it* on the nearest and dearest point,

and in having so long delayed avowal of the wrong I have commi
Your daughter, Sir John, is dear to me as my own life, and I
dared to think of her as my"——

Sir John burst in with "You too? *You* must take a whim fo
Dru! Why, I think all the young fellows are running mad! A g
sober fellow like you!—a parson!—a tutor! By the bye, Jaspe
boy, go away; this is no talk for you to listen to; go, boy—go."

"With your leave, Sir John, Jasper shall stay," interposed
Woodley; "he has been so long accustomed to regard me as
entitled to all respect—as one well-nigh infallible—that it is f
should learn how fallible we all can be when temptation beset
and it is fit that I should bear, as part of my punishment, the n
fication of owning my transgression before him. Let Jasper sta

"You would teach *both* my children to disobey me," growle
John; "but be it so; let the boy stay. Let the pupil hear how
master has forgotten himself—it will be a lesson for him; le
brother hear how you have wished to rob me of his sister,—
suppose that's the point. You love Dru, and want to persuade
to steal herself from me and give herself to you; that's the long
the short of it, I conclude; you love Dru, and wish to marry he

"I love her and I *have* married her," answered Mr. Woodley;
has been my wife these six weeks."

Sir John folded his hands on the top of his stick, leaned his
upon them, and sat, with compressed lips, motionless.

"In a rash moment I avowed my love," resumed Mr. Woo
"and lost all prudence, all self-control upon discovering that
love was returned; I pleaded that if once she gave herself to
beyond the power of fate to disunite us, if once she became
wedded wife, you yourself would sanction the gift and forgive a
that was past recall. I now see my error, Sir John, and see tha
selfish sophistry should have blinded me to the injustice of depri
you of your paternal voice in the disposal of your child. I ough
have openly laid my hopes before you and relied upon your can
and good feeling for their receiving a patient hearing; I ough
have awaited your return, and then entreated you to listen favour
to what I could urge in my own behalf; I ought to have begged
to think whether worldly considerations should wholly prevail w
mutual affection, a daughter's happiness, and a heart devot
attached to her appealed for a just and tender decision from you
ought to have fairly stated my claims to your indulgent receptio
*my suit;* I ought to have submitted my prospects in life to your v
*and explained* what resources I build upon for the due suppor

your daughter as my wife. My fortune is, at present, of most modest dimensions, being chiefly derived from my income as tutor to your son and as curate of Hazelshaw; but I am not without hope of preferment, and I will spare neither industry nor energy to make my position worthy of her whom I have induced to share it. I shall rather hope to prove this by my future conduct than seek to convince you of it by my present speech; let my acts hereafter, instead of my words now, attest the sincerity of my purpose."

Mr. Woodley paused. Sir John neither moved, spoke, nor looked towards him; but a servant chancing to cross the lawn skirting the shrubbery, his master shouted to him: "Thomas, go bid my daughter come here immediately; I have something to say to her."

There was a dead silence, during which Sir John scrawled figures with the point of his walking-stick on the ground before him. Presently Mr. Woodley said in a low but firm voice—

"Sir John, however harshly you may think of *my* conduct in this, let not your resentment fall upon your daughter; she, at least, is innocent of all but listening to the eager pleadings of one who should have strengthened instead of weakened her filial dread of your displeasure; she would never have forgotten her duty had I not lost sight of mine and besought her to risk all for my sake."

Still Sir John took no notice of him either by word or look, but continued doggedly scrawling on the ground with his stick.

At length his daughter appeared.

"Come hither, Mistress Woodley," he said.

She flushed scarlet at the words, then turned dreadfully pale; she cast a hurried glance at each in turn, and then she moved forward a few steps, clasping her hands as she faltered out—

"Father, I loved him!"

"Humph!" replied Sir John; then he looked at her earnestly for a moment and added in a way that was, as it were, gruffly jocular, and yet solemn too—

"Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder—not even a father." And he placed her in her husband's arms.

Jasper got up, limped towards Sir John, and threw himself upon his neck. "Dear father," said the boy, "I never loved you so well,—never honoured you so much; I never admired, respected you properly till now."

"You're not the first, my boy, who feels little inclined to esteem a rattlepate, laughing man; but some day or other you'll find that we boisterous fellows have as much in us as your quiet, steady-going greybeards, *who look all wisdom and gravity*, but who are not a whit

more solid than a blinking owl—a bundle of feathers with a r
of flesh and blood in the midst. Your old dad's got a heart
body for all he's a roaring blade at ordinary times. And now,
in the mood for a bit of sober self-remark, let me tell you, Jasp
boy, that it wasn't quite right of me to rebuke your tutor before
his own noble way of forestalling reproof made it ungenerous
to do so; but I make up for it now by telling you he is wor
your esteem, which I know he has always possessed, for h
manly, honourable fellow who knows how to atone for a rash
honest confession and hearty pleading. He deserves Dru f
frank speech and his warm entreaty; they won me over, and I
wonder they won my girl over before me—eh, Mistress Woo
Come here, hussey, and give me a kiss, and promise me you'll
your husband into living with us always, and not taking either
himself away from me and Jasper."

The joyous light which danced in his daughter's eyes as sh
him the caress he asked was most pleasant to behold, and d
bright gleam in my memory long after I had left Hazelshaw.

Sir John's portrait was soon finished, and I returned ho
London with a handsome sum in my pocket, which would enal
sister Helen to keep house with for a long while to come, an
my health and spirits all the better for the late pleasant change
had.

But my heart smote me at first sight of my sister, who was l
pale and thin, though she as usual received me with a face of
cheerful welcome. She had been suffering much anxiety on a
of old Mrs. Fretchley, whose gradually declining health was
considerably worse, and whose incessant demands upon Helen
and attention doomed her almost wholly to the confinemer
close air of a sick chamber. This, no doubt, sufficiently acc
for my sister's wan cheeks, but I could not help feeling a
misgiving that there was yet another cause.

I asked, in as indifferent a voice as I could assume, wheth
had seen anything of my friend Maurice during my absenc
town, and immediately upon my question I could complain
lack of colour in Helen's countenance—up to her very b
mounted as she replied—

"He came here to inquire for you, Sydney; he called ag
know whether I had news of you; and after that to tell me h
received a letter from you himself."

"*Yes*, I wrote in reply to one he sent me," I answered, with
*restraint.*

"And he knew I should be glad to learn all the intelligence he could give me of how you were enjoying your visit," returned Helen; "I was in great hope that you would benefit by it after your illness. Sir John seems a sturdy, bluff old gentleman, and I hear that he has a grown daughter and a young son. How did you like them? Were they pleasant? Was Miss Lawler amiable? Did she condescend to make herself agreeable to the young artist her father patronised?"

"She was the least proud, the least stiff, of any young lady you can imagine. She treated the professional young gentleman as if he had been born and bred her equal."

"As in all save worldly wealth he is. He was her father's guest and friend; that alone, independently of his own claims to her notice, was sure to command courteous treatment. Moreover, he is good-looking, well-bred—no mock-modest disclaimers, brother Sydney;—therefore, no wonder a handsome young artist should meet with little pride and reserve from a handsome young lady, though she be a baronet's daughter. Is Miss Lawler handsome, Sydney?"

"Yes—no—I think not—I can hardly tell. Pretty, perhaps, rather than handsome, but very gay and attractive, both in person and manner."

"So, so! And pray, brother, is this gay, attractive Miss Lawler"——

"She is no longer Miss Lawler," I interrupted; "she lately married, and is now Mrs. Woodley."

Helen's surprise and inquiries whether the wedding had taken place during my stay at Hazelshaw I answered by recounting to her Sir John's discovery of his daughter's secret marriage, and his generous treatment of the young couple upon her husband's candid avowal.

The story made my sister thoughtful, and she made little comment upon it, save to express her admiration at the father's unexpected gentle behaviour.

"He is somewhat given to blustering generally, it is true," I replied; "but, in the main, Sir John is a genuinely good-hearted, good-tempered man; and that is not the nature to remain insensible to a manly avowal of sincere love, such as Mr. Woodley's."

Helen said no more, and the conversation dropped, she resuming her book and I my work at the easel.

Not long after a knock at the door made us both start from the silence into which we had mutually fallen. It was Maurice Darwin, come, he said, *to greet me on my return* home, and to satisfy himself

as to whether my excursion had benefited me as he had expected it would.

"Yes; Sydney is looking completely his former self again, when I used to plague him by telling him that if he wanted a model for Endymion's face as it won fair Luna's enamoured fancy, gazing her heart through her eyes, he had nothing to do but to paint from what he saw in the glass," smiled my sister. "I liked to see him frown and bite his lip, and pish and pshaw at what he couldn't deny. There! there's not only the old Endymion face, but the old frowns, and knitted brows, and pursed lips, to try and hide the laugh he can't help at his Helen's sisterly folly."

"Beware I do not frown in good earnest, sister mine," I answered as my eye fell on her thin hand and hollow cheek, so visibly altered since I had last seen them; "beware I don't call you to grave account for the flesh you have lost during my absence. What has become of the rosy plumpness I used to pinch here when I rebuked your flattery? What has become of the dimpled white fingers that used to threaten reprisal? I shall call upon old Mrs. Fretchle now I am returned, and ascertain what compensation she can make me for having robbed my sister of her bloom by those sick-room exactions which she has so peculiar a faculty in devising."

"You see it then, Sydney," exclaimed Maurice, hurriedly; "you perceive it—you see how your sister has fallen away, owing to her ceaseless attendance upon that diabolical old woman; I knew you could not fail to observe how—how"—— He broke off in great excitement, looking into my face eagerly and inquiringly.

"I *have* observed it, and my first care shall be to remedy it; Helen shall go with me down into the country for a space, and we will see what pure air and dairy diet will do to restore her; I know of a pleasant farmhouse where I can obtain a lodging at a moderate charge, and luckily our finances just now will permit us to take such a holiday with ease."

Maurice Darwin made no answer, but took up the marker that lay in the volume Helen had been reading, and drew it absently through his fingers as he sat in silence. My sister glanced at him once or twice, then said timidly—

"I have not forgotten that I promised to work you a book-marker, Mr. Darwin, when you were last here and chanced to admire the fashion of that one; it is here, ready for you." Helen stepped to her work-box, and took from thence a little silk-embroidered slip of card and ribbon, bearing for motto the words, "Knowledge, the

wing wherewith we fly to Heaven," on one side, and on the reverse the initials "M. D."

Maurice took it from her hand with some muttered words of thanks, but did not raise his eyes, which were fixed upon the book before him; which I noticed was a volume of Miss Edgeworth's—containing her clever tale of "Vivian." The name struck upon my heart, as I wondered whether it carried any consciousness to his.

At this moment Mrs. Fretchley's old servant, Betsy Robins, entered the room; she had come from her mistress, who had been taken dangerously ill, she said, and had sent for Miss Hamilton.

I would have answered for my sister, saying that I could not allow her to go, as her health had suffered from so much night-watching lately; but Helen besought me not to hinder her from hastening to her old friend now that she was in actual danger.

"Ah, that she is, miss," rejoined the faithful woman. "Missus is really ill this time, and perhaps we shan't have her long with us, to help and nurse at all; so lose no time, please, miss, but put on your bonnet and come with me."

I hastily took leave of Helen, telling her that I should call round before nightfall, to learn how Mrs. Fretchley was, and to bring herself home, in case there were no absolute necessity for her remaining.

For some time after my sister's departure, Maurice and I did not speak; I stood at my easel, and he sat still brooding over the book she had been reading, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the open page, his hand enclosing the two markers.

Presently, finding me, as he supposed, absorbed in my work, he looked upon one of them; it was that which simply bore the embroideress's own name, "Helen." After a moment he softly raised it to his lips and pressed them, with a murmured blessing, upon the silken letters; then he suddenly exclaimed—

"Sydney, listen to me. Seeing your evident averseness from my addressing your sister, I have striven against my passion, earnestly, honestly, thinking that what was so unwelcome to you could not be long desirable to me; I yielded to your visible wish that I should forbear my visits; I understood your tacitly-conveyed disapproval, and endeavoured to abide by what was your decision; but I have seen her again and yet again, Sydney, I have known her sisterly devotion to you, her unselfish attention to an exacting woman to whom she believes she owes some gratitude; I have beheld her sweet beauty, her modest worth, her gentle, womanly character, and I have not been able to withstand *their combined* influence upon my heart. I love *her, Sydney—I love her passionately*, and if you persist in

forbidding me to hope to win her, I feel that I shall have l
for life, all chance of happiness." My friend once more sn
little marker to his lips, and kissed the name repeatedly
undisguised desperation.

I walked to where he sat, and placed my hand upon hi

"Maurice," I said, "you confess you have perceived an
ness on my part that you should entertain this feeling fo
Now tell me, and answer truthfully, whether you kno
bearing the name here set down?" and I pointed to the
tale before him, "Vivian."

"Upon my honour, as a loyal man, no," he answered; but
visibly pale as he spoke, although he uttered the words w
ness and frankness that vouched for their integrity. "I w
Sydney, I once knew a person who bore a name very sim
is probably of him you have heard. At the time whe
foolish youngster, a mere stripling student, flushed wit
promise of success, and my brain half-turned with flatte
nostics that I should turn out a second Raphael,
to become acquainted with a certain Mr. Vibyon, who
the societies where I was introduced by that scatterb
Everett; those societies were not of the most select o
putable class, but were of that free-and-easy cast wh
men are apt to think it a privilege to frequent, as a
'seeing life' as it is called. If 'life' indeed consiste
scenes and associates existence would scarcely be
having. However, at that time I had not such sobered thc
fancied late hours, jolly suppers, games of chance, a
companions the supreme of felicity; and I gloried in dissi
and throwing away my money with a recklessness that sh
the admiration of my associates. Among the chief of th
subtle encouragement and dexterous inducement, was M
he led me to drink hard, under the name of good fellowshi
play deep, under the name of amusement. I had alread
feel an instinctive dislike to the man, when I discovered t
the hired lure of a celebrated gambling-house, and that
avocation was to decoy young men into the net of his emp

"I need not tell you, Sydney, that I broke with him at
that I have never seen him since; but I fear it is a knowle
acquaintance with George Vibyon which influenced yo
*determination* that I should have no opportunity of atte
*win the* affections of your sister—pure, gentle, innoce
*Helen.*

"But believe me, Sydney, when I vow to you that her purity and goodness have completed the reform which my own repugnance to evil originally commenced; and that since I have known Helen Hamilton I have not only abjured degrading company, but I have never touched cards, dice, or billiard-cue."

I wrung my friend's hand, and in strong but simple terms assured him I had no doubts remaining, that now my dearest wish for my sister would be to see her his wife, and that I should feel her happiness was ensured could he succeed in persuading her to commit its care to him henceforth.

He accompanied me that evening to Mrs. Fretchley's house to fetch Helen home, and on the way opened to me his prospects of improving fortune: he told me his pictures now obtained high prices, and that he had several excellent orders on hand; he talked of taking a house in the West End, and laughingly spoke of assuming the style and state of a fashionable painter.

"From what I know of quiet Helen," said I, "she will hardly be dazzled by the fashionable painter if her heart have not already been touched by the artist-student; you must rest your hope on that, if you take my counsel, Maurice."

"I trust your words may prove of good augury, Syd. Now that I am, for the first time in my life, a lover, I begin to have qualms of humble doubt and trembling anxiety; I long, yet I dread, methinks, to see my fair mistress,—the arbitress of my fate."

As I returned some smiling answer to Maurice's gay-toned speech, his words "Now that I am, for the first time in my life, a lover" threw me into musing on that powerful secret preference which he, all unconsciously, had inspired, and which I, all unknown to him its object, was cognisant of.

Our arrival at Mrs. Fretchley's house interrupted my train of thought, but it often recurred afterwards; meantime, Maurice's playfully-expressed fear of encountering the "arbitress of his fate" was destined to be protracted, for we found that the old lady had been pronounced by her physician not likely to live through the night, so Helen would not hear of leaving her.

Next day Mrs. Fretchley died, and upon her will being opened it was found that the bulk of her property was left to her dear and excellent young friend Helen Hamilton, who had been more than a daughter in loving care and attention to a sadly ailing but grateful woman.

My sister was now rich, and Maurice Darwin in delicacy forbore addressing her; *but this I would* not permit; I felt it due to the

disinterestedness of my friend's love, which he had avowed to me when he thought my sister poor, that her change of fortune should not occasion his generous affection to remain unknown. He hesitated to speak, so I spoke for him.

"Sister mine," I said to Helen one evening when she was quietly making tea for us according to her wont, Maurice having called to see me (of course, *only me*)—

"Sister mine, I am troubled with a dilemma, and I want your assistance to help me out of it. An unhappy young fellow of my acquaintance confided to me the other day his affection for a girl who hadn't a farthing; he thought her rich in every good quality, but knew her wanting in pelf; even then his admiration of her real worth made him quake to confess his love. Judge, therefore, what was his dismay when she suddenly became as bounteously endowed with money as she had always been with other good gifts; if he had trembled to speak out before, he doubly trembled now; the portionless beauty he might have ventured upon, but the beauty and the fortune in one were too much for him. He told me he would have risked asking her when the competence he had to offer her was to be set against her world of charms alone, but that he hadn't the face to ask her to give him herself and her wealth into the bargain. So he resolved to hold his tongue about his love and die a bachelor for her sweet sake. Now as I feel considerable regard for this young fellow, Helen, and would not have him die—bachelor or no bachelor—I want you to help me to some arguments that may persuade him to try his fate, and give up this foolish resolution of going to the grave without revealing his affection. Come now, Helen, for some good sound arguments—out with them, there's a dear sister!"

"He would have taken the penniless girl, you say, Sydney?" said Helen softly. "That surely ought to give him courage to ask the hand of the rich young lady; he wrongs her disinterestedness no less than his own if he forbear to speak out; he does himself injustice, and perhaps her, by withholding the knowledge that he—that he"——

I supplied the words that faltered on Helen's conscious lip: "That he loves her; exactly so. And, moreover, it is my belief that he not only tortures his own heart by restraining the avowal of his love, but that the lady herself suffers no little pain at this reserve on his part; it is my opinion that she"——

"Sydney!" exclaimed Helen, flurriedly laying her hand on my arm *in her* eagerness to prevent my uttering that which her maidenly *delicacy* feared disclosing. Her modesty's alarm was her betrayer;

urice, kindled into hope by her sweet confusion, poured out the ory of his heart, its hope, its fear, its doubt, its prayer to be epted.

left them together, and then it was that my thought recurred to idea of that fair, gracious being, Lady Gertrude Vivian, and of secret preference for my friend Maurice Darwin. In my sympathy her blighted youth, with her dejection, her uncomplaining ess, her touching grace and resignation, as they had been cted to me severally by the old woman of the forest cottage, the girl of the Welsh village, the young boy Jasper, and his livelier r, each in turn, I felt a kind of resentment at Maurice's indif- ce and unconsciousness. I felt half exasperated, when I thought e suffering Lady Gertrude, at his strong attachment to my quiet t. Aware of the romantic feeling that existed for him in the st of that beauteous, glorious creature, I almost grudged the love wished upon my simple Helen. And yet, withal, I could not t a strange internal satisfaction at knowing his heart to be thus ged. My emotions were of a singularly mingled nature, and I l hardly myself distinguish their complex variety: sometimes I l myself rejoicing sincerely that my sister's happiness was red; at others I detected a lurking regret that she should have the means of depriving Lady Gertrude of the object of her t predilection, and that Helen should be destined to rival her ssfully, though unknowingly. My old restlessness returned me, and when Maurice and my sister were married and settled eir new abode, I resolved to travel for a time. The sum I had ved from Sir John Lawler for his portrait, and the fortunate sale few of my other pictures, enabled me to indulge the wish I had felt to visit Switzerland and Italy, and I set forth with the inten- of rambling about, abroad, for as long a period as chance or nation might determine.

y mode of journeying was partly by public conveyance, partly ot, the latter greatly predominating. Exercise suited me well, ically and morally: I felt stronger in body, and healthier in tone nd, when limbs and senses were on active duty; while under- actual fatigue I was less oppressed by a sense of languor and ssness, less a prey to fever of spirits, both of which beset me inactively confined to one spot; with morbid force they held ubject to their combined influence whenever I remained long onary; I was at once weary of frame and restless of spirit when but these evils wore off in proportion as I exerted myself and in the *open air, and continued to* move from place to place.

*(To be continued.)*

# TABLE TALK.

## BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

EACH era in the life of a nation must have, I think, its c stamped upon the faces of its principal men and women. I c no other inference from a thoughtful study of any historic gallery. The celebrities of a given period resemble ea curiously. A friend thoughtfully suggests that the likeness n a large measure due to the art-conventionality of each partic but I cannot think that either this or the mode of dress fully the phenomenon. The close-cropped hair and the peake the slashed doublet and the ruff in Spenser's portrait are see those of Sir Walter Raleigh and half a dozen of his contem but so too are the gravely thoughtful eye, the delicate nose, narrowing forehead, the sensitive mouth. Look at the po Massinger and Shakespeare. Dress and style of hair and be apart, these two are wonderfully alike—generically, that is are men of an era, and are each open to the same great ir Look, again, at the prevailing faces of the revolutionary perio is a strong likeness underlying the outside dissimilarity Hampden and Cromwell, though the one face is rugged and some and the other remarkable for manly beauty. Far will find that Gibbon and Boswell and Arkwright have family likeness. Here the nobility of feature noticeable in t great is lost. There is a flatulency of cheek—a general puf the countenance—somehow indicative of the spirit of t Even *Ursa Major* suggests the type in a modified degree. not trace in the literature and history of the period the char you find stamped upon the features of its more notable men

---

IF, as a study of old pictures leads me to fancy, the typ and women change in the passage of the generations, t from mere fashion and habit, a stroll down Fleet Street London Bridge, watching the men and women of the ti make an altogether different impression upon the mind in or *and in* another. For upon examination of the facts or fan *enter into* this problem, I am not satisfied to confine to t

men and women the change that comes over the faces of people. The difference must have touched more or less the whole population. The evidence of art, so far as art can help us, is equally good on this point. A group of ordinary every-day people by Hogarth would not match, in pure flesh and blood, apart from all contemporary accessories, a group of the present time, done by any artist whatsoever. Hogarth studied very closely the phases of low and vicious life. He knew how his fellow-countrymen looked in wickedness and in misery. So did Charles Dickens; and so does Mr. Fildes. But I do not think that Hogarth would recognise those "dumb, wet, silent horrors; sphinxes set up against that dead wall" outside the casual ward, painted with so much faithfulness to the lineaments of the hour by Mr. Fildes in his picture recently on the walls at Burlington House. But Hogarth is not long ago, and I am not sure that we are not changing very rapidly. Take a strong example. I doubt if the great John Leech's hosts of charming English girls and matrons and men would be as absolutely true to the England of the present hour as to the England of twenty-five years ago, and Du Maurier's ever-recurring sweet woman's face, which seems one of the family with us, would have been in some degree a stranger when Leech was a young man. What, then, are the influences of events and customs upon us? How far are we at the mercy of sea and sky, changing climate, time of war, eras of peace, travelling and modes of travelling, new methods and materials of food? To all these we owe something, no doubt, but much more I am inclined to believe to the unceasing working of our mixture of races the phenomena whereof never are and never can be complete. This subject is very suggestive; for it has just occurred to me that in all those miles of picture galleries at Versailles there is not to be found a single example of the typical Frenchman of to-day, and throughout Germany you will be struck by similar discrepancies between the present and the past; but in Belgium and in Spain the people seem to have just stepped out of their old pictures. I will not ponder any further, but wait for a better collation of facts and observations.

---

During the progress of the great Tichborne trial a thoughtful student of philology favoured me with some notes which I could not make use of either while the case was pending or in the immediately subsequent months in which people were trying to relieve their minds of the inordinately importunate topic. But life is so interesting in these days that the attention, however much over-

strained in a particular direction for a season, soon regains its balance, and already I find that a hint of Tichborniana ceases to evoke a feeling of annoyance. I will venture, therefore, to present the substance of my friend's linguistic view of the case:—"In the philological sense of the phrase," he says, "to know a language well is given equally to the foreigner and to the native. What the foreigner cannot acquire is the conventional tone or intonation which goes by the name of accent. This is not a philological but a physiological difficulty. The organs of speech are pliable and almost plastic in infancy, and they, so to speak, shape themselves round the forms of that language whose leading features are imparted to us in the nursery. The organs contract here and expand there, and take up habits and modes which afterwards become fixed and permanent. These habits and modes render the conventional intonation and articulation of a foreign language impossible, and the difficulty is the greater in proportion as the modes of pronunciation and articulation of the two languages differ. The discrepancy is very considerable between English and French." My correspondent then proceeded to apply his argument to the great question which everybody was discussing at the time, pointing out that the unfortunate young gentleman who was drowned in the *Bella* had in fact French for his mother tongue, was called "Frenchy" by his soldiers, and pronounced his own name in such a manner that the Irish billiard-marker wrote the word phonetically "Teeshborne." Then turning to the man who was called the Claimant, my philologist analysed his mode of English speech to show that there was no English conventionality absent from it and no French conventionality present, and pronounced upon the evidence that the identity of the two men was physiologically impossible. A jury of scientific linguists, he believed, would have made short work of the case.

---

I WISH Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, if he should ever again enter into controversy with Dr. Manning, or any other theologian or philosopher, would either discontinue the use of "a hypothesis," or give a reason for his faith in that heinous etymological form. No doubt in the eighteenth century there was a looseness of usage on this point, just as, a century or two earlier, men wrote "an hundred" and the like; but, so far as I am aware, no modern grammarian has disputed the rule that *a* should be used before aspirated nouns only when the noun's accent falls on the first syllable. This is one of the *few* exceptional cases in which vocal usage is mostly right while written speech is often wrong. In common conversation no one

would think of saying "*a* historical" or "*a* heroic," and I do not think Mr. Fitzjames Stephen would be found at the bar attempting the almost impracticable vocal feat of building up "*a* hypothesis," or of putting "*a* hypothetical case."

---

SOMETIMES I wonder how long it will take the great English colonies of the south-eastern seas to develop marked peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon, after the manner of our American cousins but at the same time independently of transatlantic forms of speech. I am sure the change is coming, and I am led sometimes to speculate on the turn it will take. Almost the first symptom that has fallen under my observation is the use of the word "pastoral" in Australasian newspapers. "Pastoral," among our antipodean brothers and sisters, means relating to pastures. "Pastoral News," in New South Wales, is the heading for a summary of intelligence respecting cattle and sheep and crops of grass. There is something very practical and useful in this adaptation of an old word to an extensive and conspicuous condition of colonial life in that country. The only absolutely new Australian word I have heard of is "larrikinism," which is applied to a sort of juvenile and schoolboy form of rowdyism that appears to be a special development of Australian life. There is a certain simplicity in these little attempts at independence of speech, very different from the off-hand and defiant tone of transatlantic innovations.

---

PERHAPS ten times as much money is lost every year in gambling upon the Stock Exchange as at Tattersall's. A flaring prospectus appears in the newspapers, and the next day you see the scrip quoted at a premium, as if it had been dealt in on 'Change, in the money articles of scores of provincial newspapers. It is, of course, a part of the swindle; for the scrip is not quoted, and cannot be quoted, on 'Change. But every one with a little spare cash at his banker's does not know this, and the newspapers in this way play into the hands of the projector. Recently the shares of a certain concern were quoted at 2 premium in the money articles of at least a score newspapers, and yet in the end the company had to return the subscriptions with interest. The speculation was a failure. Another case is now in the hands of the Court of Chancery. It is a scheme in which not a single share was taken, but in which, nevertheless, £30,000 was raised upon debentures at 7 per cent. interest under the temptation of a present of a number of paid-up shares in the form of *a bonus*. *The projector*, with his £30,000 in hand, at

once crossed the Atlantic, and the debenture-holders are calle
by the creditors of the company to pay even for the advertis
by which they were swindled. What is to be done in a case
sort? The committee of the Stock Exchange keeps its ey
the *bona-fides* of all speculations whose shares are quoted in its
list. But who is to test the *bona-fides* of a prospectus, and to
the frauds which are practised by the publication of companie
started to go into liquidation, and never heard of after the su
tions are paid except in the Court of Chancery?

---

DORE's Gallery on one side of Bond Street, and Holman
"Shadow of Death" on the other, have suggested comp
between the work of the two artists, and just now it has b
quite the fashion to treat the great Frenchman and the
Englishman as Plutarch dealt, in pairs, with the giants of Gree
Rome. An earnest-minded amateur and critic sends me the
ing contribution to the general store of gossip on this subj
"The work of M. Gustave Doré very fairly illustrates the
tendency of French art. It is impossible not to admire the
he has for 'massing' an idea, his masterly distribution of lig
shade, and the general picturesqueness of his compositions.
due tribute of admiration having once been paid to these qu
his pictures begin to pall upon the taste, and after awhile
forced to inquire into what I must call (even at the risk of app
misty) the adequacy of the artistic motive. The general fail
French art is that the artist appears to be only moved by grand
by pathos in so far as it enables him to be—for the public a
tion—grand or pathetic. He is moved less by the nobility
theme than by the opportunities for artistic display afforded by
have always felt a half-amused suspicion that M. Victor Hugo
never have hated or scorned the little Napoleon as he did if
not had, and felt that he had, the power to express his hatred an
in a picturesque and effective way; and the same feeling haun
with respect to the works of Doré. Mr. Hunt, on the other h
evidently moved by the deep wonder and beauty of his theme fa
than by any consciousness of his own power to interpret it.
natural result he works with an eye more single and a purpos
noble and less personal. Doré's magnificent theatricalities a
and startle, but, after some repetitions, grow stale and ineff
There is too much of the personal Doré, and too little of the
*scious* tone of the artist self-absorbed in the glory of his
*Mr. Hunt* lacks Doré's faculty of picturesqueness, and in his e

rk faithfully somewhat insults his public by overwork—
it divine who in the course of a sermon explains every-
to the verge of weariness. But the work which at first
ess grows slowly upon the mind until there is no line or
loes not seem worthy of the labour bestowed upon it.
o 'irreverent aste or busy idleness' to be traced in the
any of his subjects. His method is that of the higher
ellect, slow, patient, faithful, and reverent. Perhaps the
ference of character could not be better illustrated."

---

NGERS have arrived from Spain. The reports they com-
are of a highly favourable nature, representing great
of the French." There is a sardonic look about that
ent. One might imagine it to be a quotation from the
Tub," or "Gulliver's Travels." But the author of those
no conscious satirist of human nature. The intelligence
d with the pure ingenuous single-mindedness of the time. I
passage from an English country newspaper bearing date
1809. If we had looked back along our history for
ee score years we might have found reason to be self-
and silent upon the receipt of King William's pious an-
nts of the terrible punishments inflicted upon his enemy on
battle-fields of three or four years ago.

---

GE is noticeable in the way in which writers introduce allusions
suppose learning or general literary knowledge in the reader.
times a classic allusion carried its own explanation with it.
would the translation of a quotation have been an insult, but
explanation would have been resented. Lately, however,
e is no knowing what may be the range of knowledge or
l field of ignorance of the reader, a peculiar literary art
up of indicating the meaning implied in an allusion with-
ring to afford explanation. I have a pretty example at
nt under my hand. Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his novel "A
lue Eyes," is describing the feeling with which a young
ght up in great seclusion, meets at her father's house a gen-
isitor whose coming she has been led to anticipate as an
ttle event in her life, and he speaks of her as "looking upon
a Miranda-like curiosity and interest that she had never yet
on mortal." To fully appreciate that scrap of description
e *you must have read the* "Tempest," or have seen it

played; but if you are so unfortunate that the name of Miranda brings no vision to your mind, still the author's idea is communicated to your apprehension, and yet he who knows Miranda is not offended by the remotest hint of explanation. This is the art which must be more and more cultivated as the classes of readers grow more numerous and various.

---

In the course of gossip at the Lord Mayor's banquet given a fortnight ago to the members of the School Board for London and other metropolitan corporations Mr. Watson, the chairman of the Statistical Committee of the London School Board, mentioned the startling fact that in order simply to provide for the increase of population it would be necessary for the School Board of which he is a member to build at the rate of one great public elementary school per month. The figures leading to this notable conclusion are simple and irrefragable. For the last thirty years the population of London has increased upwards of 40,000 per annum. One-sixth of the population require accommodation in public elementary schools. Every year, therefore, there are about 7,000 more children to provide for than in the preceding year. Seven thousand children would require about ten schools—or a school for every month during which the School Board are in session.

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

## OLYMPIA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "EARL'S DENE," "PEARL AND EMERALD," "ZELDA'S FORTUNE," &c.

### PART II.—LACHESIS.

### BOOK III.

#### PUSS IN BOOTS.

#### CHAPTER I.

*Andreas.—Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!*
Good folk, I pray you all draw nigh,
With gaping mouth and sealéd eye,
And see what Jove shall send.
I'm *Medicorum Medicus*,
And cure all qualms without a fuss—
*Oyez!*—Old names to mend!

Gulp down a dose of glamour pills,
And straightway chaff the hungry fills,
Black's white, and losing wins.
For aces turn to double six,
And Madame Columbina's tricks
Become Sir Harlequin's.

THERE is no need to dwell, in this age of the world, on the effect of Aunt Carolines and Uncle Johns upon natures and characters that are to them what the young eaglet is to the middle-aged canary who is born and bred in its cage. Olympia could not fail to contrast her life in Gressford with the freedom that she felt and read was whirling and rushing round and above her bars. The demon of the fever of life is not to be exorcised with the only spells that Mrs. Westwood knew how to use. Some sort of sudden end must have come—and it came in the *flash of light* and sound that gods and girls call *a revelation* and that sober mortals call a country

ball. That had shown her what she desired, and Forsyth h her what she could do. Then, into all this chaos, the spirit never far off from such as she, tremblingly felt his way. that blundering spirit was doomed, in her case, to outdo his blunders. How could she, whose text-books of love and the novels and romances to be found in a house into whic books ever came, imagine that her docile pleasure in society of a man who lectured and scolded her, and wa young nor handsome, could have the remotest affinity wonderful dream which, according to her books, is the pr the young alone? Nevertheless, it was the thought alone that made her pause before taking advantage of th opening of her cage door; and more, it was he alone w heart had refused to include in the disgust wherewith cowardly hypocrisy had inspired her towards every human b had ever strayed into Gressford St. Mary. All but he were enemies and alike unspeakably contemptible—there was n her but to spread her wings out into the free broad air. any observance of her aunt's proprieties in the manner of he it was enough that they were her aunt's to make her scorn a them even if she had known what they were. Everything c with the manners and customs of The Laurels was now an forth necessarily despicable and wrong.

Even Major Sullivan himself was now ennobled in her the sake of the contrast he presented to all she had been regard as characteristic of a gentleman. He, at any rate slave to proprieties, conventionalities, and hypocrisies; an her present mood, was more than enough for her. Sinc refinement was the sign of cowardice and falsehood, th vulgarity must be the brand of manhood and honour. Tha has often been made by those who are accounted wise. read in his face the unmistakable signs of genuine feeli these, too, are apt to mislead those who have not ye that even the most thorough-paced rascal may feel just and truly as the most honourable of men. In short, h duction to this earth had sown in her the most do seeds: her training had done its best to develop the seeds into monstrous and abnormal blossoms. If the showed itself at last in this wild escapade had turned o wise, such a result could only have been due to the most *complication* of improbable chances.

As to her disguise, she had, as we know, long pined

manhood in which, as she believed in her bewildered ignorance, she could alone find satisfaction for her random energies. What had Forsyth himself told her only yesterday? "No woman ever yet reached the front rank—and, if she could, she would be so unutterably miserable that it were better for her never to have been born." If Love had found his way to her he had come unknown. But he could not come without effect—if he comes not openly, he must come disguised, and always in the guise of some longing unattained. She would be in the front rank and would not be miserable therein; and so, if it were impossible to do this as a woman, she must become a man. Many another woman, with better knowledge of the world, has thought that in order to change the nature of her sex she has only to change the cut of her clothes.

It was in this scornful and indignant mood of impulsive resolution that she left her newly-found foster-father enslaved by the very extravagance of her self-will, and stole back to The Laurels—for the last time. She who had scarcely once set her foot beyond the bounds of Gressford parish was about to step at once across the threshold of the universe. And yet, with all her hatred for the past, with all her burning desire for the unknown possibilities of the future, she almost hoped, as well as feared, that some hand, or word, or look might prove strong enough to bar irrevocably the door of her cage.

None of the forms of a romantic elopement had to be gone through. Less than in the afternoon was there any loved home to leave—no more than then were there any loving hearts to be broken. She was simply an escaping prisoner. But still, even life-long prisoners have been known to suffer a pang when on the point of quitting their gaol. She and all the trifles that made up The Laurels had been for so long parts of the same whole, that to cut herself adrift from them was like a surgical operation, necessary and wholesome, but not the less bitter for being inflicted by her own hand and her own free will. There was still time before the dinner hour—that daily crisis in the history of The Laurels—for her to do everything that need be done, so long as she could manage to carry out her preparations unseen.

Happily—or unhappily—she had ample time; for there was nobody to whom she need bid even a covert good-bye. There was not even a dog whose caress might have proved that last link to keep her back that she half feared and half hoped for. Never did mortal since the world began feel so utterly deserted and alone. Yet, though strong in her impulse, she felt more like a criminal than like a heroine as she crept upstairs to her own room. She nervously felt as *though she had been doing* precisely the same thing under

precisely the same circumstances in some former life before she
born. When a stair creaked she recalled those early morn
when, almost before daylight, she used to steal books from
drawing-room, or carry them back again, with a heart b
ing at every crack for fear the house should be disturbed. But
knew what she was about. The whole process of her elopem
had entered her mind simultaneously with the first thought of it,
she had worked it out as she came along as well as her confu
attempts to gather up the lost times of which the Major had spo
would allow.

She reached her room and locked herself in. Then she drew fi
the cupboard that suit of clothes in which she had astonished A
Caroline, and spread it out upon the bed, as she had done bef
This was to be no masquerade, however; and some unkn
instinct made her colour with shame, though nobody was by to
She was but a country girl staring at her cousin's suit of cloth
but she was also an errant *demoiselle* gazing at the suit of armou
which she was to encounter the giants and enchanters of the wo
There was no element of burlesque in the situation to her. It is
spectators, not the actors, who perceive the grotesque contradict
of which this life of ours is wholly made. To the lookers-on, a
farce—to the actors, all is tragedy; and both are right, for t
things are one and the same.

She was still hesitating on the brink before taking the o
whelming plunge, when—so slowly did action follow impulse—
was startled by the sound of the dinner bell. That well-kn
clang, so innocent and welcome in itself, gave her nerve. She c
not, after all she had meant to do, go down tamely and face, a
nothing had happened, Gerald, and Aunt Caroline, and Uncle J
She could not even seem to eat another crumb of their treache
charity. Indeed, the meal itself gave her the opportunity that
alone wanting to carry out her scheme. She would not be mi
for another ten minutes—if she was sent for she need not unlock
door. In less time than on the evening of Gerald's return from
and without giving the matter another conscious thought, she
transformed from a tall and handsome girl into a slight and gir
looking young man, so well disguised by frequent practice a
be able to pass muster better than the hundred other women
had successfully played the same conjuring trick before her.

She thought neither of luggage nor of money. The first
*beyond her* strength, and the necessity of the second never occu
*to her.* Besides, she would soon make all she wanted, and m

besides. She was now ready for the adventure, when something made her start far more violently than at the clang of the dinner-bell.

"My Hair!"

Alas for the manhood of Olympia! The links that bound her to her sex were found at last. Anger, ambition, energy, impulse, found themselves outweighed by some ounces of hair. What was to be done? She stood, pale and irresolute, before the looking-glass that reflected so obtrusively what no daughter of Eve can dream of giving up without a shudder. Olympia's chestnut coils were thick, wavy, and clustering; but had they been thin and meagre it would have been the same. The most terrible part of the punishment of a female felon is the loss of her hair. Self-deprivation of it is a sort of suicide. And yet it must be done, or she must give up her scheme. No disguise, however perfect otherwise, would serve to hide her woman's glory. It was not vanity, but instinct, that she tried to crush by a crowning effort of self-will.

Catching up her largest pair of scissors in her right hand, and grasping with her left a large chestnut coil, she closed her eyes so that they might not see the sacrifice, and, in a half-hearted way, listened to the slight, almost inaudible, grating of a hair or two against the edge of the steel. The sound was like pain. But, under the same spell of fascination that almost compels a man who places a loaded pistol to his forehead to draw the trigger whether he will or no, she nervously snapped the two blades together—and then opened her eyes to the havoc she had made.

She looked at her reflection aghast. But, in effect, with the loss of the first coil the deed was done. She could face nobody now—and to leave her work unfinished would be neither to go nor to stay. Feeling almost like a murderess in the midst of work that must be finished and concealed, she placed a cloth under her feet and cut off, more rapidly than neatly, every lock that might tell a tale. She dared look in the glass no more, but folded up the cloth and its contents, and hid the bundle out of sight behind some trunks in a corner of the cupboard. Her head felt strangely light, either from actual loss of weight or from the excitement that still made her hand tremble. But it was all over now. She had brought up an old cap with her from the hall that nobody would miss. With this she covered her disgrace—and then, at last, after peeping out timidly between the door and the door-post, she emerged upon the landing-place, no longer Olympia Westwood, but—a Man.

But her escape was *not yet secure.* She had not crept half-way down-*stairs when she heard the* rustle of a well-known silk gown

ascending the stairs to meet her. Her heart jumped into her throat, and in the moment's pause she lost the opportunity of retreating to her room again while there was yet time. She could only crouch back into a corner of the second landing-place, without the faintest hope of escaping notice.

Her aunt's dress brushed against her, her breathing must have been heard. But, to her own astonishment, she was not seen.

She heard her aunt tap at her door and enter her room. Then, seizing the occasion to which she was now fairly and irretrievably committed, she ran lightly down-stairs, crossed the hall, and was in the twilight of the garden with the hall door safe and close behind her. She was not afraid of being looked for immediately. Nobody had seen her come home, she knew, and she was often late for dinner these warm evenings since she had been indulged in her whim of sketching as long as there was light to see by.

The house lay back from the village, and as it was now growing dark she had no fear of being seen by any of the Gressford people, far less of being recognised in such a disguise. They would as soon have expected to see the Honourable and Reverend Maurice Le drinking in Peter Pigot's bar-parlour as a Miss Westwood of The Laurels going about the lanes in men's clothes. Making her way quickly to the post where she had appointed the Major to meet her, she sat down quietly under a haystack just within a field gate to wait for the sound of coming wheels.

This is all that she did. She only took a brisk evening walk from Gressford to Stackworth and a little beyond. She was too hurried and excited to think while on her way, but when she sat down to wait it was a different thing.

No power on earth short of main bodily force could make her go back now. That was settled. The night air began to taunt her with her folly, and the darkness and solitude of the place began to teach her that a man's courage is not to be put on with a man's clothes. She was beginning to grow cold in heart as well as in limb before she had waited fifteen minutes out of what might prove to be an hour or more. But it was too late now. She had chosen the place because it was lonely, and she could do nothing now but face things as they came. She wished, however, that she had brought a shawl, and that the rising moonlight would not look so unusual and strange.

She began by putting on a bold air, to scare away all the stories *of lonely* roads that she had ever heard and that now insisted upon *keeping her* company. She was a man now, and must behave as a

man. She was brave enough in her own clothes—how was it that her disguise seemed to bring her cowardice instead of courage? What were they all doing at The Laurels now? They had missed her surely, and she did not feel proud of having thrown The Laurels into confusion even for the sake of revenge. When the hot fit was upon her it rather gratified her to speculate upon what they would all think and say when they found her gone. But now the hot impulse was overtaken by cold reflection. All manner of consequences, likely and unlikely, began to rise up in judgment upon her. They would be scouring the country; they would be dragging the pond. Forsyth would call to-morrow and find her gone, and what would he say? She had not thought till now how far she was carrying her vengeance. It had all seemed so easy, so obvious, to run quietly away from The Laurels, and never be heard of by anybody again; and now, though it was impossible, she would have returned if she could only slip back unperceived, and if her hair could have grown again in half an hour. Suppose the Major should either miss her or else never come at all? Why should she have trusted him so implicitly when she had withdrawn her trust from all the rest of the world? Would he not, even as her well-wisher, think it the duty of a friend to betray her confidence to her enemies? Might he not bring others to the place of rendezvous, whence she would be driven back to The Laurels with shame, to become a butt and a laughing-stock for the rest of her days? She would never be able to look Forsyth in the face again—she would throw herself into the Beck sooner. She could not risk that. Even if the Major played her false she could not return. She would give him five minutes longer, and then, if he still delayed, she must go out into the world on foot and alone.

She had no watch, and at the end of barely half a minute her growing anxiety told her that the allowance of time had expired She left her haystack and looked up and down the dark road. Nothing was to be seen. She must set out in the hope of reaching Melmouth before morning, though what she was to do when she got there was beyond her power of dreaming. She was, as she had always longed to be, face to face with the great wide world; and it looked upon her, not with the welcome she had dreamed of, but with black and paralysing stare.

But she had not made her first step along the Melmouth road, when suddenly, in truth or in fancy, her nervously strained ears caught a sound of wheels from the direction of Stackworth. She stopped and *listened. The sound* came nearer and nearer, the

wheels seemed to move more and more slowly. Was it the Major at last? or was it Gerald, or her uncle, or the parish constable? Whichever it was, he was too near now for her to escape, unless she crept out of the road again until the pursuit went by; and then she would miss the Major if by chance it was he. Was it safe to give the signal? She drew back to the side of the road, half within the gate, and made a faint attempt to whistle. But no sound came from her lips; she only frightened herself into silence. Half from want of power, half from want of will, she was like to let her protector, if it were really he, go by. Not that it was likely to be him, for what reasonable chance was there that any sane man should take part with a girl in so mad an escapade?

Perhaps, after all, the sound she thought she heard was only in her fancy. She listened intently again. Once more she tried to give the signal, and once more she failed. It was a moment of agony, only to be measured by the shame and panic terror from which it sprang.

Suddenly her suspense was brought to an end in a manner for which she was the least of all prepared.

All at once the stars, that had hitherto been shining so quietly and scornfully above her, began to dance and reel. The sound of the wheels, whether coming or going, changed to the rush of the sea. She grew sick, deaf, and blind. She had just strength enough left to cry out, and then her suspense was over. She saw and heard nothing more. She, who had thought it easy to lead armies, and to break habits as if they were made of cobweb, had fainted with the effort of watching for an hour by a peaceful road-side.

Her first sensation on waking was the taste of brandy; her second was that of falling from a terrible height, through a crushing cloud; her third was the sound of an exclamation that was neither her uncle's "The Deuce!" nor her cousin's "By George!" but an inarticulate kind of groan, half of relief, half of astonishment, that somehow seemed to carry her back to her cradle among the troopers on the field of Carabobo.

"Och, *c'ramba!* If I didn't take ye for some young rascal whole says over as ye laid there nigh under th' very whales! There, be quiet, darlin'—I'll pick y'up in no time—there!—though ye're not the light weight ye were when I first took ye—like a feather. But who'ld have thought to find a young lady in them boy's things? Sure, I wouldn't have know'd ye but for th' eyes. There—take another *pull at* the brandy—you're a bit too sober, I reckon. I never was *scared before.* There—you're better now?"

Looking up faintly as she pushed aside the flask, she saw the Major kneeling in the road, and supporting her in his arms. She felt very miserable, very ill, and very much ashamed. With an effort she managed to rise, and supported herself against the gate by the side of which she had fallen.

"I'm all right now," she said at last. "What has happened to me? How came I to be lying in the road? I've heard of people fainting—is that what I've done? I wish I'd got some *eau de Cologne.* It felt like dying. I never felt like that before. Am I going to be ill?"

"Faith an' vengeance! 'tis lucky I came. D'ye feel very bad, darlin'? I wish ye'ld take another pull at the brandy."

"Do they know at home?"

"Not that I know. Don't ye feel better now?"

"Everything seems to swim."

"Och, *caramba!* this'll never do. A pretty kettle we're in. Sure, how'ld I guess this was the tricks you was up to with your talkin' about bein' a man? 'Tis all up now, anyhow. Let me put y'in the trahp an' drive ye home. Bed's the trahp for ye now. I wouldn't chance killin' ye for twice them ten thousand pound, bad luck to 'm!"

"No—no! I can't go home. Ill or well, you must take me on now." She started from the gate and seemed to dash her weakness away.

"Sure, I'ld take ye to th' Ahntipodes—but I won't kill ye. 'Tis a almighty bad job this. I didn't know ye meant to lead a trustin owld cahmpeener into the like of this cahmpeen. Sure, what'll I do with ye if ye get ill?—Though it's often I've been your nurse, an' docthor, an' 'pothecary too, an' brought ye through th' mazles with me own hand. Ah, 'tis crule to pick y'up an' put y' down again now I've got ye—but let me put y'in the gig an' drive ye home."

His voice and manner were more anxious than his words. But, if she had been dying, she could not let herself be brought back to The Laurels in such a guise.

"Never," she said, firmly. "I won't be ill. If you don't drive me straight off to London I'll walk there by myself, just as I am, ill or well, if I have to beg my way. It's too late to go back now."

"You're afraid of the owld woman? Faith, I'ld like to see anybody lay their little finger on ye. I'll be at 'The Prince;' and if they don't behave themselves, you send for the Major. I know a wake place or two in them Laur'ls; and I'ld like to see a captain of them militia *blagyards set himself* up against a owld cahmpeenin'

major, that's seen service under Sir De Lacy Evans, an' Gin'ral Berthezéne, an' Gin'ral Bolivar. Faith, I'ld scahlp 'm!"

"I'm afraid of nothing. But——no, I can't tell you all. I must and will go on. I'll kill myself sooner than go back again!"

"Well, ye used to have your own way before ye could spake, so I suppose ye will now. 'Tis too late in the day to begin contradictin' ye. If I'd ever meant to do that I ought to have begun before. 'Twas always the way with ye—what ye didn't get by coaxin' ye'ld get by stahmpin'—so 'twas all one if one said 'Yes' t' ye or 'No.' Here goes, then—an' we've no time to lose. They'll have bate to arums at The Laur'ls by now. Faith, I wouldn't have the heart to give y' up again, after all, and if ye're in for another doctorin' I must do what I can with ye. Ye came close to your owld father-an'-mother's heart when he saw ye lyin' there under the whales, just like at Carabobo."

"You'll take me to London, then?"

"To London? I'll drive ye to——where ye please."

He half lifted her into the gig, took the reins, and went off as briskly as Peter Pigot's horse of all work would allow.

"Brute baste that I am!" exclaimed the Major, after five minutes' silence. "'Tis selfish blagyards we all are, man an' boy. Here'm I, that's as warm in-an'-out as a volcano, an' you shiverin' like a iceberg. Just hold them reins while I put things more fair."

The Major, who thought nothing of usurping a whole fireplace to himself at the expense of everybody else in the room, took off the heavy cloak in which he lived, and wrapped it closely round Olympia. She was, in fact, shivering with cold, and she was too grateful to refuse. Had she known how inconsistent with the Major's ways was thought for another, she would have been more grateful still. As it was, she could not fail to mark the contrast between the combined tenderness and roughness of the hand that thus tried to shield her from the night air.

With all its roughness, our poor adventuress had never felt a touch so tender. Mrs. Westwood's had always been the traditional stepmother's, and Gerald's had always been the playmate's and not the lover's hand. There was no need for her to speculate upon her companion's motives for reclaiming her, when the folding of an old cloak about her felt like a direct appeal to old and dormant memories.

But, in spite of its keenness, she owed some gratitude to the night air from which he sought to guard her. The fresh wind, that met them on its way from the sea, swept away her faintness and began to

nerves. She was still unable to think, but it enabled her without thinking or wondering or looking forward, as one dream. Her breaking away from her old life was so that she felt as if born into the world again, knowing gretting nothing, hoping nothing, with everything to wait thing to do but accept things as they came. She still felt faint, and, without knowing it, utterly dependent upon the who sat by her side. Though he obeyed her and yielded matter of course she was still the woman and he the man. she would have been disgusted enough to be told that her ything to do with the influence that she ascribed wholly to force of will.

thought, in her distress, of stepping over the threshold of alone: and, if she had got as far as Melmouth, she would known how to find out an inn—much less what to say or any lucky chance she happened to find one. It was o her disguise that she should pass with the herd, and she e drawn attention to herself from landladies, waiters, and aids at her very first word. In short, she had never felt much a girl as since her transformation.

as said by the way during this extraordinary journey, to wanderings and adventures as a child, judged by the law ities, had been common things of every day. She could rself drift on, lean back, and think of her fainting fit as the o a new atmosphere. For the time, all that she had left med like a dream within a dream. The Major, in the now nlight, had enough to do to drive straight and keep in the the road. But every now and then he looked at her, and the cloak was not so close round her throat as it might ped again to adjust it carefully.

her eyes and almost dozed. "Faith, 'tis the owld spirit," him mutter to himself, after the manner of those who are their own most intimate friends, companions, and con- "Them Captains' wives, indeed! Faith, 'tisn't their ations 'll corrupt them owld cahmpeenin' manners that's bone. Ah, money's a hard divle. Well, plaze the pigs, neself now, an' make it pay too." And he began to drone, ng a lullaby to her who now scarcely needed one,—

Och, Molly Bawn, don't lave me pinin',
All lonely waitin' here for you:
The 'cute owld Major's dape designin'
'll pick them bowns an' shave 'm too.

Och, Molly Bawn, don't kape me waitin',
All lonely pinin' here for you:
The owld cahmpeener's cahlculatin'
'll squaze them blagyards just a few.

Och, Molly Bawn—— . . . . .

She opened her eyes.

"Sure it's not time to get up?" she asked. "Ah!"—

There lay before her the glory of all glories—the sun rising in his splendour over the sea.

## CHAPTER II.

*Sylph.*—I deck with stars my raven hair,
I've chased the moon and caught her—
*Nymph.*—Around my brow the waste I wear
Of grief, and wreck, and slaughter.
*Sylph.*—The mother I of fancies fair—
*Nymph.*—And I, dark Fancy's daughter—
*Sylph.*—I build up castles in the air—
*Nymph.*—I drown them in the water!

It was her first sight of the sea since she had crossed the Atlantic though it lay within an easy drive from Gressford. When her uncle aunt had occasion to go to Melmouth, the carriage had always been full enough without her. She had never seen the sun rise: to get getting up before it was time to be called was included in Mrs. Wedgwood's catalogue of unheard of improprieties. And now, from the verge of the downs, she saw both sea and sunrise both in one.

It was a wonderful moment in the artistic life that was now waking up within her, and she thought that this outer world into which she had now fairly escaped was indeed grand and beautiful. For the time all her weakness was swept away, and the birds as they woke up seemed to sing her new-made songs. It was worth while to have gone through all last night's misery only for the sake of the sublime vision that lay before her—only for the sake of those blazing mountains of purple clouds and of that plain of molten gold that lay below. For the moment the outer world was fairyland: it was as though she was looking, with waking eyes, upon the grandest of all her dreams. The sea-breeze filled her with new life, and, had she been told by one of those gigantic cloud-angels spreading out rose coloured wings before her, "You have died, and you see the gate of heaven," she would have believed.

"*Ah,*" said the Major, "that means eggs-an'-rahshers!"

"*It is* glorious!" said Olympia.

"And so they are. I've eaten everything in my time, from an owld boot up to a canvas back; but when ye're sharp set there's nothing like them eggs-an'-rahshers, I can tell ye. That's Melmouth, down there. And there's Weyport, that big hill there stickin' out to sea. Plase the pigs, we'll have a taste of 'em in no time now."

They came down the hill into the town, which was almost as dead asleep as when Forsyth passed through it on foot from Weyport ten years ago. But its sleep was lighter now. Then it was a misty October morning; now it was a bright morning at the season when summer is just growing out of spring. The shops were not open, but there were enough early risers about to stare at Peter Pigot's trap as it drove in. Olympia's heart began to beat. In so strange a place nothing would seem strange, and she half expected to see Gerald or her uncle standing by the side of the road.

The Major seemed as much at home in Melmouth as everywhere else, and drove straight to an unpretending public-house in the back part of the town.

"What are you stopping here for?" asked Olympia. "Are we not going on?"

"Without breakfast?"

"But suppose we're followed?"

"They'll follow us if we go full, but they'll catch us if we go fastin'. In a retrate the maxim is, ate all ye can as ye go, and lave nothing for them that come after. There—why ye see ye can hardly stand!"

Olympia's impatient spirit had forgotten that she had gone without food since breakfast-time the day before. She should have run away from home after dinner instead of before. As soon as she stood upon the pavement in front of the inn she found herself fainting from want of food. The Major took her arm, gave the horse and trap in charge to an ostler, and led her at once into a small parlour reeking with the stale relics of tobacco and beer.

"There, sit down till I'll reconnoitre," he said, and left her with a very different feeling about breakfast than she had expressed a minute or two ago. She had always had a fine appetite, and she was now in sea air.

But she was not prepared for the repast that came. She had a lim idea, after trying to eat as well as her long fast would llow, of seeing the Major follow his half-dozen eggs and his dozen ashers with cold beef enough, she thought, to have provisioned The Laurels for three days. She had never seen a man confuse the uses of his knife and *fork before, or of his* fork and his fingers. He had

been thoughtful enough to order some tea for her, but he wash down his beef with beer, and followed the beer with brandy a water. When all was over he gazed stolidly at the ruins he had ma and sighed.

"And now ye'll go and lie down," he said. "After eating all th bafe ye must take a *siesta*. They'll show ye a room, and I told'm ye're ill."

"No—I'm ready now. We'll go on."

"Why, one'ld think it was a scare we had, instead of a retrate order. Sure there's lots of things to do before we can get on. I got to send back the trap, and get a post-chay, and I've got to dig them victuals too, and all that takes time. Oh, they won't be a ye, never fear; and if they're after ye, they've got before ye by n The slower we go, the farther they'll be got away; and when y bein' run after, droppin' behind where they can't see ye's a m 'cuter trick than gettin' in front of 'em, where they can. There, up with ye, and lie down and shut your eyes. Sure, darlin', the droppin' together now, and after all that bafe, no wonder."

"How long shall you be getting the carriage to go on?" asked impatiently, though she could hardly hold up her head v fatigue.

"We'll be on in an hour sharp, and we can't move before. L your door behind ye, and if anybody in the house spakes to knock 'em down."

Though she felt that every moment's delay was a new peril, th was nothing to be done but submit, and she allowed herself to shown to a small, close bedroom, where she might remain by her without risk of discovery till the provokingly deliberate moveme of the Major allowed her to proceed. But, in spite of her we ness, she did not close her eyes. Everything that had happe since her escape from The Laurels was as incomprehensible as if s had been suddenly transported from the earth to the moon. E will, that had felt so invincible when she used to wander about l imaginary world, now seemed paralysed. How should she be a to hold her own if she was afraid to speak to an inn waiter, and the Major was a type of the companions whom she might expect find? She already felt herself transplanted into a harder and cou air, to which the atmosphere of The Laurels seemed soft and pettiness refined. She, in her heart, had expected to find her thrown among a race of Forsyths, and she had found in the Major representative of men who make themselves at home in the wo She was torn in two different directions; by disgust at all his w

and ways, and by the tenderness that tried to show itself under his uncouthness whenever he spoke to her, or when he recalled those wonderful days of which the impress had never left her although their recollection had faded away. No wonder, if men were like himself in the open world, that he had tried to save her from such life by placing her in her uncle's hands.

She found some discoloured water in a cracked pitcher, and made the best toilet she could, almost wishing that it were possible to return. She could find, however, neither soap nor towels, and dared not ask for them, fearing lest such a request might betray a suspicious inexperience of the manners and customs of inns. She was still too sleepy to sleep and too hungry to eat when the Major returned, having been away not more than a few minutes beyond the hour.

"Now then!" he said. "I've paid the bill and ordered back the trap, and the chay's at the door, and there's nothing to do but get in and get on. Ah, you've been cleaning yourself, have ye? Not a bad notion, that. Maybe I'll do it meself when we get to town, and when I've the time. There, in with ye. Look here," he said, as he settled himself at her side, "d'ye like prawns? They're first-rate at Melmouth, and I've got ye some to kill the time, an' to fill up the holes and corners. Faith, this is different from the last journey we made together, when ye wasn't so high, and sat on me knaze all the way."

"Where was that—in America?"

"'Twas when I brought ye from Liverpool to Bristol, and 'twas the sorrowfullest thing I ever did, seein' it was givin' up the best part of me."

"You brought me over, then? Aunt Car'line used to say 'twas the wife of some carpenter."

"Aunt Car'line doesn't know everything, let me tell ye. If she did, faith, she'ld stare. 'Twas I brought ye over all the way. D'ye think I'ld trust ye to any hands but me own that reared ye?"

"And yet you let me go without knowing so many years?"

"More owld fool I. Ah, ye little know how hard it went when ye turned away so proud from me that day as if I hadn't been fit for ye to touch with a pair of owld tongs. So that little owld schoolmasther's got thick with ye since then, I hear?"

"What schoolmaster?"

"I mean that paintin' R.A. chap—what-d'ye-call'm?"

"You mean Mr. Forsyth?" She ought to have been taking her lesson now, and *he was just finding* out she was gone, nobody knew

here. Would he mind? Or would he add another item to the catalogue of faults, and let her go?

"That's the fellow. What d'ye think of him?"

"Ah," she said, almost remorsefully, "I wish you wouldn't speak of him! I didn't think of it last night, but it's hard to think of the ungrateful girl he'll think I am."

"He's been good to ye, then? Here's his health in a pra[illegible]. What's he taught ye? I hear he's been teachin' ye, and I knew he was a bit of a schoolmaster by the looks of 'm."

"He taught me everything—that's all. He taught me to be the great painter I mean to be"——

"What!—you're goin' to be a R.A. too?"

"And—it is wonderful, but he read out of my dreams that I'd been where you say I've been with you. He's been there too, and found out all my queer dreams about fighting and wonderful skies"——

"What? He's a cahmpeener too? Bless me sowl, to think he'd been a traveller, and let me tell my bits o' tales and never put in a word of his own. He's a close shaver, I reckon. And he'll be about me own standin', too. Did he ever stand fire—he wasn't in the laygion, was he? Ah, I don't like them close files—they'll let ye run on-an'-on till ye make a blunder between a Monday and a Tuesday, and then they'll turn round and make ye look like a fool. So he's been in South America, has he? D'ye know what part of 'm?"

"He never talked much about where he had been. But Buenos Ayres was one place, I know; and he'd been in New Granada, and a place called Caracas"——

"Fancy bein' in them places and never sayin' a word! What made him take to teach ye draw'n'?"

"For his own amusement, I suppose. He saw a picture of a face that I'd done and that had got in Molly's portfolio."

"And that made him think of teachin' ye?"

"He thought I must have seen the face somewhere, and sure I think I must have myself, now I know more about things. The face struck him, anyhow—sure I wish he'd never seen it, with all my heart I do."

"A face ye'd seen before? What sort of a face, now? They get queer ideas into their heads, them R.A.'s."

"He thought I must have seen it before I could remember. Ah—know all about me—perhaps you know—did you ever see a

"Scores of 'em. What's she like?"

"I can hardly explain—but it's all in my mind—a beautiful woman with grand black eyes and hair, blacker and browner than me"——

"Ah, all them señoritas is like that. Of course ye've seen scores of 'em. It might be Dolores, that used to take ye about in Lima. Or, faith, it might be your own mother, that I picked up after Carabobo."

"Then stop the horses. I'll make a sketch of it on the spot—I must know. Have you got a scrap of paper? I've got a pencil."

She drew rapidly, with what was now a practised hand.

"Faith, you're the one to draw—Mr. Forsyth's a good master, and I'll recommend'm. Yes, that's your mother, poor lady, that I saw die with me own eyes. A beauty she was too."

"Tell me about her—you have told me nothing yet"——

"'Tis because I haven't much to tell. She towld me all she knew before I put her underground. She was a Miss Sanchez from Buenos Ayres"——

"Sanchez? Why that's the name that Forsyth"——

"Oh, that's nothing—Sanchezes is as common in America as Smiths is here. Her owld brute of a father—I knew'm—wanted her to marry some fellow named John Francis—that was the name; but she gave him the slip an' went off with that blagyard your father, that went away and left her—that's all I know. So the little schoolmaster knew a Sanchez, and has been at Buenos Ayres, and noticed that little picture, eh? Now, what'll that mean—faith, it looks like designin' an' cahlculatin' if it don't mean bones."

"Mr. Sullivan, how dare you give such names to my father, if that's all you know?" she cried out, finding herself at home upon her old familiar battle-ground."

"Bravo, that's the owld spirit—that's the owld times again! What did I call'm? A blagyard? Faith, we're all blagyards—sure I only meant it as if I'd said that owld rascal. 'Twas war time, ye know, and a man might have to lave a pretty girl behind without bein' a Don Joon. Where was I? Ah," he went on half aloud, "There's me lord gets to a place and's never heard of beyond. That's the common knowledge of 'm. There's Mr. Francis comes from the place and's never known of before. There's the schoolmaster been at the place and knows the people and never says a word. There's the same little old fox sees a picter and writes off to the Faylds. There's talk of a likeness among them under-strahppers at me Lord Wendle's. But then them bothering why-'n'-wherefores"——

Olympia did not heed his half audible and wholly unin
speculations. She was glad that he was silent, so that her
might retire into themselves and be alone. The story of h
interested her, but scarcely moved her—that she so far resemb
girls as to have had a mother at all, who would have be
what her aunt was to Julia, Carry, and Molly, was not to b
in a day. But, as she looked from the window of the c
realised more and more that Gressford was fading farther a
away and that London, the metropolis of her dreams, wa
more near.

"And what'll ye do when ye get to London?" asked th
after the silence of at least an hour.

"What'll I do? I'll hire a studio and paint pictures an
grand name.

"Ye will? Faith, ye're a brave girl, and after me medi
think it'll be the best thing ye can do. As for the dollar
draw on me; 'tis a little bit of an investment I'm makin
so ye needn't mind, and it'll plaze me too. Ye can pay
out o' the picters ye sell. I'm not a Craysus myself, darl
know them as is, an', faith, we'll live like fightin' cocks bef
done. I rather cahlculate I've struck ore this time. Ah, 't
trade is combinin', but 'tis sure, and"——

He relapsed into his reverie, and Olympia, who took n
granted, into hers. No adventures befell them on the road
at last, late in the evening, a confused low roar from a
flashing lights and starless darkness told Olympia that sh
London.

She, a delicately brought up girl, hopelessly ignorant of t
and its ways—who, until yesterday, had never been six m
home—was all at once plunged into London without a frien
character of a man, and in company with a vulgar adver
whom she knew nothing twenty-four hours ago, and who m
for aught she knew to the contrary, be the greatest s
unhung. But, for the present, she was before the fac
marvellous giant who lays an intoxicating charm upon the
all whom he receives. This was London, and she though
nothing more. She had come to fight her battle for herse
haze of broken darkness, and to receive her crown fro
oppressive hands. The dull murmur she heard was, when s
understand it, to include her praise in its now angry roar.
was not the London of her dreams. But she felt no disappo
it was grand enough in its unlooked-for way to promise her

d hard-fought battle-field for which she longed. Who ever felt at the first breath of London meant despair? To her, as to all o enter it for the first time, it was no vision of fear, but the mised land of all desires. It was hideous, but it was beautiful.

Her entry was a romance, in which her wildest experiences of ion faded away. She forgot her morning's vision of sunrise—this ion was grander and more bewildering still. It was London—refore it was all.

They left the chaise in an inn yard. The place was bustling and wded, for one coach was just starting and another had just ived. A man, hurrying with some luggage, ran up against two ies, to whom he apologised humbly. In stepping back, he ran inst Olympia; but, instead of apologising, turned round and gave an oath for being in the way. The Major hurriedly pulled her de.

"Ye must take good care," he said, "or they'll be expectin' ye to ock one o' them blagyards down."

She drew back into the darkness and sighed. It seemed that she d gained more obligations than advantages by her exchange.

"I've been thinking," he said, "where ye can put up for the ht, an' ye can't do better than see if there's a bed to spare at the lgins of a friend of mine. To-morrow I'll take ye to a first-rate lor that knows me well, and'll give ye some clothes and won't ask for the money down. 'Tis wonderful how little ye need pay if ye ow the ways of 'm. Ye wouldn't believe it now to look at me, t I haven't spent sixpence on me back since I was a boy."

"And about a studio?"

"Oh, we'll see about all that to-morrow. 'Tis a long night's rest t're wanting now."

He put her into a coach, gave some long and elaborate direction the driver, and then got in after her. They left the thoroughfare, l drove through what seemed to her a desert of uninhabited back ets for as many miles as lay between London and Melmouth, y now and then crossing a crowded road, until they were put n at the entrance of a narrow and crooked alley. The fever of rrival was cooling, and she was becoming depressed again. would have been glad of the company of even Aunt Caroline. was not afraid, but she felt horribly alone. The drop of rain beginning to suspect that it had fallen into the sea.

ie Major took his valise in his hand, paid the coachman, and ked at an uninviting door. It was opened by an almost in-le woman, who curtseyed to the Major, and then vanished, after

shutting the door, leaving the passage in total darkness. felt herself merged in her sense of smell, and the result agreeable. The Major took her by the hand, led her up so and narrow stairs, then tapped at a door, opened it, and bidding her follow.

She entered, and for the first time realised that not everyb is above the rank of a Gressford villager lives in drawing-ro parlours after the fashion of The Laurels. The room was u that she had ever seen or dreamed of. Her eyes look carpet, and only fell upon a floor of common planks, cove grease, the marks of muddy boots, and the ashes of tobacco. was furniture, but nothing unbroken, nothing in its place, and put to the purpose for which it was designed. The gene was hopeless, and even her woman's power of analysing at contents of a room into all its details was at sea. Even if had time for careful study she would not have been muc seeing that most of the details would have been strange to h

As it was, her second timid glance was drawn to the lo this chaos, who sat beyond the round table in a broken-bac chair, with his legs drawn up under him like a Turk or a tail was not an attractive-looking person. His nose was red, hi were yellow, his eyes were black, his chin was blue, and were dingy white, for he was enjoying the luxury of shirt To complete the catalogue of his many hues, he wore an upon his head that had once been green. He was smokin coloured clay pipe, and a black bottle stood by his elbow. expected him to rise at her entrance, she was wrong.

Her third glance fell upon a few more intelligible details, si out of keeping with the room and the man. In spite of the litter, the window was dressed in muslin blinds that were as snow; a shawl was flung upon one of the chairs, and a canary his song upon her from a new cage.

She felt like a traveller who, in looking for an honest inn w may rest, has fallen into a den of thieves. In comparison owner of this room, Major Sullivan was the finest and most of gentlemen. She was more than half inclined to run awa those dull black eyes, in their slowly-moving course, had pass from the Major to her. But there was no help for it, passed within the door, instinctively gathering up imaginary prevent their being soiled. Had her skirts been not imagina would have been ample need.

The Major left her to shut the door, threw down his valis

floor, without much regard to what it fell upon, stalked up to the black bottle without a word to its owner, and drank from it without the conventional medium of a tumbler. There was something solemn to depression in this meeting between the Major and his forbidding friend. At last the former spoke, with an air of sudden joviality—

"Joe, me boy, me young friend Charley Seaward, that's going to be a Rile Academician. Charley, this is me owld friend Joe."

Olympia bowed with an attempt to imitate the ease of a man. The man in shirt-sleeves nodded sulkily.

"Joe's a first-rate fellow, I can tell ye. You'n' he ought to get to know one another well. Joe, me boy, me young friend here's just come up to town, and wants a decent sort of a place where he can do his bit of paintin' and turn in when he's a mind. So"——

"Aha, *mon ami*, you thought of that big room. Ah, if monsieur is artist, it is just the thing; and the little room out of it quite comfortable. All under one thimble, as you say. I will speak the word, and it shall be made beautiful."

For a moment the Frenchman spoke with animation, and drew his thumb over the edges of his cards with a snap of emphasis.

"What?" asked Olympia in dismay. "Do you mean that I am to live here?"

"As you please, monsieur. There is the room."

"All right, me boy," said the Major. "Ye'll be safe and quiet as a mouse. You won't have callers here, an' ye'll be under me own eye. Ye see, if ye went into any strange place there might be the deuce to pay. Ye must go somewhere, ye know, and if ye want better quarthers cheap, sure I don't know where ye'll go."

"Then for to-night— Ah! What's that?"

She started, and almost betrayed herself with a scream.

She heard a low growl from under the table, close to her feet, and looking down, saw the shaggy head of some huge wild beast rubbing against her and snuffing suspiciously. She trembled and drew back almost to the door. Monsieur Drouzil's features did not relax, but stiffened into a grin.

"Aha! that is the child of the house. I see monsieur is a little shy. But he is safe. You see that bar? I promise you that if he had bitten you one time he would not have done it two. Does monsieur love *écarté?*"

"What? Oh, I know. You mean cards. No, I can't play."

Drouzil grinned again, and glanced at the Major.

"Aha! a new pupil? *C'est très-bien.* It is a very pretty game. I will teach you something when you play with me half an hour."

Was she bound, in the character of a young man, to say might she, without making herself remarkable, say "No"? about to accept the invitation, on the principle that she l read about young men playing cards, when the Major inter

"Come, none of that to-night, Joe. Me young friend h care about the cards."

"How? Not care about the cards? But I do not co He comes here and he will not play?"

"There, put 'em up, Joe. Sure I'll bring ye another p two of 'm. He's my friend, is Charley, and I won't have l he doesn't please."

"Bah! Are you his mamma, *mon ami?* The young will please himself, I suppose. If he does not know the time to begin. You shall play with me, monsieur, and M Général shall go and sing psalms."

"I tell ye what, Joe, if ye don't put up them pastel knock ye down."

"Ah, I see—you will keep monsieur in your leading-st *ami*. You will teach him first before you bring him to pl honest man. That is not fair play, monsieur. I will first, and then he shall play with you. I think monsieur i call green."

"Ye thundering blagyard, d'ye think I never see a yo but I want to pick his bones?"

"Not at all. I think you do want to pluck off the fe to leave the bones for those that play fair."

Olympia, as Monsieur Drouzil saw, did not understand all this jargon; but she saw there was to be a quarrel, perh and her blood ran cold. How, as her real self, could sh and how, as her pretended self, could she stand by like and tremble while the Major and the Frenchman were And meanwhile, what could she do to allay the growi And what should she herself do if it ever became her called a "thundering blackguard"? She would have b with neither a blow nor a repartee. She began to think, were only not a man!"

Suddenly, however, the door opened, and another terrible apparition, more formidable even than the bear upon the scene.

It was only a young and pretty girl, with bright golde blue eyes, dressed simply and plainly. But Olympia's he chilled by the prospect of a quarrel, sank down into

How should she behave now? When she had assumed her disguise it never occurred to her that she should have to play out her part not only among men but among women also. A young man should, of course, assume a gallant demeanour. He should take the lead in talk, and know how to speak and what to say. She had hitherto identified herself with the heroines of her books, and she must now take the heroes for her models, without the aid of any life-studies beyond Gerald and Lord Wendale. There stood the golden-haired girl, pausing on the threshold at the sight of a stranger. She would be introduced to her in a moment, and what should she do or say? The quarrel was bad enough, but the cause of its interruption was worse still. Besides, what sort of girl could she be who had to do with these men?

The bear's shaggy head appeared once more from under the table, and the pointed nose was thrust into the girl's hand lovingly, like that of a spaniel.

"There, that's enough of that nonsense now, Joe," said the Major. "I'll tell you all another time. Miss Drouzil, allow me to introduce to ye me friend Charley Seaward"——

"And now," said Olympia, quickly, "since I'm to be here to-night, I should like to see my room."

"Oh, plenty of time," said Drouzil. "You shall love the theatre if you will not love the play. It is going to begin. I shall not go—I must talk to Monsieur le Général. It is fortunate you are here, monsieur. You shall see something worth to see. You shall walk to the theatre with Miss Firefly there, and she shall take you in."

She looked at Sullivan with dismay.

"No, me boy," said the Major; "me young friend Charley isn't going to the play to-night—he's going to have his sleep out—and a sensible young fellow too. If ye were a scholar, Joe, ye'ld know *Maxima reverentia debaytur pueris*, ye know, which manes that boys will be boys, and ye mustn't let 'm go too far."

"What—you will not trust him with my daughter, Monsieur le Maman? My faith, but the young monsieur is a very good young man. He will not play *écarté* and he will not go to the play?"

"And d'ye think," said the Major, hotly, "a man's bound to keep company with blagyards because he happens to know you? Suppose the lad's a good lad, all the better for him."

"Bah. He must be come from some convent. I shall think monsieur is a mademoiselle. I shall engage him to play the *ingénue*. My faith, he would look charming in a white frock and a blue sash. I trust him with the little one—she will not take much harm from him."

Olympia turned pale. "There, then," she said, hastily following her first impulse to do anything that would save her from detection, "I am ready—I will go."

"O—Charley!" said the Major, "take care!"

"I'll take care," said Olympia, now goaded into recklessness. And in a minute more she found herself walking through the dark streets by the side of Firefly. She did not speak, and she did not offer her arm. But Firefly, who no doubt read the obvious confusion and embarrassment of so good-looking a young fellow in her own way, smiled up to him kindly.

"This way," she said, at the first turning. "You do not seem to know this part of London very well?"

"I—I don't know it at all," stammered Olympia. "Are we anywhere near the Tower?" she asked, feeling that she ought to say something in return, and not knowing what else to say.

"The Tower? Where is that, monsieur?"

"Where they put the State prisoners," said Olympia.

"They put the prisoners in the station."

"The station? I never heard of the station."

"Ah, I see!" said Firefly, having assured herself by a quick glance that she was not being laughed at; "monsieur does not know London at all?"

"No—I've never happened to be in it before. Are you an actress? What a strange life yours must be."

"Why, monsieur? It would be very odd not to be. It would be very odd if Oscar, the darling, was not a bear."

"I've sometimes wished I was an actress myself—an actor, I mean, like Mrs. Siddons. What is it like? What characters do you act? Ophelia—or Desdemona—or "——

"Who, monsieur?"

"Ophelia—Desdemona."

"But, monsieur, who are they? Are they in London?"

"What—don't you know?"

"I never heard of them, monsieur."

"An actress—and not know Shakespeare?"

"Oh, I have heard of him. They call the public-house after him, near the Phœnix. But he does not keep it any more, I believe."

"An actress who has never heard of Shakespeare!" thought Olympia, in despair at finding such additional proof that either the world as it was, or the world as she had pictured it, was upside down. She looked down at the bright face that came up to her shoulder, *more* than ever at a loss what to do or say.

"But what do you act, then, if you don't act Shakespeare?"

"I used to act with Oscar, poor dear fellow, and I wish I did still. They won't have him any more after that accident that nearly made the roof come down. But haven't you seen me? Ah, I forgot you have not been in London. It is a pretty piece, rather. When you have left me at the stage door you had better go in front, and come for me when it is over."

"I am to go into the theatre—by myself"——

"You'll find me somewhere about the slips when you care to come —and please do," she said, looking up very gravely.

"Sure the girl doesn't mean to flirt with me!" thought Olympia, in terror. But what was to be done? She must go to the theatre unless she meant to walk about the streets, and it was impossible to avoid the duty of seeing the girl home again, even if her ignorance of the way back had not prevented her from being able to dispense with a guide. "I'll find you where?" she asked.

"In the slips, or somewhere about there."

"I never heard of them."

"How, monsieur? Have you never been in a theatre at all?"

"Never," said Olympia, forced to own the truth, but turning crimson in the darkness.

What could be said after such a confession as this? The reader of plays who had never seen a play and the actress who had never heard of Shakespeare ended their walk in silence. Each had met with a creature from another world.

## CHAPTER III.

A hundred mimic phantoms don
  Love's bright disguise, who know not Him:
But by a myriad veils his sun
  Doth shame-faced Love conceal and dim.

THE morning after it was settled that Olympia, with her aunt's consent, should run off with her cousin, Forsyth went from Beckfield to The Laurels to give his lesson just as usual. These daily visits had now become so habitual that he made them as a matter of course, without thinking whether he should miss them if ever they became interrupted. He knew, of course, that Olympia would be married to her cousin sooner or later, and that he should go back to London whenever it pleased his host and patron—indeed, Lord Wendale was talking of escaping from the dull idleness of Beckfield every day. But this was an old story; and meanwhile, the day's goc

and evil was sufficient unto the day. It had become infinitely pleasant, far more pleasant than he knew, to take a holiday from self-watching and self-analysing and to study the growth of another nature—to put straight the chaos of scribbled lines and curves that took the place of what should have been the fair picture painted on Olympia's mind. After all, he was not doomed to pass away out of life without leaving behind him one who knew him only in the character in which he wished to appear to somebody or other before the time came for him to die. How she in her turn regarded him he sought not to consider; it was too delightful to expand himself and stretch out his cramped heart in the task of trying to make some one wiser and happier than she would otherwise have been to think how his own refreshing labour might react upon himself. He certainly did not reflect whether he would thus have adopted Olympia's life into his own had she been less the apotheosis of the old life that he had lost, or had she been less beautiful to look upon or her voice less sweet to hear.

Love has not only his seasons, but his circling years also. We do not think much of the first spring we ever knew—who can recall to mind the first time that he ever saw the lilacs blossom and the branches break out into leaves? It is as we grow old, and when we can remember many summers and many winters besides, that we feel all that is meant by those common words, the Return of Spring. It is then, and not till then, that the first white blossom touches us not with hope but with longing for what we know Spring herself can never prove strong enough to bring, and that the first green leaf is like the joy of a new birth-pang. Then the return of spring is so full of pain that it requires a poet to tell us that it is joyful and to read the pleasure that underlies the pain. So Forsyth, as many a man has done before him, felt the returning spring put forth its white blossoms and its green leaves, and believed it to be the return of memory to life—when, in truth, it was happiness struggling back into birth again: the happiness which, being unconscious, may mistake itself for sorrow, but cannot be spoiled by vain attempts to find out what it means and whither it leads. It was the smile of spring out of winter—and he mistook the white apple-blossoms for snow.

Possibly he might have been wiser if he could have noticed how full of interest his days had grown. He had felt like one who is all at once relieved from a heavy burden when he threw away his money-bags and gave himself up to art for awhile, not for the sake of filling up an unfilled life, but as the natural bloom upon days that were *gathered* from a new garden. March, who is more wintry than

December, is very close to April, who is more spring-like than May.

He had reached The Laurels, looking forward to, or rather taking for granted, another long morning of talk and work with the girl whom, as he loved to think, he was saving from development into one of the weeds of Gressford and slowly training into one of its flowers. Everything about the place was just as he had left it yesterday—why, indeed, should it be otherwise? He felt no presentiment, and, if he had, he would have set it down at its true value of nothing. The front door, indeed, stood open, but that, though not usual, was not strange. But in the hall he came upon a group that was both unusual and strange.

He fell, for the first time, upon one of those wrangling altercations which, though common enough at The Laurels, had never yet been displayed openly to the eyes and ears that did not belong to the family. The group was composed of Mrs. Westwood, talking in her shrillest tones; of Gerald, listening to her with a frowning forehead and flushed face; of the Captain, pacing backwards and forwards with an air of impatient helplessness; and of one of the Miss Penders —he never could tell one from the other—looking from Gerald to her mother and from her mother to her stepfather as if frightened and bewildered. He was about to step back into the garden in order to wait for a better opportunity when Mrs. Westwood, catching sight of him, came forward at once, and said, without a word of preface, and in a tone made up of mingled disgust, scorn, and triumph—

"There, Mr. Forsyth—there is your Olympia! She has gone off with an Irish major!"

"Mother!" broke in Gerald, "how dare—how can you tell such—things that aren't true? And"——

"And before strangers, too," groaned the Captain. "Caroline, Caroline, can't you keep it to ourselves, any way? By Jupiter, I wish I'd been sent to Hong Kong before I was born."

"Gerald," said Mrs. Westwood, without regarding her husband's interruption, "I suppose it's got becoming to tell one's own mother that she lies. I have my reasons for knowing what I think, and for saying it out too, strangers or no strangers, and to Mr. Forsyth more than anybody. He knows why, and he has a right to know." She paused, removed a little of the sharpness from her voice, and then continued more plaintively: "I don't suppose he, nor anybody, would want to give twenty thousand pounds to an Irish major when there are good girls in the world," and she glanced at Marian as if

to establish a *rapport* between her and the rich stranger, "who deserve twenty thousand times twenty thousand, though it's I that say it, and more. Those that deserve ought to get them, say I; and those that don't deserve them shouldn't have them. That's what comes of taking up those black sheep's daughters: they devour your bread and drink your tea and coffee, and then run away with Irish majors."

"But—why, you wouldn't let her know a word about the money," said the Captain. "Do you want to send me mad, Caroline?"

"Who said she did, John? It's those Irish majors that have their own means of knowing what they know, when one has a husband that would go drinking and smoking with a chimney-sweep."

"How can you, Caroline? I never smoked with a chimney-sweep since I was born."

"Mother," said Gerald, more quietly, "I don't understand a word you say, except that you're accusing Olympia of doing what I know isn't true—can't be true. I'ld sooner believe she was under Lyke Wood pond."

"You're infatuated. I can't bear infatuation. I dare say you wouldn't have believed it if you'd seen her go off with your eyes. Perhaps you'll say the girl's in the cellar or the lumber room, and that I put her there. Perhaps you'll say she had her dinner with the rest of us yesterday. Perhaps you'll deny the man was seen kissing her in the Broad Walk, which shows it wasn't the first time they'd met there, and what coming down four times a year recruiting nobody really means. Perhaps"——

"I wonder you can listen to all that wretched village gossip. won't believe"——

"If you don't believe what people say they've seen, that's thinkin evil, and I detest thinking evil. And therefore, perhaps you'll sa he didn't hire Pigot's gig, and drive away just after we misse Olympia? Perhaps you'll say her brush and comb aren't gone o too, and that your father doesn't agree with me?"

"I'll only deny one thing, mother, in spite of all the slander i Gressford; and that's that she is gone off with Major Sullivan, o would touch the fellow with the end of her finger. I know her, an you don't; and if she's gone away, as I suppose she has, I can gue where, as I've told you all along. You know how wilful she is; an she had a plan"——

"Stuff and nonsense. Her plan was a major, as she couldn't g a lord. It's all your father's fault, though—that's one comfor nobody can say it's mine. I'll wash my hands of her and welcon

and give her joy of her major. I'm told in the village that he sleeps in his dirty boots, and eats with his knife. It's disgusting, I call it; and I call Olympia nothing but a bad girl—a bad girl, and that's the word."

"Father, say you don't believe anything so horrible! You know Olympia—you know this Sullivan—is it likely? Is it possible?"

"I know more than you know, my boy. It's not only likely—it's true."

"There!" said Mrs. Westwood, triumphantly. "Your father's right sometimes, when he agrees with me; and no doubt none better than he knows how that majoring man found out about"——

"Mr. Forsyth," Gerald interrupted her, "you, too, know Olympia—perhaps best of us all. Do you believe that she—hang it, I can't say the word."

Forsyth, who had heard all this without uttering a word, looked up vacantly.

"Like mother, like daughter," he said, bitterly. "There was once another Gerald Westwood, and another Major Sullivan, and another—— Yes, it is all true."

He hung his head, turned away, and left The Laurels without another look or word.

Of course, it was all true to him who had been living his whole life over again, step by step, from the beginning to the end. It was true, because her name was Olympia, and because her life had been connected with his own.

Of course, he leaped to the worst conclusion at a bound. A dream of impossible happiness can, as we all know, have but one end, and that the worst. Gradually a phantom of spring had seemed to be growing up between himself and the approaching winter of his days. It promised him all the best part of the past, and kept the rest concealed. All at once, at a breath, the rose-coloured phantom shrivelled up in frost. He had lost the only resting-place that his heart might hope to find: in the instant of loss all his loss was revealed, and its name was known.

Such a discovery, thus cruelly made, was hardly to be borne. There was no need to name the passion that had fallen upon him unawares. At his age, and with his nature, a man does not say "I love," but "I live." Love is an addition to life with the young, but it is life itself to such as he. He hated and despised himself that it should be so, without reference to the manner of the end. He acutely felt all the barrier of contrast that lay between himself and her; and if he had been asked for a list of her faults, he

would not have taken from or glossed over the catalogue that he had made only yesterday. Was it possible that it was only yesterday? And now he would have been forced to add unknown and unsuspected faults that he dared not think upon. It was shameful to think that he, in middle life, who had already passed through the fire, should, unwittingly, have been a second time ensnared by an ignorant girl, brimfull of faults, just because, forsooth, she had the eyes of an old love and was—a girl. That was the whole story, as he read it now in the bitterness of his loss—that, and nothing more. Some of us magnify the merits of our friends and the faults of our foes. But there are many more who, out of the tendency to self-torment which is the scourge of love, magnify every fault of those whom they love the best, and blind themselves to every virtue. The lovers who see Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt are many; but those who seek out and exaggerate every mote and mole in Helen are more. That is the scourge with which the just and the truth-seeking do penance for being happy.

Forsyth cannot be said to have been disappointed in losing the happiness that he had never consciously hoped to gain, but he was bitterly angry with himself for being disappointed in Olympia. It was because it convicted him of outrageous folly that Mrs. Westwood's tale was true. There was no need to examine evidence that would have morally convinced a less prejudiced heart. He remembered how he would once have thought a similar story of the mother utterly incredible—how he had once before been deceived by eyes that met his own openly and by a voice that sounded true. He had long suspected that Olympia did not care for Gerald as a future wife should care, without suspecting that the thought might have had a wish for its father:—but that her engagement had been used as a cloak to hide a love affair with an animal like Sullivan—well, after all, it is the incredible that generally turns out to be true. He must let her go, return to his solitary toil, resume his mask, and be a man.

With this resolution, born from anger with himself rather than with her, he returned to Beckfield. He set himself to pull up the flowers that had taken fresh root in his heart, and that, as everybody knows, is easy enough—for an hour. Sweeping and garnishing is not a hard task, and hearts and water may be very easily kept frozen for just so long as the frost endures. He could not, in the first hour, look forward to the day in which he would have to exchange the studio of Gressford Wood for his London room, to return from art to trade, and to realise that he would never even dream of *reading* truth and innocence in a woman's voice and eyes again.

The companionship of a month had seemed growing into the companionship of a life, and it was gone. It was hideously cruel mockery that he who had stripped himself of all things, even of his good name, for the sake of others, should be unable to find the commonest consolation, which even the most selfish may enjoy, in the friendship of one who was true and pure though otherwise neither very good nor very wise. It was like being deprived of light and air. He had asked so little from life, and had given up so much, that his doom was doubly hard. But it must be borne. The straw of a girl's escapade had broken the camel's back—but it is not gentlemen that hang themselves.

He found Beckfield in some commotion. Grooms and servants were bustling or loitering about, and immediately on his arrival he was requested to go at once to the Earl.

"Forsyth," said the latter, "if you want to stay on at Beckfield you must be host and guest too. I'm going back to town—now."

The painter knew his patron's way of talking about his plans a long time beforehand and then deciding in a hurry too well to be surprised. Indeed, the faculty of being surprised was now among the lost arts to him.

"I shall start this evening," Lord Wendale went on, "and shall be glad of your company if you care to come. All my affairs are in arrear, and I wouldn't be away from to-morrow's debate for a dozen Beckfields. Oh, if I were but member for my county instead of only for my confounded coronet, I believe I could do something in the world. There's nothing like rank and wealth to deprive one of the power of benefiting one's fellow creatures. I'ld give anything to lay everything down, and become a self-made man—it's the *bâton* gained by a private soldier that's worth the having, not the one that one's born to. By the way, what's this I hear about Miss Westwood? I'm glad to see you safe back again, for I half suspected she'd gone off with you."

"What about Miss Westwood? What have you heard?" asked Forsyth, trying now to cover his heart with a mask, as well as his name.

"Oh, I heard it from Lee, who had heard it from somebody, who had heard it from somebody else—you know the way in which those things are spread flying. I thought there was some one besides the cousin at the bottom of it when—when I thought for a moment of actually making love to her. I was sure there was something then, and I'm not often deceived. Who is this man Sullivan who has carried off the prettiest girl in England, whatever else she may be?"

"And this is the man who asked her to marry him not a month ago!" thought Forsyth to himself. He, also, believed himself to be a reader of men, and was also sometimes wrong.

"Who is the dark horse that has won the stakes—such as they are?"

"I have not the honour of knowing much of Major Sullivan."

"An Irishman by name—but hardly by nature, to go off with a girl so poor that she was talking of earning her own living."

"A girl that even talks of earning her own living is not poor."

"You've seen Sullivan sometimes—haven't you? I think I've heard you speak of some lying fellow that I daresay would do anything to turn a dishonest penny. Are you going to London, or shall you stay here?"

"I shall go to London."

"Forsyth—I don't believe a word of this abominable slander. Do you?"

"I am an older man than you, my lord. Nothing is incredible, except what one believes."

"And can you think that a girl would refuse a—the chance of being a countess for the sake of a vulgar rascal? There's some strange plot here, and on my honour I think there are more liars than one."

"I should say a few millions more."

"I never yet let anything oppose my will in my life—that's my principle. If one lets one's self once be beaten, even if one doesn't care about victory, the prestige of one's will is gone. I mean to find out this girl, and I'll tolerate no rivals, for the sake of principle. I have collected about me all that is most beautiful in art, and I don't see why I should let slip what is most beautiful in nature too. As for my losing her in the long run, that is absurd."

"What—do I understand that your lordship will propose a second time to a girl that refused you once and that has run off with another man?" He scarcely knew what he was saying, but habit spoke for him through his parched throat, and even exaggerated the peculiarities of his dry reserve.

"She never refused me. As to proposing a second time, that is impossible, seeing that I never proposed a first time. Only I will not be beaten, that's all. It doesn't follow that I mean to make her Countess of Wendale."

"What!" exclaimed Forsyth, suddenly starting from his apparent statue-like indifference, "do you mean you intend doing her wrong?"

"What do you mean by doing her wrong? Leaving a beautiful

girl to be devoured by sharks and vultures when, in body and soul, she is fit for a king—aye, and for me? I can trust my instinct, I hope, never to do anybody wrong, whatever I may do. If you were a Calmont you would know what I mean. And, in any case, what is it to you?"

What, indeed, was it to him? Everything to the true Earl of Wendale, who loved Olympia—nothing to the man who owed all he had to his patron, and to whom Olympia must henceforth be less than a name. He was bound to silence and indifference while his whole heart was full. He had never found it so hard to keep the secret of his life as now, not even when he had been almost overcome by home-longing. It was not that he wished to betray himself —what would he have gained, now that his life was broken in two? But he was filled with a burning desire to say: "It is I that loved her, and not you—it is you that insult her, and not I—it is I that am the Calmont, and you that are the cur." The ebb of his lost youth was boiling back again, and Olympia was the cause.

*(To be continued.)*

# GREAT TOWNS AND THEIR PUBLIC INFLUENCE.

## III.—BRISTOL.

BRISTOL had learned to dictate ideas and policy to th kingdom when Birmingham and Manchester wer so to speak, in their cradles. There were da when no provincial centre was so powerful as Bristo When Liverpool was a poor little fishing place, when Manchest was absorbed in Salford, and letters were addressed to "Bi mingham near Wednesbury," Bristol had a population of man thousands of active citizens, full of public spirit and nation feeling. The extent of her trade and the wealth of her me chants were the admiration of England and the envy of th commercial world. Her ports were crowded with ships, and he quays thronged with men of every nation and tongue whom th love of gain had attracted to the place. From the earliest period c authentic history Bristol has been the scene of important event She took part in moulding the destinies of England in the British, th Roman, the Saxon, the Norman, and all the later periods of ou "rough island story." Kings have come hither in triumph, an sought shelter within the walls in defeat. From Pagan days to th days of Chatterton—

> The sleepless soul that perished in its pride,

it has been a place of remarkable annals and a landmark i English history.

The first King of the Britons is credited with the glory c founding the city. Like Rome it stood on seven hills, and all it surroundings were beautiful, as they are beautiful still, the adjacen country "variegated with high salubrious downs, producing th sweetest herbage; fruitful valleys watered by springs, rivulets, brook and rivers; steep precipices and rocks, waving woods, and the mo charming natural prospects, embellished by art." As early as th sixth century Bristol was a fortified town, and it always held place of vantage on the island. A somewhat enthusiastic anon mous annalist thus summarises its early history :—

> Harold set sail from Bristol in 1063 to invade Wales, and coins were struck it both in his reign and that of the Conqueror. A strong castle then stood in and this was seized in 1086, and made their head quarters by the rebels un

Odo. The Empress Matilda resided some time at Bristol during the contest for the crown. Stephen was brought hither a prisoner, and kept here, after his defeat; and Prince Henry, afterwards Henry II., was placed here during four years, for safety and education. Robert Fitzhardinge, the Empress's brother, ruled the city, rebuilt the castle, founded the abbey of St. Augustine, and received a visit from MacMurrough, King of Leinster, in Ireland. King John visited Bristol in 1229. A synod was held in it by the Pope's legate in 1216, which excommunicated the barons who had supported the French Prince Louis; and a political council was held in it in the same year, which appointed the Earl of Pembroke to be Protector of the kingdom. Prince Edward in 1263, was brought hither a prisoner from Windsor; and, two years afterwards, captured the castle, and fired the city. Edward I., in 1283, made a visit to Bristol, and gave the citizens a charter. The Earl of Kent, acting for Queen Isabella, in 1326, captured the city, and put its governor to death. Edward III. constituted it a county within itself, made it a centre of traffic for wool, and sent twenty-two ships from it to the siege of Calais. Henry, Duke of Lancaster, while acquiring the mastery against Richard II., assailed Bristol, captured the castle, and put its governor, the Earl of Wilts, and two of his knightly assistants to death. The citizens in the reign of Henry V. acted warmly in his cause. Henry VI. visited the city in 1446; his Queen Margaret in 1459; Edward IV. in 1461; and Henry VII. in 1487. Fulford, the subject of Chatterton's "Bristowe Tragedy," was executed on the occasion of Edward IV.'s visit; and the citizens made costly display of dress on the occasion of Henry VII.'s visit, and were fined for it by the King. Sebastian Cabot sailed from Bristol in 1497, in the remarkable voyage which took him to Labrador, about a year before Columbus saw the American mainland. Henry VIII. made Bristol the seat of a bishopric, and gave his own sword to the Mayor as a symbol of authority, and the sword is still preserved. Elizabeth visited the city in 1574, and she was received with great pomp. Four ships went from Bristol in 1588 against the Armada.

This, as Launcelot Gobbo would say, "is a simple coming in for one city." It is not like provincial life. The people's minds were filled with affairs of state and with questions of dynasty, of policy, and of war. Whenever there was contention—and contention was for some centuries almost the chronic state of England—each party was eager to gain possession of the second seaport in the kingdom.

In the revolutionary period and the days of the Commonwealth Bristol was not less conspicuous. Early in the struggle the city was garrisoned by the Parliamentarians, and graduated in the democratic principles of the time. Then came Prince Rupert and held the town for the King, and the ancient loyalist feeling of the place recovered play. It is strong evidence, however, of the independence and initiative political force of the Bristollians of the period that the predominant feeling of the place did not turn this way and that according to the fortune of war, as in so many places which were now Cromwell's and now the King's. Charles visited the city while Rupert held it, but neither he nor his nephew appears to have won

the hearts of the people. Carlyle prints a letter from Cromwe dated Bristol, 14th September, 1645, giving an account of Fairfax successful storming of the city. The letter was read, by order Parliament, in the "several Congregations about London, and thanl returned to Almighty God for the admirable and wonderful reducir of that city." From this remarkable letter we learn that at a counc of war held at Sherborne it was disputed whether the army shoul "march into the west or to Bristol," and for sundry weighty reasor it was resolved to follow the latter course, with the hope of takir "so important a place, so advantageous for the opening of trade London." It was also resolved to storm the town. "Some induc ment to bring us thither had been the report of the good affectic of the townsmen to us; but that did not answer expectation." Aft the besieging forces had made successful progress with their stormir operations it is related that "the town was fired in three places b the enemy—which we could not find out—which begat a gre trouble in the general and us all, fearing to see so famous a ci burnt to ashes before our faces. Whilst we were viewing so sad spectacle, and consulting which way to make further advantage of ou success, the Prince sent a trumpet to the general to desire a treaty fc the surrender of the town; to which the general agreed, and depute Colonel Montague, Colonel Rainsborough, and Colonel Pickerir for that service, authorising them with instructions to treat and cor clude the articles."

About two o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday, September 1 Prince Rupert left the city, "having a convoy of two regiments horse from us." According to Carlyle this convoy was necessary fc the protection of the fiery Royalist. He says :—

> Prince Rupert rode out of Bristol amid seas of angry human faces, glowerir unutterable things upon him; growling audibly, in spite of his escort, "Wl not hang *him* !" For indeed the poor Prince had been necessitated to muc plunder—commanding "the *elixir* of the blackguardism of the three kingdoms with very insufficient funds for most part. He begged a thousand muskets fro Fairfax on this occasion to assist his escort in protecting him across the count to Oxford; promising, on his honour, to return them after that service. Fairf lent the muskets; the Prince did honourably return them—what he had them—honourably apologising that so many had "deserted" on the road; whom neither man nor musket were recoverable at present.

So the people of Bristol sped their parting guest, and hearti welcomed their deliverer. It is evident that the Parliament ha great friends in the city, and that help had been afforded their forc in the storming of the place. Humphrey Hooke, an Alderman Bristol, had been elected to the Long Parliament in 1640, and te years later, when the House of Commons cleansed itself

Monopolists, Alderman Hooke was of the number expelled. On June 20, 1650, Cromwell wrote in his behalf to Lenthall, the Speaker, informing him that at the time when they lay before Bristol, "for something considerable done by Alderman Hooke, in order" to the taking of the city, "which, for many reasons, it is desired to be concealed, his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax and myself gave him an engagement, under our hands and seals, that he should be secured and protected, by the authority of the Parliament, in the enjoyment of his life, liberty, and estate, as freely as in former times, and as any other person under the obedience of the Parliament; notwithstanding any past acts of hostility, or other thing done by him, in opposition to the Parliament or assistance of the enemy. Which engagement, with a certificate of divers godly persons of that city concerning the performance of his part thereof, is ready to be produced."

Bristol enjoyed its share of the prosperity which marked all our great towns during the Protectorate. Notwithstanding all it suffered from the various attacks and stormings to which it was subjected, and the plunderings to which it was surrendered by Prince Rupert, it quickly regained its old prosperity and exercised its old influence. On almost every public question it was a matter of great importance to have the support of Bristol. And as our maritime strength was fostered under the vigorous rule of Cromwell, the influence of Bristol increased in a proportionate degree. At her ports ships were built for the Government, and the spirit of the Bristol merchants placed the city in the van in a large number of public undertakings. It was her great advantage that Bristol was one of the few large towns in the kingdom represented in the House of Commons. This and the interest which the wealthy citizens naturally took in public affairs, and the practical education derived from the maintenance of extensive commerce and from the management of great undertakings, rendered the public opinion and feeling of Bristol a matter of grave consideration to the rulers of the day. Of all our provincial cities Bristol held this high position earliest and maintained it for the longest period. In all the chronicles of the past is proof of this great activity and this public spirit.

On the 13th of June, 1688, Samuel Pepys visited Bristol, and in a few words records his impressions of the place: "Walked with my wife and people through the city, which is in every respect another London, that we can hardly know it to stand in the country, no more than that." Macaulay furnishes a graphic picture of the city as it was in 1685. *He says:—*

"*A few churches of eminent beauty* rose out of a labyrinth of narrow lanes built

upon vaults of no great solidity. If a coach or a cart entered those alleys, there was danger that it would be wedged between the houses, and danger also that it would break in the cellars. Goods were therefore conveyed about the town almost exclusively in trucks drawn by dogs; and the richest inhabitants exhibited their wealth, not by riding in gilded carriages, but by walking the streets with trains of servants in rich liveries, and by keeping tables loaded with good cheer. The pomp of the christenings and burials far exceeded what was seen at any other place in England. The hospitality of the city was widely renowned, and especially the collations with which the sugar refiners regaled their visitors. The repast was dressed in the furnace, and was accompanied by a rich beverage made of the best Spanish wine, and celebrated over the whole kingdom as Bristol milk.* This luxury was supported by a thriving trade with the North American plantations and with the West Indies. The passion for colonial traffic was so strong that there was scarcely a small shopkeeper in Bristol who had not a venture on board of some ship bound for Virginia or the Antilles."

The position of Bristol, in comparison with other places in the kingdom, may be estimated from the fact that in 1685 the number of the people is placed at about 29,000, while the population of Manchester was less than 6,000, of Liverpool, 4,000, and of Birmingham not quite 4,000.

For six years, from 1774 to 1780, Bristol was represented by Edmund Burke, and the public influence of the city was not surpassed by that of any other large town in England, the capital of course excepted. The election of Burke in 1774 was a triumph of electoral purity over bribery and corruption. The antagonism of party in these our degenerate days is an interchange of friendly courtesies compared with the bitterness displayed during the reigns of the Georges. Tories were Tories and Whigs were Whigs in those fierce days, and at this time Burke was a Whig of Whigs. He more than Fox, was the leader of the party, for he was the framer of its policy. Like Fox he was a sincere opponent of the Government in its unhappy dealings with the American colonies. It was doubtless his views on this important subject which caused the leaders of public opinion in Bristol to think of him as their representative. The extensive trade which the city carried on with America was sadly curtailed, and the prosperity of the city was in danger of being permanently injured by this dispute. The people of Bristol, as well as those of Lancashire from a like cause, felt that their commercial

* John Locke, in advising a foreign friend of the most notable things to be seen and had in the old city, wrote: — "At Bristol see the hot wells, St. George's Cave, where the Bristol diamonds are found; Ratcliff Church, and at Kingwood the coal pits. Taste there *Milford oysters, marrow puddings, cockale, metheglin, white and red muggets, elvers, sherry sack* (which with sugar is called *Bristol milk*), and some other wines, which perhaps you will not drink so *good in* London."

interests were deeply concerned in the maintenance of friendly relations with our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. It was felt by many of the merchants "that the intellectual champion of free trade and colonial liberty would be peculiarly a fit and proper person to represent them in Parliament." At first the intention was kept secret, but when the general election took place in October, and Burke was at Malton, his Bristol supporters sent him a requisition inviting him to stand for the city. His Yorkshire friends strongly advised its acceptance, and he at once set off to make his personal appeal to the electors. A few sentences from Mr. Macknight's Life will afford a good illustration of the changes which have taken place in England since Burke contested Bristol :—

> He was in his chaise both night and day; he stopped nowhere; he took no rest; and it was thought that he had performed a prodigious feat of locomotion when, by leaving Malton at six o'clock on the Tuesday evening, and arriving at Bristol at two o'clock on the Thursday afternoon, he had travelled two hundred and seventy miles in forty-four hours.

After a month's polling, and in spite of the most energetic opposition, Burke won the election, and on the 3rd of November the official declaration showed that his majority was 251. One of his first duties in Parliament was the presentation of a petition from his new constituents in favour of conciliatory measures towards our American colonies.

Not always was the influence of Bristol so well and so wisely exercised. In this case justice and self-interest were united, and we cannot give the city the same credit for its action in this disastrous dispute as if its policy had been dictated only by the love of freedom and the sense of justice, maintained at the risk of material loss. In the next great event in which the city proved its public influence justice was in one scale and self-interest in the other, and notwithstanding the eloquent and earnest pleadings of her able representative justice was allowed to kick the beam. For many years the distress in Ireland had been very great, and the sufferings of that long-suffering people had once again attracted the attention of the English Parliament. The shameful restrictions which the dominant race had imposed on the trade and manufactures of the island, which, though an integral part of the kingdom, was always treated as a conquered country, had produced their natural results. The distress in England was great, but in Ireland it was intense—almost at famine point. "No Irish product competing with English manufactures was permitted either to enter England or to be exported to any foreign market receiving English goods." In 1778 the distress of the sister country forced itself on the public attention and, strange

to say, the Government at once admitted that Ireland had just cause for complaint and real claims to relief. Earl Nugent proposed to remove some of the prohibitory duties on Irish manufactures, and he was supported by Lord North, and most zealously by Burke. The proposals by Lord Nugent were contained in four resolutions by which the colonial trade for exportation and importation was to be partially opened to Ireland; she was also to be "permitted to dispose of her glass in all places but Great Britain, and to send to England, free from a heavy prohibitory duty, her cotton yarn." In committee Burke added another resolution "allowing the importation of Irish sailcloth and cordage."

Here at last was some slight hope for the trade of Ireland. A little light appeared to be about to break on that unhappy land. Unfortunately her hopes were raised only to be rudely shattered. The word of promise was not even kept to the ear. In vain Lord Nugent urged on his resolutions, in vain Burke pleaded as even he had never pleaded before, in vain the House of Commons was ready to pass this not extreme measure of justice. The over-sensitive nerves of English merchants and manufacturers were touched, their fears excited, and their prejudices aroused. All England opposed this most wise, rational, and just Bill. Bristol led the way, and Manchester (since, by the irony of fate, the leader of Free Trade), Liverpool, Birmingham, and other places eagerly followed. Petitions against the measure were sent to the House of Commons from all the large towns. A few only had direct representatives, but those which had sent the most emphatic instructions to their members to oppose the Bill. Bristol "was in one flame of indignation. Whigs and Tories, the friends both of the rejected and the successful candidates at the last election, made common cause. It was never for one moment supposed that the resolutions had taken their origin in any enlightened commercial principles. The honest citizens could only ascribe to Nugent, their proposer, the diabolical motive of injuring Bristol, because they had turned him out of the representation; and to Burke, who enthusiastically supported them, the scarcely less atrocious design of promoting the interests of Ireland at the expense of England. Some of the electors, had, however, a high idea of the compulsory authority of instructions to their members; and, forgetting that Burke had altogether repudiated the obligation of such commands, they sent him positive orders, *whatever his own opinions might be*, to oppose the Bills on their second reading." Of course Burke would not obey such orders, and chiefly through his unanswerable speeches the *second reading* was carried by a large majority. Prejudice, however,

prevailed. Bristol for the time was triumphant; justice to Ireland was once more delayed; and at the next general election in 1780, in order to avoid certain defeat, Burke retired from the contest, and the better influence of Bristol received a great blow by this irreparable loss. But then, as one of his old constituents said in explanation, if not in defence of their conduct, Mr. Burke had been guilty of an unpardonable offence. "To follow," says this writer, addressing Mr. Urban, Gentleman, nearly a century ago, "to follow Mr. Burke's conduct through the House, we shall find him steadily pursuing that pernicious maxim of not obeying the voice of his constituents."

Bristol had early obtained an evil notoriety for the activity with which her merchants engaged in the slave trade, and in the modern Emancipation struggle the greatest opposition to the efforts of the Abolitionists came from this place and from Liverpool, her sister port in the iniquitous traffic. The first public efforts to wipe out this blot on England's flag were made by the Quakers, and thus religious prejudice combined with trade interests in exciting the people against the advocates of justice to our black brothers. Thomas Clarkson, in his mission of mercy, visited Bristol several times. Speaking of his first appearance there in 1786 he tells how for the first time he began to tremble at the arduous task he had undertaken "of attempting," as he says, "to subvert one of the branches of the commerce of the great place which was then before me. I began to think of the host of people I should have to encounter in it. I anticipated much persecution in it also; and I questioned whether I should ever get out of it alive." The result was not so bad as his anticipations. The task was a fearful one, and the stoutest heart might have quailed before the storm which was likely to be excited. Eighteen vessels were then employed at Bristol in the slave trade; and the vast majority of the trading class were interested in the traffic, nor were the people yet awakened to a sense of its iniquity. Still Mr. Clarkson had no great cause to complain of his greeting in Bristol. "In my first movements through this city," he writes, "I found that people talked very openly on the subject of the slave trade. They seemed to be well acquainted with the various circumstances belonging to it. There were facts, in short, in everybody's mouth concerning it; and everybody seemed to execrate it, though no one thought of its abolition." He found, however, friends enough there in a few weeks to form a committee and to make arrangements for preparing and presenting a petition to Parliament in favour of emancipation. These efforts sank into insignificance when compared with those made in support of the trade. For twenty years the agitation continued, and the preponderating influence of the city was

always on the side of vested interests and opposed to the scheme of the philanthropists. The religious and thoughtful part of the community were, however, gradually won over to the side of humanity, and ultimately this side prevailed, as in the long run it always does. It sustained many defeats; abolition meetings were assailed with violence and interrupted in their proceedings; the leaders and advocates were abused, defamed, and denounced. After enduring the heat and burden of the battle the noble army of leaders lived to see their glorious cause triumphant and their most determined enemies either converted into friends, shamed into silence, or purchased into supporters—or at least prevented from being opponents. In 1807 the Bill for the abolition of the slave trade passed both Houses, and received the Royal assent. By this Bill it was enacted, "That no vessel should clear out for slaves from any port within the British dominions after the first of May, 1807, and that no slave should be landed in the colonies after the first of March, 1808."

Although Bristol sent members to the House of Commons, the demand there for Parliamentary reform was very strong, and the enthusiasm of the people in favour of the Reform Bill was intense. This arose to a great extent from the limitation of the Franchise and the undue influence of the freemen, whose votes could be obtained in the most venal manner. On the rejection of the Bill in 1831 the popular excitement was so great that alarming riots broke out in several towns, the most disastrous being in Derby, Nottingham, and Bristol. Those at Bristol exceeded in violence, in damage inflicted, and the number of persons killed, any popular outbreak which had taken place since the fatal Church and King riots at Birmingham in 1791. It was stated at the time, and this has been confirmed by evidence since obtained, that the mischief was "occasioned by strangers from other parts." But, as Harriett Martineau says in her "History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace"—

> London rogues could have had no such power as in this case if the political and moral state of Bristol had not been bad. Its political state was disgraceful. The venality of its elections was notorious. It had a close corporation, between whom and the citizens there was no community of feeling on municipal subjects. The lower parts of the city were the harbourage of probably a worse seaport populace than any other place in England, while the police was ineffective and demoralised. There was no city in which a greater amount of savagery lay beneath a society proud, exclusive, and mutually repellent, rather than enlightened and accustomed to social co-operation. These are circumstances which go far to account for the Bristol riots being so fearfully bad as they were."

*At this* unhappy juncture of affairs, Sir Charles Wetherell, one of *bitterest* opponents of the Bill, was the Recorder of the city, and

just at the time of the greatest excitement he had to visit Bristol in the discharge of his official duties. He was advised to lay aside the usual pomp with which a judge's visitation was accompanied; but this the stout antagonist of Reform declined to do. On October 29, 1831, he entered the city with the usual ceremony, and his appearance was the signal for the beginning of one of the most remarkable and terrible displays of popular violence which ever disgraced the annals of a city. For three days the mob had complete possession of the place. The Mayor was paralysed, the magistrates timid, and "owing to the want of a common interest between the citizens and the corporation scarcely any gentlemen offered their services as special constables but such as were accustomed to consider the lower classes with contempt as a troublesome rabble, and rather relished an occasion for defying and humbling them." There was a fatal delay in calling in the military, and the infuriated populace were permitted to burn the Mansion House, the Bridewell, the Gaol, the Custom House, Queen's Square, and the Bishop's Palace. But for the timely and energetic influence of a few Dissenters they would also have destroyed the beautiful cathedral. "On the Monday morning (the rioting commenced on Saturday), after all the actual riot seemed to be over, the soldiery at last made two slaughterous charges. More horse arrived, and a considerable body of foot soldiers; the constabulary became active; and from that time the city was in a more orderly state than the residents were accustomed to see it." By these fatal riots a large number of lives were lost, and property to the amount of nearly £200,000 was destroyed. "But," says the Rev. W. N. Molesworth, "it should be mentioned, in justice to the Bristol rioters, that, notwithstanding all the drunkenness and excited passions that prevailed, no act of personal violence or hostility to any individual could be laid to their charge."

The public influence of Bristol has, in recent times, been felt in connection and combination with other large towns rather than in its own special or particular action. The power of the city has not decayed, but it has been surpassed by the wonderfully rapid increase of other places which were formerly of little or no account in their relation to the general community; thus her influence, although not absolutely lessened, has relatively decreased. Two hundred years ago Bristol was the second port in England; she is now the fourth. At the time of the Restoration the population of the city was about five times that of Manchester, and six times that of Liverpool and Birmingham. Its own increase has been large, but that of the other towns has been enormous. In 1685, the number of the people was estimated at 29,000; at the last census, in 1871, it was 182,552,

while, during the same period, Manchester had increased from 6,000 to 508,648; Liverpool, from 4,000 to 493,346; and Birmingham, from upwards of 4,000 to 343,787. These figures sufficiently account for any loss of public influence which Bristol has relatively sustained in the annals of modern England.

Still Bristol may be proud of the present as well as the past. Her public spirit and influence remain powerful in most of the great questions which agitate the public mind. Great and noble men have been her citizens and have left behind them legacies upon which not only their native place but the whole kingdom must place a high value. I will name only William Canynge, Edward Colston, Thomas Chatterton, and Robert Southey.

A very recent evidence of public spirit has been given in Bristol by the adoption of the Free Libraries and Museums Acts early in the present year, and it is proposed to expend £10,000 in the erection of a public library and museum. It is also worthy of mention that the City Corporation is about to apply to Parliament for powers to carry out a scheme of street improvement, at a contemplated cost of £100,000; and that this is only the continuation of similar works which, during the last few years, have been carried out, entailing a debt amounting to over one million sterling. In consequence of these undertakings the rates in Bristol amount to about 6s. 11½d. in the pound, which is, by a small fraction, in excess of the rates paid at Liverpool, the latter place having been hitherto considered the heaviest-rated borough in the kingdom.

It may be taken, perhaps, as in some sense an illustration of the varied and long-continued part played by Bristol in the national history that her Cathedral is the greatest example of variety of architecture of any in the kingdom. It is described as presenting specimens of all the orders of Gothic architecture. "Norman, both in its earlier and its transition stages, may be observed in the transepts, the tower-piers, the chapter-house, gateways, &c. The lady chapel is mostly Early English, while the choir is Decorated, and the tower and vaulting of the transepts are Perpendicular." The lady chapel Chatterton proclaims to be the

> Maystrie of the human hand,
> The pride of Bristowe and the westerne lande.

To Bristol belongs the honour of being the first port in the kingdom where regular steam communication was established with the North American States.

SEXAGENARIAN.

# GIANT DESPAIR.

## BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

### I.—HIS DEATH.

SAD is the plight of Giant Despair,
In Doubting Castle sick lies he!
The castle is built on a headland bare,
And looks on the wash of a whirling Sea.

With the noise in his ears and the gleam in his eyes
Of the breaking waves that beneath him beat,
Propt on pillows the Giant lies,
Pillowed, too, are his gouty feet.

In and out the Leeches of Souls
Run and chatter and prate and pray—
But the great wind wails and the thunder rolls:
None may banish his gloom away.

With parchment cheek and lack-lustre eye
He looketh out on the stormy scene—
Cruel is he and bloody and sly,
Lustful and bad his life hath been.

O Priests who stand and whisper there,
While he groans and curses and shrinks for fear,
What can ye say to Giant Despair
To comfort him now his end is near?

Fat and oily and sweet cries one:—
"Comfort, O comfort! for heaven is sure—
There the believer shall revel in fun,
And all delight that is plump and pure.

"Nothing delicious the Lord denies,
Rosy wine he shall drink in bliss"—
"Add, moreover," another cries,
"Waists to encircle and lips to kiss."

With parchment cheek and lack-lustre eye
The Giant lies and makes no sign:
Women's falsehood has made him sigh;
He is sick of the very sight of wine.

"Comfort!" another crieth loud,
"Full of music shall be thy breast,
Thou shalt sit full proud on a rosy cloud,
Happy and idle, amongst the blest—

"All shall be white, and sweet, and fair;
All shall be merry from night to morn."
Giant Despair stirred in his chair,
Scowl'd at the speaker, and grunted scorn.

Then one said this, and one said that,
And all were full of the world to be;
Yet dull and bitter the Giant sat
Scowling out at the sullen Sea.

And all the storm of the wind and rain,
And all the rage of the wrathful wave,
Flow'd in and out of the Giant's brain
As the surge in and out of a weedy cave.

Forth, at last, stept a Shape so gray,
Crown'd with poppy, and shrouded deep;
He touch'd the Giant with hand of clay,
And held a goblet—"Drink this, and sleep.

"Over thy grave the grass shall grow—
Roses too, the white and the red—
The generations shall come and go,
But *thou* shalt slumber!" the Spirit said.

"Many a year shall blossom and fade,
Many a life be given and taken,
Ere from thy sleep in the silent shade
Thou, with a thrill of new life, shalt waken."

The Giant smiled. Still loud and strong
Sounded the sob of the weary Sea.
"My ears are sick!—may my sleep be long!
For ever and ever, if that may be."

II.—After.

Who on the Giant's tomb
Sits in the twilight gloom,
With white hands folded?
Her breath comes fresh and warm,
Silent she waits, a form
Divinely moulded.

Maiden she is; with eyes
That search the dark still skies
She sits in shadow;
Strewn scented at her feet
Are rue and lilies sweet,
And flowers o' the meadow.

And in her wild black hair
Are wild weeds passing fair,
Pluck'd from dark places—
Dumb, dead, her sweet lips are,
And fixëd as a star
Her marble face is.

Under God's starless cope,
Vestured in white sits Hope,
A musing maiden,
Under a yew sits she,
Watching most silently
The gates of Eden.

Afar away they shine!
While up those depths divine
Her eyes are turning—
And one by one on high
The strange lamps of the sky
Are dimly burning.

Such sounds as fill'd with care
The dark heart of Despair
Disturb her never,—
Tho' close to her white feet
That mighty Sea doth beat,
Moaning for ever.

She sees the foam-flash gleam,
She hears, in a half dream,
  The muffled thunder.
The salt dew fills her hair;
Her thoughts are otherwhere,
  Watching in wonder.

There let her sit alone,
Ev'n as a shape of stone
  In twilight gleaming;
Despair's pale monument,
There let her sit, content,
  Waiting and dreaming.

God, which were sweetest, best?
With dead Despair to rest
  In sleep unbroken;
Or with that marble Maid
To watch, to sit in the shade,
  Waiting a token?

# GROUSE-SHOOTING.

## BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

IT is a pity for many reasons that this glorious sport of grouse-shooting is in so bad a way. Spite of the grumbling of a handful of bigoted utilitarians, who would grow turnips on Epping Forest and parcel out Windsor Great Park into cabbage allotments, it works no ill to anybody and great good to many. If every grouse moor between Stirling and Helmsdale were to be wholly given over to sheep farming to-morrow, mutton would not be a farthing in the pound cheaper in any butcher's shop in the United Kingdom. By reason of the taste for grouse-shooting it is that the "puir Hielanman" no longer ekes out a miserable existence on a barren muirland croft, but earns good wages as a gillie or a trapper. The Highland laird, poor as a crow and proud as Lucifer, spent halfpence in the countryside where his Sassenach tenant now spends pounds. And what a glorious thing for that same Sassenach tenant is his autumn on the grouse moors! The sport itself, delightful as it is, is a mere means to the end. No more fagging in St. Stephen's, no more of that pleasure which is itself a treadmill-toil, no more late hours and heated rooms, no more devilled kidneys and brandy and soda for post-meridian breakfast, no more poring over briefs or sitting in stuffy committee rooms, no more languid promenading in the park or the "Zoo," no more feverish days on Ascot or Goodwood lawn, with yet more feverish "finishes" afterwards, no more lounging in club-windows, no more stalls in theatre or opera-house with *petits soupers* to follow, no more arduous brain toil or philandering butterfly existence, for the whole-hearted votary of grouse-shooting. The Ethiopian of the London season changes his skin and leaves the old one behind him on the platform of Euston station when he takes his seat in the Limited Mail and starts for the North. Next day, instead of the odour of patchouli and the whiff from the sewer grating at the street corner, it is the fresh fragrant breeze from the glorious hills that is blowing into his nostrils, bringing a glow to his cheek and kindling a new light in his eye. As he nears the lodge in the glen there comes to him on the wind the bay of the setters in the kennel mingled with the brawl of the linn among the birken-clad crags beyond the patch of grassy lawn. His recent life seems to

him already remote as he sits out in the moonlight smokin
cutty and drinking a moderate libation of Talisker and water. (
it be, he asks himself, as he listens to the murmur of the burn
the faint sigh of the sweet night wind among the birch leaves,
looks up at the dark jagged outline of the lonely Cuchullins th
out in the moonlight against the calm serenity of the sky—could
that only two nights ago he was the sweltering spectator of a ta
burlesque and afterwards voluntarily constituted himself a uni
crush given by an ugly woman with a reputation for questio
morals and unquestionably bad champagne? And then
morning—fresh, balmy, delightful, laden with the scent o
heather, the carol of larks, and the twittering of swallows
morning which brings an appetite so novel, and a real High
breakfast of salmon steaks and Lochfyne herrings, racy ha
blackface mutton, new laid eggs, mealy potatoes boiled in
jackets, oatcake and mountain honey, with just a toothful of a
as a finish, to satisfy the said appetite wherewithal—a morning
brings Donald the keeper, with his honest face, broad bonnet
Highland accent strong enough to turn a windmill, who report
"ta burds are no juist tat vara throng, put tat there's gey curni
tem aboot ta neuks"—that brings also Ponto and Dash and
cunning old slut of a Fan, who slobber and fawn and wag a wel
with their feathered sterns. Then follows the long determined t
over the heather to gain condition against the eventful day
cautiously to test the truth of Donald's report about the
curnies." And so the new, pure, healthy life begins, and
remains for the time but one link with the far off artificial world-
state of the odds on the Leger.

I am not going to discuss the vexed question of the causes o
falling off in the sport which grouse moors used to afford. I
suffice to say that the ravages of disease are year after year beco
more serious, that moors which a short time ago yielded sensa
bags are this year not worth shooting over at all, that such c
as do sparsely rise are very much smaller than of yore; and
most ominous feature of all, the diminution in the head of game go
year by year in a gradual but steady sequence. Men used to re
on the moors till the middle of October and have fair sport up t
very last day, the later shooting being often more really sp
than on the "Twelfth" itself. But now a month's precarious shoot
all that can be ventured on even with the best moors; not a fe
the time this article is in the reader's hands, will probably have
abandoned for the season in despair, and many of the owne

lessees have not thought it worth while to shoot over this year at all. In bygone times "Jubilee years" were not unknown, and for the most part there was in the next season an adequate recompense for the self-restraint exercised; but now Jubilees are at once enforced and unremunerative. It is hard to find that after a moor has been left fallow for one and sometimes two seasons birds are as rare upon it as they could have been if no respite had been allowed; but this is now too often the unpleasant experience of the votary of grouse shooting. The true lover of this scientific and fascinating sport always viewed with distaste the monster bags which it was too much the fashion to make by hook or by crook on the opening days, with intent that the newspapers should proclaim the shooting prowess of Lord Tomnoddy and his party on the Glenmulchkin Moors. It was a feather in his lordship's cap to have brought down "to his own gun," before sunset on the Twelfth, a hundred brace of birds—"his own gun" in reality including the weapons used to some purpose by a couple of discreet keepers to right and to left of him. But Lord Tomnoddy's slaughter bill, however it was made up, at least proved that the birds were there to be shot, which is more than can be said for them now. It will puzzle that nobleman, however thrifty and industrious he may be, even if he sends no presents of game to England, and docks the minister of the parish of his conventional brace and a half a week, if he uses only the shattered birds for home consumption and raises the contract price shrewdly on the game dealer, this year to pay the rent of moor and lodge with the game that he sells. The days are past when a speculator tenanting a moor for a single year could have his sport for nothing and make a neat little profit into the bargain to help him through the winter; and the time seems approaching when Highland lairds who have been able to let their wives and daughters have the season in London on the big game rental yielded by their barren provinces of heathery moorland will find the bladder of their artificial prosperity pricked and have to fall back on the shillings paid by sheep farmers where the game tenants paid pounds. In part they will have themselves to thank. Just as a man cannot serve God and Mammon, so a moor cannot at once maintain a flock of sheep and a strong head of game; but the Highland lairds, with a greed that is not of wisdom, have not been able to resist the temptation to realise two rentals out of the same land.

Accustomed hands at grouse-shooting need no wrinkles on the sport and its appliances; but the subject deserves some interest from those who have no practical experience of it, and some hints on it may be of use in engendering or strengthening a resolution to

enjoy a sport which shares with deer-stalking the pre-eminence ov
all our insular field pastimes. Grouse-shooting, although for t
time it is not what it was, will last longer than the present generatio
in spite of the utilitarian croakers; and I should be loth to resi
the hope that our grandsons may have the chance of making a dece
bag occasionally, although they may have to work harder for it th
the Lord Tomnoddy of the present decade has found requis
in order to earn his battue-like sum-total. If one has the choi
and the opportunity, it is always wise to learn before taking a mo
as much as possible concerning the nature of the ground. The
was wont occasionally to be practised no little imposition in t
misdescription of grouse moors. For this the original owners we
not always responsible; worthless moors were held at nominal rent
by persons whose object it was to sub-let them fraudulently at lar
figures by representing them as well stocked with game and eligil
in every respect. A well-known Irish baronet was quite notorio
for his addiction to this means of earning his winter subsistenc
but exposure has given a severe check to the practice, and althou
misdescription still exists and always will exist there is now
barefaced swindling. But Highland proprietors have a weakness
advertising a tract of heather as a grouse moor rather in view of t
fact that there is no inherent impossibility of there being grouse up
it than that it really carries an appreciable head of game. No p
prietor would allow an unlet farm to return to a state of nature; y
in the matter of grouse-shooting there seems to be a very freque
disregard of proper trapping and preserving, so that an incomi
tenant has to begin anew to raise a stock of game upon what m
be termed the raw materials, while the rent is far from being prop
tionally low. An excellent friend of mine tells a good story of t
*coleur du rose* propensities of some moor-land proprietors. He h
advertised for several weeks for good grouse-shootings, and havi
formed quite a collection of replies all highly laudatory of
shootings to which they referred, he cannily started on a tour
inspection. Not one of the letters was worth much more than
paper on which it was written. He found preservation and trapp
for the most part practically ignored. On one estate not a head
grouse was known to exist, and on the proprietor being asked h
he could possibly recommend his place as at all meeting the terms
the advertisement, he coolly replied, "Oh, there's capital o
shooting along the coast here!" Even with a personal inspect
some acuteness is often required to cope with Sandy the keep
For if Sandy is a smart fellow he may lead you straight to pla

where he is aware, from previous experience, that the birds pack at particular times of the day; and he may be cunning enough from his knowledge of the ground to show you the same birds over and over again, while you imagine that they are fresh birds that are being put up from time to time. And a moor ought to be viewed more than once, for grouse are strangely affected by weather: one day they may be plentiful, the next day there may not be a single covey. A good judgment may be formed from recent droppings; and it is wise to apply to the previous tenant for his opinion and the list of the game he has killed. Many good shootings derive their game from contiguous lands, and this must be taken into consideration, even if there seems a scarcity of breeding birds in spring and summer.

A few elementary precepts may be given with regard to the characteristics of grouse moors. If the ground is flat and lacks undulation, the birds will very soon become wild, for the sportsman and his dogs are visible a long way off on the level expanse. If it is very mountainous and remote from cultivation, the early shooting may be good, but the birds will quit it for lower lands as the autumn advances, and as food on the moor becomes scarce. For the same reason, although low-lying moors, near cultivation, may be scantily furnished in the beginning of the season, later they will be well stocked, especially if mountains are near, and close to arable land, as the season advances, the birds will be found less wild than anywhere else. Moors adjacent to common lands are to be avoided, since they are always being disturbed; and especially is to be abjured a moor that contains a peat moss whence the cottagers obtain their fuel. While the folk are casting and carting their peats in the summer time their dogs are sure to be amusing themselves in chopping young birds. This is one reason why moors, apparently stocked in spring with abundance of nests, show so few young birds in August. Stony and grassy lands may afford hares and a few black game, but are worthless for grouse. One of the best authorities on the subject, Mr. Dougall, of St. James's Street, says:—"The best grouse lands have high dry clumps of heather favourable for nests—no part being far from water, with undulating hollows and swells. Heathy hillocks afford excellent basking ground for grouse, and also give concealment to the approach of the sportsman. Flat ground gives no such shelter, and the birds soon become unapproachable. Grouse generally become sooner wild south of the River Forth, except in Argyllshire, than in the more northern parts of Scotland, but the southern birds are larger and are also earlier on the wing. When only a few days' sport at the beginning of the season is desired the southern moors are

therefore excellent. In Argyllshire birds set well throughout the season unless the weather be very stormy."

Scotland is the country *par excellence* for grouse moors, but there used at least to be some very good grouse-shooting in Ireland also. Yorkshire, especially in the mountainous region traversed by the new railway line between Settle and Carlisle, was wont to afford grouse-shooting second to none in any part of Scotland, but for some years Yorkshire has been steadily losing its prestige as a grouse county, and there seems no immediate prospect of its redeeming itself, although strict preservation has warded off from some moors the general decadence. Owing to watchful attention to the same necessary duty, grouse-shooting is this year considerably improved on the Staffordshire and Cheshire moors, but their area is limited, and for the most part they remain in the hands of the proprietors. The Border Counties on both sides of the line of demarcation this year are affording very fair sport, and if disease continues to rage in the north as it has done for some years past, sportsmen will probably more and more turn their attention towards the Cheviots and the Fells. And yet somehow one does not seem to feel that he can shoot grouse in earnest south of the Highland line. It must be admitted, however, that a good bag is an excellent medium of conversion from this phase of bigotry or prejudice.

Let it be assumed that the intending grouse-shooter has succeeded in obtaining reasonably good quarters as regards at once sport, scenery, and accommodation. His weapons and his ammunition he must please himself about, for the subject is one on which no two shooters are of the same mind. If he has not a definite opinion of his own, he cannot do better than go for advice to such a man as Mr. Dougall, of St. James's Street, who is at once a practical gunmaker and a practical sportsman. If he can shoot, he will have little trouble about his weapon; a bad shot never gets a good gun, just as the salmon always disagrees with some people, or as a close reasoner once begged, "pleas excuse spelling, the pen is verry bad." But the sportsman must have dogs as well as guns. It is very remarkable how plentiful animals which are called sporting dogs by their conductors become in the streets of Perth and Inverness as the Twelfth draws nigh. Great slobbering fiddleheaded pointers hopelessly down in the elbow joints, slack in the loins, gross in the tail, and splay in the feet; ragged lurching setters, with a general aspect of debauched colley about them, and half moulted as to their rusty feathering; but each and all, according to the emphatic asseveration of the nondescript beings—half under-keeper, half poacher—who are leading

them about, "the best broke dogs in the county, sir"; shot over ever so many seasons; as staunch as grim Death himself; warranted against chasing hare, pointing trash, blinking, and all the other vices of sporting canine nature. It is needless to say that not one of those animals should be looked at, except as a natural curiosity. A good dog is to be bought in a reputable manner from a responsible person at a decent price—that is to say, if you cannot persuade a friend to let you have a puppy, and allow his keeper to break it for you. The well-bred pointer should have a sleek coat, fine soft ears, a high poll, open nostrils to permit the full development of the olfactory nerves, a deep hollow under each eye, straight forelegs, and well-crooked hind legs so as to project well at the hocks, back well coupled at the loins, fine tapering tail set on level to the back, and small round elastic feet. He has an air of quiet sagacity and education—it might also be called, of self-respect—that is easy to recognise; while the froward foolish animal has a careless roving eye. Setter points are more varied according to the breed than those of the pointer, but all the varieties should have long well-covered feet; and the hair on the tail and in the rear of the legs should be long and soft—this is called being well feathered. The setter is at once swifter and "stays" better than the pointer, and therefore is better suited for grouse-shooting, where so much more ground has to be covered than in partridge-shooting. But for setters, the moor must have water on it, for they delight in wet ground. It is much easier to get a good pointer than it is to get a good setter; but when you have once got a leash of really good staunch sound setters, you are a man to be envied. Detailed precepts as to the physical attributes of dogs are out of place in a short article; and after all it must be remembered that character is of more importance than looks. Handsome is that handsome does; and the experience of not a few men has been that a plain woman may be a very good wife. A good dog, like a good wife, is a treasure; a bad dog, like a bad wife, is the very devil. He rambles about as if without purpose—sometimes before and sometimes behind—now runs right through the middle of a covey, and anon fiddle-faddles where a covey has been. When a hare crosses him, however distant, off he goes in chase. When he does make a point, he rushes in headlong on the gun being fired, and pursues his covey through perhaps the best of the ground, putting up other birds as he goes. Lagging behind one moment, the next he makes a dash right off, and ranges mistily half a mile away. Alexandre Dumas *fils* advocates the husband's right to obliterate a bad wife; the sportsman is sorely tempted to let his brute of a dog have the

contents of both barrels in the stern in the meantime, until the keeper has time to hang him. Only there is the undoubted consideration that you may sell a bad dog, if you can digest the *caveat emptor* principle; whereas whatever principles you are prepared to ignore the law prevents you from selling or even giving away a bad wife.

Let us suppose our neophite fully equipped, and to have taken time by the forelock by getting on his ground a few days before the Twelfth. The interval will be spent to profit in getting the "run" of the ground, and bringing himself into condition. He must not imagine that grouse-shooting is an easy pleasure; the summer manœuvres at Aldershot were certainly not more arduous. It has been well said that "Grouse-shooting is about the hardest work possible, and were it not for that indomitable love of the chase in some particular form or other, from angling to elephant-shooting, which is inherent in human nature, few men, unless of the most robust constitution, would attempt it at all." The reflected heat in a heathery Highland glen is often quite tropical in character, and men do not exert themselves in the tropics as on the moor. Early hours, temperance, and regular gradually increasing exercise constitute the only true prescription for the attainment of condition necessary for enabling the sportsman to "keep at it" from morn till dewy eve on the eventful Twelfth. There is no good purpose served in turning out on to the hill in the early morning as many do; thereby knocking the birds about before they have fed or while they are feeding, and so unsettling them for the rest of the day, and earning also for the sportsman premature fatigue. Let our tyro breakfast leisurely about seven, take it easy over a newspaper for an hour, get on the ground about nine, and find himself fairly in the collar by ten. Let him work steadily until well on to two, about which time the grouse feed; let him do the same, but lightly—on a sandwich, or biscuit with meat paste, and a few gulps of cold tea. Beer or wine he must shun resolutely, but he may, if he wants to very much, take a very moderate caulker of Highland whisky neat. Then after an hour's rest let him begin again with fresh dogs, and shoot on steadily and without excitement until the evening, and the deuce is in it or the fates are dead against him if he does not come back to the lodge with a bag of which he need not be ashamed. Sometimes the nerves and strength of the unaccustomed sportsman "give" after the first exertion, and very soon after he begins. The climbing of a steep ascent has often a curious effect on the nerves, sending a man "clean off his shooting." It is no good to blaze away when the nerves are in this state—it is a waste at once of time and

ammunition. Let the shooter make up his mind to knock off and lie down contentedly on his back for half an hour, taking a pull at the pipe if he is a smoker, but shunning the Dutch courage of the whisky flask as if it were poison. He will get his "second wind" presently, and come round all right; and in the afternoon, when the coveys are somewhat broken up and the birds sit close, he will find that he has taken to advantage the advice proffered him. He will soon get over the flurry caused by the sudden whirring noise of the rising of a covey—startling as it is at first. The great temptation to the tyro, especially under the excitement of the whirr of the rising covey, is to blaze right "into the brown of 'em," with the probable result that he brings nothing at all down. He should never draw trigger till he has singled out and covered one bird; and his first effort must be to acquire the ability to do this without any abstraction of attention toward the rest of the covey. And, if he has any self-respect—caring, too, more for future sport than for a big bag in print—he will spare callow "cheepers," which he will soon learn to distinguish by the cry they make in taking wing. Grouse in the beginning of the season are not hard birds to kill; but there is no shot more trying than an old cock in windy weather. He has such a trick of rising rapidly, and again as it were throwing himself on the heather—all the time going off like a whirlwind, that it takes very quick eyes indeed to follow and cover his movements. No young sportsman, therefore, need fret at missing such a bird, which is certainly of all shots the most difficult.

Later in the season, but much earlier of recent years than formerly, the grouse get very wild, and require to be regularly stalked. The sportsman must dodge up by every little inequality of ground, and he will get now and then a favourable shot by coming suddenly on birds sitting behind knolls and in moss bags. After a spell of wet weather the birds gather in great flocks called "packs." I should have observed that in Ireland what is in Scotland called a "covey" is known as a "pack"; but the autumn "pack" consists of numerous broken coveys. In mountainous northern districts packs break up when the weather becomes fine, but seldom do so south of the Forth. The birds, when packed, are very wary and vigilant, and it is impossible to steal upon them sitting; then "driving" has to be resorted to, the shooters lying down behind a dyke or furze bushes athwart their probable line of flight, which is always down the wind. But it takes very good and quick shooting to do much execution. The year before last three of us had a long day's driving on the Ingleborough Moors in Yorkshire. Birds were

not very scarce, and all of us reckoned ourselves fair shots; y blazed away a good deal of powder for the four and a half brace v constituted our bag. The aim must be taken a good foot in adv of the bird, and above all the trigger must not be drawn unti bird is well abreast, for to hit an advancing bird is almost an ir sibility. If the shooter is steady enough to squat until the bird just on him and then rises quickly, their flight will be broke their velocity lessened by the sudden scare, and a better shot m had. But the whole thing passes so quickly that to a young s man the chance of hitting driven grouse is very mean indeed. low country moors, when the grouse have once become wild formed packs, there is little sport to be had during the rest o season, which closes on the 10th December, unless a "black" sets in, and then a few birds may be picked up basking on the s side of peat-hays, if the sportsman is industrious, and, leavin dogs at home, dodges about as quietly as he can. It has a good the character of snipe-shooting, and you have to be thankful for mercies.

There are Goths and Vandals who contrive places of conceal for themselves where the moorland marches with arable upland take potshots at the grouse as they settle upon the stooks of th outstanding oat crop. A man will do a good deal for a bag; battue shooting, contemptible as is that abnormal developme the human lust for slaughter, is venial compared with this mise travesty of a noble sport. For my own part I would sooner park deer from a rest: nay, I would even pepper pigeons at lingham.

# At Sterling's Grave.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

In a beautiful little churchyard on the Isle of Wight, off the road leading out of Bonchurch, nestling down in a corner and surrounded by a low wall over which roses peep and honeysuckles fling themselves in wild abundance, I find a grave marked by a plain stone bearing the simple legend:

JOHN STERLING
DIED AT VENTNOR
18TH SEPTEMBER, 1844.
AGED 38.

Two young bay trees bow their heads over the stone, rose trees and geraniums struggling for room to grow amid their foliage. A stream of water trickles down outside the wall behind and presently tumbles into the sea which gleams in grey vastness around the foot of the cliff in which the graveyard is dug. The church which stands amid the graves dates back to the eleventh century, and, like some neighbouring churches, seems to have been built to the scale of the island as compared with the churches and the size of the mainland across the Solent. On the way to Black Gang Chine from Ventnor there is a church the proportions of which are thus precisely set forth by a former sexton:

This church has often drawn the curious eye,
To see its length and breadth, to see how high;
At length to measure it, 'twas my intent
That I might certify its full extent.
Its breadth from side to side, above the bench,
Is just eleven feet and half an inch;
Its height from pavement to the ceiling mortar,
Eleven feet, four inches, and a quarter;
And its length from east to the west end—
I tell the truth to you, you may depend—
Twenty-five feet, four inches, quarters three,
Is just its measurement, as you may see,
And situated close to the high road,
Here you may join in prayer, and worship God.

This, with the difference of a few feet here and there, gives with sufficient exactness the dimensions of the church in which some of

John Sterling's relations and friends gathered thirty years ago to hear the solemn words of the Burial Service read. But the church was big enough to hold all who then recognised the fact that a notable man had passed away and left his work unfinished.

"Why write the life of Sterling?" Carlyle asked himself, when he had finished the biography of his friend, and he answered that he "had a commission higher than the world's, the dictate of nature." It is thirty years since John Sterling died, and the world, judging by its accustomed tests, still poses itself with the question formulated by Carlyle on the last page of his work. As a rule men's lives are written because the world has for some shorter or longer time been filled with the noise of their work, and wants to know something of the personality of the worker. In the case of John Sterling it is probable that beyond the circle of his private acquaintance no one had even heard his name. He wrote a novel in three volumes with a title which in a contracted form has since been made familiar to the world by another novel writer, though Mr. Disraeli is free from the suspicion of plagiarism, for "Arthur Coningsby" died stillborn. He, with Frederick Maurice, was the co-proprietor, for a brief period, of the *Athenæum* after Mr. Buckingham had started it, and, after struggling with it according to the self-denying fashion of founders of ultimately successful literary undertakings, had gladly got rid of it for an old song. He contributed some articles to the *London and Westminster Review* under the editorship of John Stuart Mill, and he wrote a good deal in verse and prose, chiefly the former, for *Blackwood*, being hailed by Professor Wilson as a coming poet. He wrote a tragedy and published some books of verse, with which the world would have nothing to do in the way of purchase, and he died quietly in the thirty-eighth year of his age, after fleeing from the death which had for a dozen years been relentlessly pursuing him, and missing him at Falmouth, Penzance, Naples, Madeira, and other halting places, finally came up with him at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight.

When the Life of Sterling was first announced it would have been no wonder if men knowing anything of the family had jumped to the conclusion that it was the elder Sterling who was to have his history written. In the career of Edward Sterling, *quondam* barrister of the Irish Bar, next captain of a marching regiment, next gentleman farmer, and finally "the Thunderer" of the *Times*, there was much to attract a biographer. As part proprietor, editor, and principal leader-writer of the *Times*, the elder Sterling lived in a world starred with historic names, and nothing seemed more natural than, the materials

at hand, his biography should be written and printed. But Mr. Carlyle does not look at things with the same glass as do ordinary people, and whereas the average biographer bent upon writing a Life of Sterling would have taken in hand the busy, bustling, vigorous, successful father, Carlyle sat down by the quiet grave of the invalid, unsuccessful, almost unknown son, and with an unfamiliar gentleness drew for the puzzled world a portrait whose colours will never fade.

Sterling was an unsuccessful man in the sense of aiming at a permanent place in literature and dying absolutely unknown to the people. But "out of the turbid whirlpool of his days" of bodily suffering and weakness "he strove assiduously to catch what he could," and the result is sufficient to show to those who care to look into the matter that here was lost to the world an original thinker, capable of setting down his thoughts in pure musical English. It adds to the apparent singularity of the fact of Sterling's biography being written at all that it was written twice, and by two widely different men—Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle. The Archdeacon's work, "John Sterling's Essays and Tales," came out in the troublous times of 1848, and shared in a great measure the fate of "Arthur Coningsby" and "The Election: a Poem in Seven Books." It is a somewhat ponderous affair, dealing chiefly with Sterling from an ecclesiastical point of view, presenting him, as Carlyle observes in one of those curious letters he, Toots-like, writes to himself under the signature "A Correspondent," in the guise of "a ghastly phantasm, choked in thirty-nine-article controversies or miserable Semitic, anti-Semitic street riots." As a work of art Archdeacon Hare's biography is fatally eclipsed by Carlyle's. But it has a special value of its own inasmuch as it contains a collection of Sterling's literary essays, from which we can form an opinion of what manner of man this was who proved so strangely attractive to some of the finest minds of the last generation—"this noble Sterling, a radiant child of the empyrean, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that knew him."

It does not enter into the plan of this half hour of reflection and reminiscence over Sterling's grave to attempt a critical dissertation on his literary style, which shall speak for itself in this extract from a letter written to his mother, he at Falmouth on the 8th of April, 1843, and she at Knightsbridge, already under the shadow of death which eight days later finally hid her from human sight:

I rode with Edward to-day through some of the pleasant lanes in the neighbourhood, and was delighted, as I have often been at the same season, to see the primroses under every hedge. It is pleasant to think that the Maker of them

can make other flowers for the gardens of His other mansions. We have here a softness in the air, a smoothness of the clouds, and a mild sunshine, that combine in lovely peace with the first green of spring and the mellow whiteness of the sails upon the quiet sea. The whole aspect of the world is full of a quiet harmony, that influences even one's bodily frame, and seems to make one's very limbs aware of something living, good, and immortal in all around us. Knowing how you suffer and how weak you are, anything is a blessing to me that helps me to rise out of confusion and grief into the sense of God and joy. I could not indeed but feel how much happier I should have been this morning had you been with me, and delighting as you would have done in all the little as well as the large beauty of the world. But it was still a satisfaction to feel how much I owe to you of the power of perceiving meaning, reality, and sweetness in all healthful life. And thus I could fancy that you were still near me, and that I could see you, as I have so often seen you, looking with earnest eyes at wayside flowers.

This passage was, of course, not written for publication, but I recall it because it contains in full measure the peculiarities of Sterling's style, indicating its prevailing characteristics of simplicity, earnestness, and strength. There is a letter written to his little son which I should like to quote in proof of the success with which Sterling triumphed over the great difficulty of writing a really good letter to a child. But it is too long. Of his strivings after the poet's crown the result most likely to be popular is to be found in the little duodecimo in seven books, in view of which even Carlyle relents, and admits that it "may be considered to have merit." Peter Mogg, one of the candidates at "the Election," is thus cleverly described:

Though short of days, how large the mind of man,
A godlike force enclosed within a span!
To climb the skies we spurn our nature's clog,
And toil as Titans to elect a Mogg.
And who was Mogg? O Muse! the man declare,
How excellent his worth, his parts how rare.
A younger son, he learnt in Oxford's halls
The spheral harmonies of billiard-balls,
Drank, hunted, drove, and hid from Virtue's frown
His venial follies in Decorum's gown.
Too wise to doubt on insufficient cause,
He signed old Cranmer's lore without a pause;
And knew that logic's cunning rules are taught
To guard our creed, and not invigorate thought—
As those bronze steeds at Venice, kept for pride,
Adorn a town where not a man can ride.
From Isis sent with all her loud acclaims,
The laws he studied on the banks of Thames.
Park, race, and play, in his capacious plan,
Combined with Coke to form the finished man,
Until the wig's ambrosial influence shed
Its last full glories on the lawyer's head.

The polish of Sterling's versification, here laid upon witty thought, completes the beauty of another passage conceived in quite different humour:

> Now in her chamber all alone, the maid
> Her polished limbs and shoulders disarrayed;
> One little taper gave the only light,
> One little mirror caught so dear a sight;
> 'Mid hangings dusk and shadows wide she stood,
> Like some pale nymph in dark-leaved solitude
> Of rocks and gloomy waters all alone,
> Where sunshine scarcely breaks on stump or stone
> To scare the vision. Thus did she,
> A star in deepest night, intent but free,
> Gleam thro' the eyeless darkness, heeding not
> Her beauty's praise, but musing o'er her lot.
> Her garments one by one she laid aside,
> And then her knotted hair's long locks untied
> With careless hand, and down her cheeks they fell,
> And o'er her maiden bosom's blue-veined swell,
> And with her reverie wandered here and there:
> The other hand sustained the only dress
> That now but half-concealed her loveliness;
> And pausing, aimlessly she stood and thought,
> In virgin beauty, by no fear distraught.

A picture daintily drawn this and delicately tinted.

It was not, however, as Sterling the author, but as Sterling the man, that he was thought worthy of a biography from the pen of Thomas Carlyle; and that thus for a circle that includes all who read books his grave is a notable place. There is nothing more striking in all we know of Sterling than the manner in which he drew people towards him and made upon them an instant and lasting impression. A curious example of this fact came under my personal observation within the last few days. Travelling down westward, reading a book with Sterling's name on the back of it, a lady who entered the carriage at Bristol started off as at a tangent on sight thereof—telling me in the course of a long and pleasant conversation a good deal about Sterling, whom she had known in Madeira. "I have a good many agreeable and valuable acquaintances here," writes Sterling from Funchal, 3rd March, 1838; "one or two of whom I hope I may hereafter reckon as friends." Listening to the bright talk of my anonymous acquaintance, I could well understand how readily Sterling took to the society he fell in with at Funchal. From her I gained a clearer impression of the living Sterling—a tall, somewhat slim, slightly stooping figure, with bright eyes, quick manner, and free tongue. "He seemed to like to

talk to ladies rather than to men, was perfectly at home in their company, and was an immense favourite. He had a very musical voice, and I can remember his reading to me the 'Sexton's Daughter,' which had just come out. He was in the highest spirits that day, Professor Wilson having paid him a great compliment in *Blackwood*." But it was not by ladies alone, or—with deference to Madeira—to ladies most, that Sterling was chiefly prized. Thirty-six years ago some young men in London, with the view of more closely enjoying each other's society, founded a club. It was limited to forty members, and in the short list will be found some names which the world would not now willingly let die, though at the time it knew little or nothing of the owners. Amongst the forty let me mention Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Carlyle, C. L. Eastlake, George Cornewall Lewis, John Stuart Mill, and R. Monckton Milnes. These are men whom we recognise to-day as kings and princes in the world where the guinea stamp of rank is awarded to the brightest intellect. And these were they who, wanting to give their club a name, called it after their chosen companion Sterling.

Whatever was bright and genial and intellectual in society of thirty-five years ago gravitated towards John Sterling, and he towards it. His name is, in a strange way, linked with the past of some men who seem to have lived ages and to have done wonders since last, in some perhaps forgotten place, they shook hands with Sterling, and went their way, not knowing that they should see his bright face no more. The other day, in the House of Commons, I saw Mr. Gladstone rise after the Premier had sat down, having announced that the Government would not proceed further with the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill, and I heard him make one of the most telling speeches he ever delivered in the House. He was defending Lord Lyttelton and his colleagues in their administration of the Act, and was exposing what he regarded as the real motives of the Government in introducing the Bill. I ought to have been thinking of the probable effect of this speech upon the politics of the hour, and upon the position of parties. But I confess that as I looked at Mr. Gladstone, his furrowed face lighted up with the glow of eloquence, and heard him speak of Lord Lyttelton, I was thinking that here were two friends of Sterling's who knew him when he and they felt the wild pulsation that precedes engagement in strife,

> When they heard their days before them and the tumult of their life.

Lord Lyttelton was one of the "Sterling Club," and of Lord Lyttelton's champion we find Sterling writing in a letter to his mother

in the first month of 1839:—"Gladstone has three little agate crosses which he will give you for my little girls. Will you despatch them to Hastings when you have the opportunity? I have not yet seen Gladstone's 'Church and State,' but as there is a copy in Rome I hope soon to lay hands on it. I saw yesterday in the *Times* a furious and, I am sorry to say, most absurd attack on him and it, and the new Oxonian school." Since January, 1839, the *Times* has had occasion to devote a good deal of its space to consideration of Mr. Gladstone and his doings. Who shall say that some of its columns might not have been of necessity opened to the record of great things accomplished by John Sterling had he lived to wear grey hairs in 1874, instead of dying in 1844 with a whole life yet before him? I sometimes fancy that in apportioning praise to successful workers we do not sufficiently take into account the relative length of their life and the consequent fullness of their opportunity. We say that Keats wrote "Endymion," and has such a place in literature; that Wordsworth wrote "The Excursion," and has such another. But we never say, when we think of the two men and of their intrinsic merit, that Keats published "Endymion" when he was in his twenty-third year, and died in his twenty-sixth; and that "The Excursion" was published when its author was forty-four, and that, on the whole, Wordsworth had eighty years in which to make himself famous. In arithmetic, eighty, as compared with twenty-six, is more than three to one. But in passing judgment on men's lives, eighty and twenty-six are, as a rule, equal in the sight of the world. And, indeed, I do not know how we are to complain of this. The world measures most things by a yard of tape, and the question in gauging the present value of a picture, a book, or a piece of statuary, is, What is it actually worth? According to the nature of the answer forthcoming is the producer's bust placed, high or low, in our Walhalla, and whether as a daily habit he wrote in buoyant health like Sir Walter Scott, or was a poor dyspeptic like Pope, whether he had fifty years to do his work in or five-and-twenty, are matters of no account to us.

Sterling died in his thirty-eighth year, but he had not lived, in the full sense of living, for more than twenty-eight. When he was twenty-four years of age a constitutional weakness of health culminated in a state of prostration from which it was not expected that he would recover. "All prospects in this world were now apparently shut upon him"; but his strong spirit triumphed over the disease, and he slowly got well again. Yet at no subsequent period of his life did he know what it was to be in vigorous health, or to be able to plan a

day's work in advance with the certainty of getting th
"Alas! his whole life, especially his winter life, had to be l
on wavering drift sand, nothing certain in it except, if poss
or three hours of work snatched from the general whirlpo
dubious four-and-twenty." On the 10th of August, 1844,
to Mr. Carlyle :—

> For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a f
> merely, however, for remembrance and farewell. On higher matte
> nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness w
> thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I l
> With regard to you and me I cannot begin to write; having nothing f
> keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in
> Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man ha
> done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE
> not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundreth part s
> seems to the standers-by.

A week later he was dead, and to-day

> His part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills
> Is—that his grave is green.

# THE IMMORTALITY OF SONG.

NEVER dies the poet's song,
Never rusts the minstrel's lyre,
Sent to charm the human throng,
Sent to kindle living fire
In all hearts that reign.

Other things may pass away
When their fleeting work is wrought,
Worn by swift or slow decay:
But not images of thought,
Shapen in the brain.

Crown and sceptre these may fade,
Glaive and javelin these may rust,
Ignominiously be laid
With their owners in the dust,
When their task is done;—
But the thought which nerved the hand
To grasp that bauble or that steel,
Thrills in song through many a land,
And surviving nations feel
Its course is scarce begun.

Themes by captive minstrels sung
In the dreariness of a cell,
Into battle-life have sprung,
With a power invincible
To rouse the souls of slaves;
Who have rent their bonds in twain,
Howe'er strong those bonds might be,
And re-echoed the refrain
Of those lays of liberty'
Over tyrants' graves!

Rome's a wreck, but Virgil lives;
And Greece a myth, but Homer's song,
Perennial and undimmed, still gives
Joy to the ages borne along
Adown the stream of Time;

And Miriam's ode, and David's psalm,
Preserved from patriarchal years,
The triumphs of a race embalm,
Their passions and their tears—
Hot as the burning clime.

Never dies the poet's song—
Mute his harp-strings may remain,
Till some tale of grief or wrong
Wakes them into life again
For a purpose high:—
But, while passion ebbs and flows,
Fancy captive leads the will,
While a woodland blossom blows,
Or remains a rippling rill,
Song can never die!

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

# WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

## VI.—WHARFEDALE AND ITS GRAYLING.

FEW rambles with his rod will afford the angler more pleasure, none will be with better welcome recalled during those musings when, lounging by the ruddy fire in a stormy twilight, he turns over page after page of that erful and never-failing photographic album which is stored with lates of memory, than his visit to Wharfedale. It is an autumn's ement that will well bear the winter's reflection. The Southrons s kingdom are guilty of a heavy crime; they do not know as about Yorkshire as they ought to do. Most people I have d—except perhaps the Germans—exercise the right of re- ng remarkably ignorant of their own country: and it must be ssed with shamefacedness we English are not a whit behind nations in general ignorance of the beauties of our own and. Yorkshire especially suffers from this singular neglect. eet with men and women who are aware that the St. Leger is Doncaster, and that Doncaster is in Yorkshire; that there are of nasty, though perhaps wholesome, mineral water at te, and that Scarborough is a fashionable and late watering They may possibly too remember being taught at school kshire is the largest county in England; they may be in a o assure you that it produces a popular pudding which mates with the Roast Beef of Old England; they have vague it is famous for "tykes."

rkshire has been gifted with natural advantages and ch are unrivalled. I have set to myself in this paper the siping* about the grayling as you find him in the romantic I could fill many a page with glorifications of the sweet es, the lofty fells, the far-stretching wolds, the rolling

word "gossiping" advisedly. A critic in the *Academy* pats me s:—"Though he is garrulous and diffuse, he does succeed now gesting a quite homely picture of the scenes for which he cares." ; almost flattering. Garrulous and diffuse? To be sure I am. nd to be so to the end of the chapter. We may be angry and t possible to be garrulous and bore not? By your leave, worthy ed Spinner" will amble along at his own pace, and turn aside ld that tempts him.

moors, the rare historical associations, and the bounteous mineral and agricultural features of the rich county which covers 5,983 square miles of territory as important as any to the welfare of the State. But I forbear. Wharfedale will be ample material for one chapter.

In justice to my readers I feel moved to admit the possibility of looking upon Wharfedale with eyes that refused to behold defects, of hurrying to its woods and streams in a frame of mind under which I should have magnified into picturesqueness the most ordinary landscape. In a word I had been attending the British Association meeting at Bradford. I had drenched myself with science: had perseveringly sat out the sectional gatherings; had courageously endeavoured to follow dissertations on dirt, dust, and brickbats; had pretended to be interested in discussions on shoddy, in the homologues of oxalic acid, thermal conductivity, protoplasm, the electrical phenomena which accompany the contraction of the cup of Venus's fly trap, hyperelliptic functions, and serpent worship in the pre-historic era. These are serious subjects, and far be it from me to scoff at the learned papers read to explain them. On the contrary I owe them a special vote of thanks, which I hereby propose, second, and carry *nem. con.*, for the excellent preparation they proved for the moment of release. Bradford was eminently hospitable and pleasant during that British Association visit, but there was one member, I can honestly vouch, who joyfully rushed to the ticket office and booked "straight away," as the railway porters have it, to Otley, and who, putting away the spectacles and solemn demeanour that became a *savant* of the nineteenth century, lit his meerschaum and began to overhaul his fly-book the moment the train started.

The Wharfe illustrates the old saying "Variety is charming," for it is a decided mixture of gentleness and anger. You would scarcely fancy, standing on the handsome bridge spanning it at Tadcaster, that the docile river which here begins to be navigable is so obstreperous in the upper part of the dale. The scenery of Lower Wharfedale is not so striking as that which delights you as you push upwards, but the grayling fishing is infinitely superior. Strolling down stream on the right bank at Boston Spa there is some open water that should be tried in passing. It would be convenient perhaps to remark here that some of the best portions of the Wharfe are strictly preserved, and that the angler should fish rather down than up the stream. Bearing this in mind, let us proceed towards Wetherby; at a place called Flint Mills there is a splendid piece of grayling water, but it is difficult to obtain the requisite permission to bring it under contribution. Wetherby may be passed by lightly, but not

Collingham. Even now the angling there is good, but it has, in common with that of every fishing station in the country, greatly deteriorated during the last few years. Above Harewood if you are fortunate enough to possess the "Open Sesame" to the preserves at Arthington you may capture plenty of grayling and a few trout. About twenty years ago an angling club at Harewood rented one side of the stream, and then the grayling fishing of the Wharfe was in its prime. Recently, conversing with a gentleman who was born in the district, he assured me he once saw a basket of seventy-five grayling taken with the fly in one day by one rod between Collingham and Woodhall—a piece of luck, I need scarcely add, never to be approached in these later days.

At Otley, for some cause not very explainable, grayling are not so numerous as trout; but whether your purpose in visiting Wharfedale be rambling or angling, or both (which is far better), Otley will be found a convenient head centre. Here I had purposed making a somewhat protracted halt, knowing that sport would diminish in proportion as the scenery of Upper Wharfedale increased in variety and beauty. Besides, Otley is in itself a pretty place—a sweet refuge for the weary. If it be any gratification to know that long before the Conquest the manor hereabouts was given to the Archbishops of York, open that red-covered book on the coffee-room table, and you will see the details in black and white. I remember reading somewhere in a treatise on grayling that the fish was introduced into the country by monks when England was—to coin a word—undisguisedly a monkery, and that the good St. Ambrose was particularly fond of the grayling. The saint in that case knew what was good for himself. This thought occurred to me on glancing at the above-mentioned literature of the coffee-room, and I then further remembered how the saints and abbots and holy friars invariably pitched their abodes near a river of great fish-producing capabilities, and how they often supplemented the stream with ponds and stews for the more ready and certain supply of their larders. It is generally conceded that the grayling, not being indigenous to English streams, must have been imported from the Continent, probably from Germany, and the monks might as reasonably be credited with the importation as any other class of men.

I should have remained longer at Otley had I not on the very first day encountered a hair of the dog that had bitten me at Bradford. A wretched Dryasdust, full of archæology, pursued me relentlessly with his facts and fancies, which were, truth to tell, a pretty equally mixed assortment. He told me that Athelstan had

had dealings with Otley, and I asked him if he knew whether that eminent Saxon king tied his own flies. The philosopher at first, I fear, suspected me of trying to get a rise out of him, but after a pause meekly informed me that he had perused most of the ancient documents concerning that part of the Riding, but had observed nothing that would throw a light upon the subject. I am not sure to this moment whether the patient antiquarian said this in humble innocence or as a covert rebuke. A short distance out of the town stands a cliff called the Chevin, and this is, as readers of old-fashioned angling books know, with a trifling difference in the spelling, also the name of a certain fish.

"The Chevin," said the rev. gentleman, "used to present"——

"Ah! talking of chub," I remarked, "do you ever find any in the Wharfe?"

Then the archæologist—who, by the way, was not the genial informant whom we are always glad to meet and grateful to hear, but an unmitigated bore chock-full of conceit—gave up the angler as a bad investment, and shuffled behind him. It did so unfortunately happen that just then the latter was on the point of casting his flies upon the stream, and somehow or other the archæologist managed to receive the dropper in the rim of his wide-awake; indeed, it might as well be confessed that another inch and the evening's sport would have included an archæologist's ear. The worthy man, however, insisted upon accompanying me, saw me to my chamber door at night, and was waiting at the bottom of the stairs on my appearance in the morning. The grayling of Otley were no doubt gainers by this intrusive companionship, inasmuch as the persecuted angler who was in search of—

Respite——respite, and nepenthe

from the parliament of science, lost no time in reckoning with his host and departing from the "field of Otho."

The railway has accomplished many wonders and overcome many difficulties. Steadily and surely it has intruded into the realms of romance and reduced them to its own utilitarian level. But Upper Wharfedale hitherto has defied it. Nor is it easy to perceive how it is possible to lay down a permanent way over Barden and Conistone Moors, or to convert Bolton Abbey into a station and Great Whernside into a terminus. It fills me, I confess, with a savage glee to spread out the map and behold how the iron horse has snorted and screamed up to the very foot of the balmy moorlands, and then stopped short, sullen and defeated. Thrice did he start off

to invade the district of which Skipton may be taken as the southern, Ripon the eastern, the Westmoreland border the western, and Barnard Castle the northern limits. At Ilkley he was frightened by Rombald's Moor and the uplands towards Bolton. At Pateley Bridge, Dallowgill and Appletrewick Moors blocked the way; and at Leyburn a judicious halt was sounded, at least for the present. None but strong, enduring pedestrians can, therefore, do Wharfedale full justice, and it may be here said generally that every turn of the stream from Otley to its source under the brow of Cam Fell will repay the pedestrian, and reveal new surprises in itself, in the vistas beyond, and in the ever-varying quantities and qualities of its steep wooded banks.

Ilkley and Ben Rhydding receive much of their popularity from the scenery of the Wharfe, and the former watering-place, so well known to hydropathists, owes its repute as much to the little impetuous stream galloping down the breezy side of Rombalds, as to the bracing mountain air. But we cannot afford to linger here, with Bolton Abbey beckoning us onward. Bolton Bridge, reached from Ilkley by a delightful five miles of road, overlooking the Wharfe on the right and hugging umbrageous woods on the left, will serve admirably as the wanderer's head-quarters. The hamlet itself offers nothing extraordinary, but the view above and below from the bridge, combining the pastoral and picturesque in harmonious proportions, is grand. Having procured his ticket, easily obtainable at the inns, and turned into the meadow on the left bank of the river, it would save time if the angler did not put his rod together until he had arrived at the plantation adjoining the grounds of Bolton Abbey. Indeed he would be wise, if a stranger to the far-famed ruins, to inspect them before going down to the river, and possess himself of the legends and architectural features of the place. Both are fascinating. Let us sit down upon this meadow grass and hear the legend-in-chief. First look abroad. For a little space in front and across the stream you have a park-like prospect, lawn and trees appearing at intervals. Towards the priory, however, the noble woods close in high and thick, making us curious to see how the Wharfe, "the swift Werfe" of the poet Spenser, threads its way through the devious overhung course. In many places yonder the foliage touches the water. The earlier tints of autumn are already stealing over the leaves, for the sportsmen have for three weeks been amongst the stubble and turnips, and we can hear the frequent crack of their fowling-pieces away in the fields. Wharfedale, when the autumn tints are at their prime, is one of the most glorious sights

imaginable; and for this reason, and also perhaps because the grayling is in good condition in October, it is the resort of tourists when other places are deserted. A fine herd of Herefords, most effective of all cattle as component parts of a landscape, contentedly lie under the trees or crop the succulent herbage. The smoke rises above yonder orchard blue and straight, sure sign that the year is waning and that the atmosphere is flavoured with frost. A ruddy-faced Yorkshire boy swings on the gate, which his sisters, as little sisters always do, willingly set in motion. The stream is here shallow and wide, but the bouldery bed has been, and anon will be again, washed by a furious torrent, the scouring of moor and fell for many a mile. It is a peculiarity of much of the Wharfe that while on one side the river's bed shelves very gently to the centre, on the other it runs deep under a high and generally curving shore. Higher up the stream the woods lift up their grandly plumed heads far towards the sky, and you know that close at hand, concealed behind the superabundant foliage, is the remnant of what was once Bolton Abbey. This is why I suggest you should lay aside your rod and rest a space here, postponing acquaintance with the grayling in favour of traditionary lore.

And now for the legend of Bolton Priory. Perhaps on second thoughts it will interest us more if we stroll towards it and talk as we go. The field we are now crossing, and whose fine soft grass rebounds beneath our footfall as if it were the turf of a well-kept lawn, was selected, they say, for camping ground by Prince Rupert on his way to Marston Moor, and if that impulsive freebooter acted upon his customary principles he looted those fat farmyards to a pretty good tune. The old priory stands in the centre of a picture which has been faithfully filled in by Whitaker in his "History of Craven":—"But after all the glories of Bolton are on the north. Whatever the most fastidious taste could require to constitute a perfect landscape is not only found here but in its proper place. In front and immediately under the eye is a smooth expanse of park-like enclosure, spotted with native elm, ash, etc., of the finest growth." The "etc.," you will note, include some patriarchal beeches, oaks, aspens, poplars, and, half way up the opposite slope, there are some mountain ashes that in the late autumn will gleam a blaze of rubies on the hillside. "On the right, a skirting oak wood with jutting points of grey rock; on the left, a rising copse. Still forward"—he means up the river—"are seen the aged groves of Bolton Park, the growth of centuries; and farther yet the barren and rocky distances of Simon's Seat and *Barden Fell* contrasted to the warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliage

of the valley below." The ruins of Bolton are exquisite and well kept, but the pride of Yorkshire beyond comparison in this matter is stately Fountains Abbey at Studley Royal.

Pursuing our way upwards the woods on either side hem us in; tinkling brooks and fairy-like glens appear; the Wharfe, having assumed every shape of which a river is capable, henceforth consistently retains the characteristics of a mountain stream. Immediately above the priory its bed is full of large boulders; beyond it runs still and deep; here it narrows and there it widens—everywhere it has the bright bubbling charm of variety. This is what we have for two miles, and then we reach the Strid. At this spot—the Mecca of the Wharfedale tourist—the river gallops through a deep sluice between two rocks, so narrow that you may stride across it. Hence its name. And here it is the legend must be told; after which let the grayling look out.

A certain fishiness about the story makes it quite appropriate at this time and place. One Lady Alice had a son who came to an untimely end in this madly hurrying current which, as we sit over it, roars in our ears. The story has been best told by Rogers, who shall, with the reader's permission, tell it again for our benefit. Wordsworth's version, though substantially the same, is, compared with Rogers's, even "as water unto wine." Says Rogers:—

> At Embasy rung the matin bell,
> The stag was roused on Barden Fell;
> The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
> And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
> When, near the cabin in the wood,
> In tartan clad and forest green,
> With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
> The boy of Egremond was seen.
> Blithe was his song—a song of yore;
> But where the rock is rent in two,
> And the river rushes through,
> His voice was heard no more.
> 'Twas but a step, the gulf he passed;
> But that step—it was his last!
> As through the mist he winged his way
> (A cloud that hovers night and day),
> The hound hung back, and back he drew
> The master and his merlin too!
> That narrow place of noise and strife
> Received their little all of life.

So far all authorities are agreed, but an inspection of certain musty documents throws some doubt upon the sequel. The Lady Alice, according to Wordsworth's acceptation of the popular legend, was *apprised of the lad's fate* by a forester, who, with a tact and

delicacy not usual, one would think, in those rude times, prepared the poor lady for his intelligence by asking, "What remains when prayer is unavailing?" Quoth the bereaved mother, "Endless sorrow."

> From which affliction—when the grace
> Of God had in her heart found place—
> A pious structure fair to see,
> Rose up, this stately priory.

That is Mr. Wordsworth; but the version which seems, not only from documentary evidence, but from our knowledge of the parties interested, to be most likely is that the abbots and monks of Embasy, up in the bleak fell district, tired of their lonely situation (and there being no fish handy), took advantage of the lady's grief to descend into the valley and remove their priory nearer the beeves and trout. Anyhow the priory was wealthily endowed, and in a short space of time the monks—self-denying souls!—possessed 2,193 sheep, 713 horned cattle, 95 pigs, and 91 goats.

The man sauntering towards us is the water keeper, and he will recommend us to retrace our steps. He tells us he has been trying all the morning to catch a dish of grayling for the Hall, but without success. Strapped to his back, in lieu of the orthodox creel, he carries a wooden box fashioned as closely as possible to imitate a fishing basket. He made it himself, and his rod and line were also the work of his own hands. They are heavy and rough, it is true, but in his grasp they can be made to do all that is necessary. He purposely uses a large heavy line, with which alone, he says, you can fish thoroughly against wind. It is astonishing to see how lightly, easily, accurately, and to what distance he casts his flies with that clumsy sixteen feet rod painted green, and that heavy horsehair line. His casting lines are of a kind peculiar to the Wharfe, I believe. He uses nothing but horsehair, beginning with four or five strands and gradually lessening the bulk until the last twelve inches of the four yards are single hair. He never fishes with less than five flies, tied by himself. A few expeditions with a man like this are worth any quantity of mere theory, and it is always best to follow his advice when once you are convinced that he is to be trusted. That is a principle I have never found to fail. You may be learned in piscatorial learning, may be an old stager at the waterside, may be in all ways an adept admitted and proved, but a practised native, though he read not neither can he write, will be your master on his own ground. Thus, though my book contained the most approved flies used in Herefordshire, Derbyshire, and Hampshire (all first-class grayling *counties*), I without hesitation took the keeper's tiny, master*hackles*, and in the course of a few days proved by practic

experience the infinite superiority of his knowledge and wisdom. I believe the best Wharfe fly-makers live at Otley. Their brown owl is a killing fly; so is the little hackle termed a fog black. Partridge and woodcock hackles and a black gnat are favourites, and you never see a native's cast that does not possess a pretty hackle made of the under wing of the snipe with body of straw-coloured silk.

"Fish in the eye of a stream, sir," our keeper advises; and he shows us how to do it, by dropping his flies like a snow flake across where the water scrambles over the stones previous to a drop and sweep into deeper volume.

"Grayling are like women, sir—you never know what to be about with them," he sagely remarked. By this our Yorkshire guide showed that he had studied well the character not perhaps of the sex, but of the fish. They are undoubtedly skittish cattle, as we were that day and the next destined to find. One could almost fancy that they were cognisant of their rarity and value, and gave themselves airs in consequence. Cotton, who ought to be a good authority on the grayling, seeing that the Derbyshire streams where he exercised his skill were, and in a minor degree still are, famous for their grayling, has no high opinion of the fish. His pupil exclaims—

"I have him now, but he is gone down towards the bottom. I cannot see what he is; yet he should be a good fish by his weight; but he makes no stir."

"Why, then," the master replies, "by what you say, I dare venture to assure you it is a grayling, who is one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world, and the bigger he is the more easily taken. Look you, now you see him plain; I told you what he was. Bring hither that landing-net, boy! And now, sir, he is your own, and believe me, a good one, sixteen inches long I warrant him."

If the grayling thus described had brought an action for libel against Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall, in the county of Derby, Esquire, a fair-minded jury would have found a verdict with damages. The grayling is in every sense by which a fish may be judged entitled to respect. Walton, who was as credulous as a child in matters with which he was not practically acquainted, who would believe almost any story so long as it appealed to his quaint simple sentiment, and who probably knew less about the grayling than any other English fish, is inclined to place him on a pinnacle of honour. He reminds us that Gesner terms it the choicest of all fish; that the French, who vilify the chub, term the grayling (or umber) *un umble chevalier*. Without exactly endorsing the statement, Walton retails with some unction the Frenchman's belief that *the grayling* feeds on gold, and informs

his readers that St. Ambrose, "the glorious Bishop of Milan," calls him the flower of fishes, and was so far in love with him that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse.

Now, the grayling is not gorgeously marked as the trout, but he is of more gracefully proportioned shape, and not by any means the chicken-hearted brute described by Cotton. Like the trout, the grayling takes much of his character from the stream he inhabits, and we found that the Wharfe grayling, though not large, were of the most perfect shape, colour, and flavour. When the grayling first leaves the water, nothing can be more beautiful than the vestment of royal purple which shines over his silver undermail, and the long distinct thin line running along the middle of his side, from his bright lozenge-shaped eye to his purple tail. His long snout and plump symmetrical body, his white belly, with a suspicion of gold along each side, the small square dark spots about his sides, and the marking of his fins, increase the beauty of this high-bred looking fish. There is a dispute as to the smell of the grayling in the first few moments of his capture, some arguing in favour of thyme, and some saying the perfume is that of the cucumber. The fish has been designated *salmo thymallus* in honour of the thyme theory. Opinions upon this knotty point I think will always differ. A fish taken from the Teme I once thought had a decided smell of cucumber, another from the Itchen was redolent of thyme; the first which the Wharfe yielded at the visit which is the subject of our present gossip smelt of something which the keeper said was cucumber, while I equally maintained it was thyme.

Our Wharfedale experiences were those of every grayling fisher who uses the fly. We were certain of nothing. Roving and sinking as the anglers practise it in Herefordshire with grasshopper or gentle is probably the most certain way of catching the grayling, who loves to lie close to the ground, grubbing upon the sand or gravel, which he prefers to any other bed. Even when he takes the fly, which he will do at all times, not excepting the winter frosts, if the sun should peep out for an hour or two in the middle of the day, he rises swift and straight from the deepest parts of the river, and descends again with equal speed. His movements are indeed so rapid that the hesitation of an instant on your part will be fatal. The fish loves either the eye or tail of a current; upon being hooked he rushes for the stream, and as in most cases your hook must be of the smallest, and the grayling's mouth is remarkably tender, your proportion of lost fish will be greater with grayling than with trout.

"It is no good, sir," the keeper said, after we had both carefully fished a mile of the Wharfe and missed every fish that rose, each of which had been gently pricked; "they are at their old tricks. I've touched a dozen fish to-day and caught none, and sometimes they go on like this all day long. We shall get them between three and five this afternoon, but not before."

He acted upon his own opinion and ceased angling, preferring to husband his strength for subsequent efforts, and watch me fish the rapids for trout. It turned out in the afternoon as it had been predicted. The grayling rose moderately, but whereas in the morning we both missed everything, we now landed all that were touched—eight beautiful fish of about three-quarters of a pound each. When the sun began to decline, and the autumnal coolness of evening to succeed, the grayling rose no more. This is their habit, and their habit requires most careful study both as regards general characteristics and the peculiarities of locality. No fish requires such careful watching as the grayling, and when I hear the fish condemned or spoken lightly of I suspect that the fault lies with the blamer rather than the blamed. So long as I remained in Wharfedale and in the keeper's neighbourhood, he would in the morning look round at the sky, and then at the water, and at the insects moving about, and pronounce an opinion as to the probabilities of sport; and his general accuracy was surprising.

At Bolton the fish are not numerous: two or three brace constituted a day's average sport; but I met some fishermen who had for a fortnight been unable to take a single grayling, although they had caught a few small trout. Anglers differ greatly in their estimate of a grayling's weight. One Wharfedale keeper, when I told him I had seen a Hampshire fish that scaled over three pounds and a half, coughed incredulously, and said, "Ah, that was a big one indeed." Plainly he did not believe me. It is rarely grayling so large as this are seen, and the monster I quote was a supremely ugly fellow. A pound fish is a good one, and though he will not fight so desperately as a trout, he does not die without a plucky struggle. Properly hooked, however, a grayling ought never to be lost; but let the unsuccessful grayling angler be consoled with the reflection that many otherwise excellent fly-fishers have never mastered the art of thoroughly hooking this fish. The sun, except on frosty mornings, is bad for grayling fishing—fog, frost, wind, rain, anything but sun may be tolerated, and unlike most descriptions of fish the grayling is not to be met with early in the morning or late in the evening.

RED SPINNER.

# THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY."

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

THE veteran John Poole, who died quite lately, was the last of the genuine hearty-laughter-moving broad old-fashioned humourists. The early portion of "Pickwick" may be said to have been the latest effective specimen of this school, which is founded on droll situations, not on mere speeches, verbal mistakes, or misapprehensions. The description of a traveller in some ridiculous position, a Cockney sportsman, the tumbling into a pond, or, indeed, anything that would excite the boisterous enjoyment of a crowd in the streets—such elements, handled with various degrees of coarseness or of refinement, were the then stock-in-trade of the popular humourist. The old coloured caricatures—the series representing the career of Dr. Syntax, exhibiting human figures in sundry ridiculous positions—are almost independent of the explanations placed underneath. They tell their own story. The same broad principle of treatment appears in all the old farces, a fair specimen of which was the rustic damsel making the obtrusive attorney suitor conceal himself in the flour-barrel, to be presently discovered whitened all over. On the stage this homely surprise is unceasingly effective; and variations of the same humble machinery are sure to tell with the multitude, affording a useful hint for the writer who would be popular. He must use broad strokes and avoid the risk of novelty. All the magazine stories and most of the comic novels had to deal with the relation of adventures of this boisterous kind. The humour of Albert Smith and of Mr. Lever's most successful series of novels chiefly turns upon awkward blunders of this kind.

Poole was one of the most diligent adaptors of his day—a title, however, he was inclined to repudiate as earnestly as though he had been one of our living spoliators of the French. To the actor and theatrical amateur the long list of his excellent acting plays are familiar; such as "Turning the Tables," "A Nabob for an Hour," "'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror," and the ingenious and amusing "Hole in the Wall," which excites more interest and mirth, in proportion to its length, than any light piece of the kind. "Paul *Pry*" is destined to give to the name of Poole the true theatrical

immortality. The figure has lived like some historical personage: it is familiar to those who have never been inside a theatre; and it will always hold possession of the stage because it is drawn from the great collection of human characters, and, excepting a few local peculiarities, belongs to no country and is intelligible in all. The play itself is constructed on the true principle, the character producing the situations, not the situations the character as is too often the case with modern English pieces. Every comic performer of any claims, as he advances to eminence, is called upon to give his reading of Paul Pry; and since Liston, who originally "created" the part fifty years ago, a vast number of facetious players have failed or succeeded in the attempt. The best of Liston's successors have, perhaps, been Mr. Wright and Mr. Toole in our own day, for the part hardly suited Mr. Brough. Mr. Toole, whose weakness has always been the display of unlicensed drolleries, is here at his best, and the result, in proportion as it is "legitimate," is a diverting and genuine performance.

"Paul Pry" was first produced at the Haymarket in September, 1825, with a good cast that included Liston, Farren, Madame Vestris, Pope, and Mrs. Waylett. It was acted some forty times—then a great run. The following season it was again taken up at Drury Lane, and acted every night in the season. Madame Vestris's Phœbe, the spirited and ingenious waiting-maid, was long spoken of with rapture by old playgoers, and her success was a good deal owing to the perfect naturalness of the part and its being utterly opposed to the conventional style in which such characters are put upon the stage. But the picture of Liston and his peculiar costume became as familiar to the public mind as that of Mr. Pickwick, and even now in the china shops are to be met with little pottery statuettes of the droll comedian in his boots and white hat, his baggy umbrella under his arm. Not less familiar, too, is the engraving after the capital picture by Clint. Those who contribute such enduring characters to the stage or to the novel, and who thus create for future generations, are gifted with a special talent.

The more refined critics of the day when it first appeared judged it temperately and fairly. "It is a pleasant piece," wrote Hazlitt, in a London magazine, "but there is rather too much of it. Without any sacrifice of humour it might have been compressed within the limits of a farce. The plot is compounded of several ancient and approved plots, and most of the characters are close copies of hackneyed originals." But with the irrepressible Liston he was enchanted. "There is really nothing in the part beyond the mere

outline of an officious inquisitive gentleman, which is droll, as it reminds every one of acquaintances, but Liston fills it with a thousand nameless absurdities." The hint thus thrown out on the first representation has been unconsciously adopted, for the play has since been compressed, though with some loss of effect. But the piece itself is not to be dismissed so lightly, for the situations, though contrived to bring out the absurdity of the hero's prying propensities, are not forced, and are exactly of the kind suited to do this in the most effective manner. There is no more diverting situation than the passage in which the indefatigable Pry unintentionally raises an alarm of robbers and is himself pursued by the servants and dogs. Nothing can be happier than the idea of such a retribution, as the natural result of his own espionage. All the other situations come about in the same unconstrained fashion. The instinct of a true dramatist is also shown in the concurrent mystery in which Phœbe and her mistress are concerned, and in the hot, impetuous character Colonel Hardy thrown into antagonism with the persons engaged in the plot as well as the inquisitive detective. The mutual opposition and confusion of these various influences make up a most amusing *mêlange*. The true key to the character of Paul Pry is of course earnestness—a genuine anxiety to know what his neighbours are about; and Mr. Toole, it must be said, in this part seems to forget Mr. Toole and his individual humours and to think only of the character.

It has often been repeated that Paul Pry was drawn from a familiar figure of the time—the eccentric Tom Hill, who was editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*. Poole took occasion expressly to contradict this in a little biographical sketch of himself addressed to one of the magazines. "The idea," he says, "was really suggested by an old invalid lady who lived in a very narrow street, and who amused herself by speculating on the neighbours and identifying them, as it were, by the sound of the knocks they gave. 'Betty,' she would say, 'why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?' 'Lor, ma'am, it's only the baker with the pies.' 'Pies, Betty!—what can they want with pies at No. 54? They had pies yesterday.' This is, indeed, the germ of Paul Pry"; and he adds "it was not drawn from an individual, but from a class. I could mention five or six persons who were contributors to the original play"—which showed that he worked on true principles as applied to humour, viz., abstraction and selection.

But it is on the well-known satire of "Little Pedlington"—a name *that* now belongs to the stock of quoted illustrations of the English

language—that Poole's reputation as a humourist will rest. As a narrative it is fragmentary, and in some portions, notably that description of the theatre, the air of *vraisemblance* is sacrificed, and the subject is too ponderous for the minute and delicate framework of the satire. But, taken as a whole, the professional comic writers of our day might do well to study this buoyant and genuine piece of humour, which is treated upon true principles.

The subject was an inviting one for the satirist, and has often been in favour with cynics fond of sneering at the innocence of rural districts and of expatiating on the vanity and selfishness which so often underlie the pastoral varnish. It would be easy to deal with such a subject in a serious and severe spirit; but it can be seen that there is a quaintness in this antagonism, and that a supposed rustic innocence, proving to be only a development of town manners, has in itself something humorous. In this fashion it has accordingly been dealt with by writers of different countries, and the surprise arising from the discovery of provincial greed, meanness, and envy forms "the note" of the admirable piece of "Nos Bons Villageois." To work out such a theme with success it must be dealt with in perfect sincerity, a principle totally opposite to that of our funny writers, who cannot extract fun from a subject without a farcical confession of insincerity, revealing that they are not in earnest. Nothing can exceed the gravity, the purpose of "Little Pedlington," and the ingenious yet natural variety with which the theme is treated, so as to bring out without strain or absurdity the real humour of the situation. It is this natural air that is the secret of true burlesque—a secret drawn from spontaneous burlesque in ordinary life.

The Guide Book was always a favourite piece with Mr. Dickens, satirising as it does, in a pleasant little epitome, the complacent satisfaction which our modest country towns exhibit in reference to their objects of attraction. In every guide book appears this unconscious struggle between a due vindication of local objects of interest and the difficulty of praising what perhaps really deserves little praise. I have selected some of the choicest passages :—

HISTORY.

Little Pedlington (or, as it has at various times been written, Peddle-le-town, Peddle-in-town, Piddletown, Peddletown, and Peedletown—it is now invariably called by its more euphonious appellation of Pedlington)—is situated in the county of ———, at the distance of — miles from London. And here, reflecting on these successive changes, we cannot refrain from quoting that apt line of the Swan of Avon—

"Each doth suffer a sea change."

THE TOWN.

The entrance to Little Pedlington from the London road is by High Street,

and presents to the astonished eye of the visitor an aspect truly imposing; nor will the first impression thus created be easily obliterated from the "mind's eye."* On one side, after passing between two rows of well-grown elms, stands Minerva Mansion, a seminary for young ladies, kept by Miss Jubb, sister of the Rev. J. Jubb, under whose able superintendence is Birch House, in the Crescent, a seminary for young gentlemen, the terms of both of which may be had at Yawkins's Library; and on the other, the view is met by the Green Dragon Inn, kept by Mr. Scorewell, whose politeness and attention are proverbial, and where travellers may be sure of meeting with every accommodation on very reasonable terms.

Passing along we come to East Street, West Street, North Street, and South Street, so named from the several directions they take (see *Rummins*), all converging into a focus, designated Market Square (now one of the fashionable promenades), the market having formerly been held on the identical spot now occupied by the New Pump; of which more in its proper place.

But, if we are at a loss to which of these noble streets to give the preference, whether for regularity or cleanliness, in what terms shall we describe the Crescent? Well may it be said that Englishmen are prone to explore foreign countries ere yet they are acquainted with their own; and many a one will talk ecstatically of the marble palaces of Venice and Herculaneum who is ignorant of the beauties of Little Pedlington. The Crescent, then, is at the end of North Street, and is so called from the peculiarity of its form (we are again indebted to *Rummins*), it being somewhat in the shape of a half-moon. It consists of twenty-four houses—mansions we might say—uniformly built of bright red bricks, which, when the sun is full upon them, are of dazzling brilliancy. There are bow-windows to all the edifices, and each having a light green door with a highly-polished brass knocker, three snow-white steps forming the ascent, an effect is produced which to be admired need only be seen, and which, though some other places may perhaps equal, none certainly can surpass.

We cannot quit the Crescent without calling the attention of the literary pilgrim to the second house from the left-hand corner, No. 23. THERE LIVES JUBB!

> "A something inward tells me that my name
> May shine conspicuous in the rolls of Fame;
> The traveller here his pensive brow may rub,
> And softly sigh, 'Here dwelt the tuneful Jubb.'"

PEDLINGTONIA.

## BOARDING-HOUSES.

The principal Boarding-house is kept by Mrs. Stintum, and is delightfully situated No. 17, Crescent. This excellent establishment combines elegance with comfort, and nothing can exceed the care and attention of the proprietress to her guests, who will find under her fostering auspices all that their own homes would afford. This house is always thronged with the most elegant company.

Mrs. Starvum's Boarding-house, which yields to none for comfort, and which for elegance few can excel, is most beautifully situated No. 11, South Street. The attention and assiduity of Mrs. Starvum are proverbial. As none but the *haut ton* are received here, we need not add that visitors will not find a deficiency in any of those comforts and conveniences which they have been accustomed to in their own houses.

* Shakespeare.

## LIBRARIES.

Yawkins's Library, in Market Square, has long been known to the frequenters of Little Pedlington; and if an excellent collection of books, urbanity, all the new publications, attention, all sorts of choice perfumery, tooth-brushes, despatch in the execution of orders, Tunbridge-ware, &c., &c., all at the most moderate prices, can claim the suffrages of the public, we have no hesitation in requesting their patronage of Mr. Yawkins.

Nor should we be just in failing to recommend Snargate's long-established Library in High Street. Here will subscribers be furnished with both old and *new* publications with the utmost readiness, and with a politeness highly creditable to the proprietor. And, if moderate charges for Tunbridge-ware, perfumery of the best quality, &c., &c., &c., are a desideratum, Mr. Snargate will be certain of an ample share of support. Here also is the Post-office.

There is also (as we are told) a *minor* establishment in Market Street, kept by a person of the name of Sniggerston, the publisher of a *would-be* Pedlington Guide. It would ill become *us* to speak of the work itself, which abounds in errors of the grossest kind, and will be found altogether useless to the traveller; but of the establishment we are bound in fairness to say that nothing can be urged against it, as we are informed that it is resorted to by *some* of the respectable tradespeople of the town, and the FARMERS and COUNTRY-FOLKS on *market-days*.

## BATHS.

That immersion in water, or, as it is commonly called, bathing, was practised, both for health and cleanliness, by the ancients, is clearly proved by the existence of baths in Rome, still bearing the names of the emperors for whose use they were constructed—emperors long since crumbled into dust! But *baths*, properly so called, were reserved for the use only of the great; the middling and lower classes plunging (such is the opinion of our learned townsman *Rummins*) into the Tiber (a river in Rome). Our town, however, can boast of *two* establishments, to which *all* classes may resort; and if we hesitate to say that Mrs. Yawkins's hot and cold baths, No. 22, West Street, are unequalled for comfort and cleanliness, it is only because we must, in justice, admit that nothing can exceed the cleanliness and comfort to be found at the cold and hot baths kept by Widow Sniggerston, No. 14, Market Square.

## CURIOSITIES, ETC.

A few years ago the STOCKS, which had stood, time immemorial, at the church door, were removed, and the present Cage was substituted in their place. Mr. *Rummins*, however, with praiseworthy zeal, anxious to preserve a relic of the venerable machine which had confined the legs of so many generations of offenders, petitioned the competent authorities of the town for leave to place one of the sliding-boards in his collection of curiosities. This was granted; and Mr. R. is always happy to exhibit this interesting fragment to respectable persons, between the hours of 12 and 2, on any Friday during the season.

The NEW PUMP, which stands in the centre of Market Square, is an elegant and conspicuous object, as seen from the further end of any of the four leading streets; but it will amply repay the curious for a close and attentive inspection. It is composed *entirely of cast-iron*, its predecessor having been merely of wood: such is the progress of luxury and civilisation! It is in the form of an obelisk, or nearly so, on the top of which is a small figure of Neptune brandishing his

trident, the attitude of which is much admired. The spout represents a lion's mouth, and the effect, as the water flows from it, is as pleasing as it is appropriate. The handle is in the form of a dolphin's tail—fitting emblem! On the front, towards South Street, is the following inscription, for which we are indebted to the classical pen of *Mr. Rummins*:—

"THIS PUMP,
THE OLD ONE BEING WORN OUT,
ON THE 1ST OF APRIL, 1829,
WAS PLACED WHERE IT NOW STANDS
AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PARISH OF LITTLE PEDLINGTON.
THOMAS YAWKINS, CHURCHWARDEN.
HENRY SNARGATE, OVERSEER."

## THE ENVIRONS.

Having conducted the stranger through the town, we will now lead him to its environs, and point out those spots most worthy of a morning's drive or walk.

* * * * * * * * *

Nor should any lover of the picturesque leave us without visiting Snapshank Hill. There is no carriage road to it, and the path being broken and uneven, full of holes and ruts, consequently not altogether safe for horses, we would recommend a pedestrian excursion as by far the most agreeable. It is exactly five miles distant from the Pump in Market Square, and the path is for the whole of the way a tolerably steep ascent. On arriving at the summit of the hill a scene presents itself which the world cannot equal. But, since prose is too tame to do justice to it, we must borrow the exquisite description by our poet:—

"Lo, Snapshank Hill! thy steep ascent I climb,
And fondly gaze upon the scene sublime:
Fields beyond fields, as far as eye can spy!
Above—that splendid canopy the sky!
Around—fair Nature in her green attire;
There—Pedlingtonia and its antique spire!
I gaze and gaze till pleasure turns to pain:
O Snapshank Hill! I'll now go down again."

The volume reads like a comedy, and indeed almost falls into the shape of a comedy, the characters and trifling events acting and reacting on each other and being always naturally related. The incident of the "loss of Miss Cripps's bag" is treated with a sincerity which is one of the elements of dramatic effect. This earnestness lends a dignity to what would be hopelessly trivial. "Dear me, sir!" says the landlord, "I was near forgetting to remind you; but if Miss Cripps's bag shouldn't be found before twelve o'clock you'll be sure to hear it cried then, if you go down to Market Square. As these things don't happen every day they are the more interesting, you know." The gossips of Little Pedlington—always called "Lippleton" in the place, a *capital* stroke of *vraisemblance*—discuss the news. "What about

Miss Cripps's bag?" "No tidings of it—I just called there." "Ahem! I say, my dear—now, between you and me, what is your opinion about the two sovereigns which she *says* were in the bag?" "She says so, so no doubt they were; but, as I said just now to Mrs. S——, who ever saw Cripps with gold in her purse? You know her whole income is but fifty-five pounds a year, and her quarter won't be due till next Wednesday week. Besides, *I* know a certain person who wanted two pounds of her on Friday, when she had not got them to pay; and you know that when the money *does* come in nobody pays more punctually than poor Cripps." This founding of what is uncomplimentary on a compliment is excellent. Finally, the visitor is roused up at midnight by the chambermaid. "Master thought you'd like to know, sir, Miss Cripps has got her bag safe, with everything in it—except the money." The visitor going to Little Pedlington was detained at "Squashmire Gate," which in a moment of impatience he called "an infernal place." The poor woman, evidently hurt at the opprobrious term, with a look of mild rebuke said: "Sir, *all the world can't be Lippleton.* If it was, it would be much too fine a place and too good for us poor sinners to live in!" And the visitor declared that that simple and genuine utterance gave him a higher anticipation of the importance of "Lippleton" than all the elaborate praises of the Guide Book he had just been reading. It gives us also an admirable idea of the art of true humour. Lippleton, however, had a perpetual jealousy of the great metropolis. "From London, sir?" asks little Jack Hobbleday. "Yes, sir," is the stranger's answer; and the reader will see how true to nature and character is the rejoinder. "Never saw London; in fact, never was out of Little Pedlington. Had the honour of being born in the place; have had the honour of passing all my life in it; hope to have the honour of laying my bones in it. *Should have no objection, though, to pass two or three days* in London, just to see the sights; and yet a Pedlingtonian needn't break his heart if he never did." (These admissions of superiority, and attempts at qualifying that superiority, are very happy.) "You can show nothing like *that*, I take it," pointing to the pump. "Well, well, Rome wasn't built in a day; but, as I understand, you are making great improvements there. Why, one of these days perhaps, sir— *I* am old enough to remember when we had nothing but a draw-well here; then came the old pump, a wooden thing with a leaden handle, which *in those days we thought a very fine affair.*" All this belongs to a good school of natural humour.

The idea of a local "profile-taker" supposing that the Royal

Academy was envious of him and in league to "keep him down" would seem far-fetched, and might belong to burlesque. A contemporary humourist would not venture to deal with such a topic seriously. Yet nothing could be more natural than the sketch of Daubson, the artist of Little Pedlington, the creator of the "all-but-breathing Grenadier" which was refused in London and was now exhibited in "Yawkins's Skittle Ground":—

Looked at the profiles hanging about the room. Said of them severally, "Beautiful!"—"Charming!"—"Exquisite!"—"Divine!"

"So, so, mister," said Daubson, rising, "I've found you out: you are an artist."

"I assure you, sir," said I, "you are mistaken. I am sorry I cannot boast of being a member of that distinguished profession."

"You can't deceive me, mister. Nobody, excepting one of us, can know so much about art as you do. Your opinions are so just, it can't be otherwise. But these are trifles not worth speaking of—though they may be very well in their way, mister—and though without vanity, I may say, I don't know the man that can beat them. But what think you of my great work—my 'Grenadier,' mister? Now, without flattery."

Encouraged by the praise of my connoisseurship, and from so high a quarter, I talked boldly, as a connoisseur ought to do; not forgetting to make liberal use of those terms by the employment of which one who knows little may acquire a reputation for connoisseurship amongst those who know less.

"Where could you have got your knowledge of art, your fine taste, your sound judgment, if you are not an artist? I wish I could have the advantage of your opinion now and then—so correct in all respects—I am sure I should profit by it, mister, Now—there is your portrait: as like you as one pea is to another, mister."

"Yes," said I, "it is like; but isn't the head thrown rather too much backwards?"

Daubson's countenance fell!

"Too much backwards! Why, mister, how would you have the head?"

"My objection goes simply to this, Mr. Daubson. It seems to me that by throwing the head into that position"——

"Seems to *you*, mister! I think I, as a professional artist, ought to know best. But that is the curse of our profession: people come to us, and would teach *us* what to do."

"You asked me for a candid opinion, sir; otherwise I should not have presumed to"——

"Yes, mister, I did ask you for a candid opinion; and so long as you talked like a sensible man, I listened to you. But when you talk to a professional man upon a subject he, naturally, must be best acquainted with——backwards, indeed I never placed a head better in all my life!"

Reflecting that Daubson, "as a professional man," must, consequently, be infallible, I withdrew my objection, and changed the subject.

"How is it, sir," said I, "that so eminent an artist as you is not a member of the Royal Academy?"

"D—n the Royal Academy!" exclaimed he, his yellow face turning blue: "D—n the Royal Academy! they shall never see me amongst such a set. No,

mister; I have thrown down the gauntlet and defied them. When they refused to exhibit my 'Grenadier,' I made up my mind never to send them another work of mine, mister; never to countenance them in any way: and I have kept my resolution. No, mister; they repent their treatment of me, but it is too late; Daubson is unappeasable: they may fret their hearts out, but they shall never see a pictur' of mine again. Why, mister, it is only last year that *a friend of mine—without my knowledge*—sent them one of my picturs, and they rejected it. They knew well enough whose it was. But I considered that as the greatest compliment ever paid me,—it showed that they were afraid of the competition. D—n 'em! if they did but know how much I despise 'em! I never bestow a thought upon 'em; not I, mister. But that den must be broken up;—there will be no high art in England while that exists. Intrigue! cabal! It is notorious that they never exhibit any man's picturs unless he happens to have R. A. tacked to his name. It is notorious that they pay five thousand a year to the *Times* for praising *their* works and for not noticing mine. D—n 'em, what a thorough contempt I feel for 'em. I can imagine them at their dinners, which cost them thousands a year;—there they are, Phillips, and Shee, and Pickersgill, and Wilkie, and Briggs, laying their heads together to oppose me! But which of them can paint a 'Grenadier'? D—n 'em! they are one mass of envy and uncharitableness, that I can tell you, mister."

"Happily, Mr. Daubson," said I, "those vices scarcely exist in Little Pedlington."

"Unheard of, mister. I don't envy *them*—I envy no man—on the contrary, I'm always ready to lend a hand to push on any rising talent that comes forward;—though, to be sure, I'll allow no man to take profiles in Little Pedlington whilst *I* live: that's self-preservation. But they!—they'd destroy me if they could. But, bad as some of them are, the worst are those envious fellows Turner and Stanfield. They have done their utmost to crush me, but they have not succeeded. Why, mister, last summer I began to do a little in the landscape way. No sooner were my views of the Crescent and of Little Pedlington Church mentioned in our newspaper, than down comes a man from London with a *camera-obscura* to oppose me! Who was at the bottom of that? Who sent him? Why, they did, to be sure. The envious ——! But I didn't rest till I got him out of the town; so that scheme failed. No, no, mister; they'll not get me amongst them in their d—d Academy, at least, not whilst they go on in their present style. But let them look to it; let them take care how they treat me for the future; let them do their duty by me—they know what I mean—or they may bring the *Little Pedlington Weekly Observer* about their ears. For my own part, I never condescend to bestow a thought upon them! D—n 'em! if they did but know the contempt I feel for them!"

Here another sitter was announced; so I received my portrait from the hands of the great artist, paid my shilling, and departed.

The theatrical scenes in "Little Pedlington," excellent as they are, do not harmonise with the general conception. They are too exaggerated, belong to a larger canvas, and are, indeed, more or less of an afterthought. The truth was, they were inserted to gratify the personal feelings of the author, who had had a quarrel with a manager in reference to one of his pieces—"Married and Single." Strut, the manager of Little Pedlington Theatre, is intended for

Elliston; and his partialities and flourishings will be recognise one at all familiar with this eccentric. The dispute arose ir wise. Poole had adapted his comedy from a popular French virtually claiming the merit of originality, much as our own adaptors do. When he was engaged on the subject, which was entitled "Married and Single," Mr. Elliston asked him if he anything of the French piece—"Le Célibataire et l'Homme Mar of which he said he had received a flat, vulgar translation unde same title, and of which he could make no use. Poole desc his scheme, with which the manager was delighted, saying it wa very thing he wanted, and asked the author to come and dine read it to him. The latter read his piece; and, to his astonish was greeted with "This is all very well, sir; but a three-act co is of no sort of use to my establishment." Much affronted b turn, Poole took his wares to another house, where the comed accepted and announced for July 17 (1824). This at once ope to develop the singularity of Elliston's character. He could nov forward and address the public with the accustomed flouris which so amusingly illustrate his character. He at once issu proclamation—for all his announcements were proclamations—g notice that his piece, "Married and Single," would be proc on July the 16th—though probably not a step had been towards the production. The matter rested until the day befor announced performance, when it was given out that "from *pe circumstances*"—a favourite Ellistonianism—"it was obliged postponed until next week." Next week, however, came out o Elliston's *confidential* addresses to the town:—

"Married and Single" will be acted as soon as the Lord Chambe licence arrives. Circumstances render it proper to explain that this come been since November last in the manager's possession; and the subject been previously declined by the rival theatres, it was reserved—from a supp of the improbability of competition—to receive that fair chance early in th season to which its merits were thought to entitle it, and which the prod then already in a course of success rendered it difficult to give dur in Although the peculiar circumstances which call for the postponement will back the performance to a period when it must appear under every disadv yet nothing but imperious necessity will prevent Mr. Elliston from redeem pledge already given to the public, with whom it is ever his pleasure a pride to be punctual.

Every line of this delightful piece of bombast is characte The hazy indistinctness—the grand words—the lofty engagem all are in the best manner of "the inimitable"—as he was in hi A few days later the bills gave out, with a sort of jubilant particu

that "yesterday *at two o'clock* the licence arrived, and the piece shall be produced, *if possible*, before the end of the season." Every step of this proceeding justifies the acute and delicate interpretation of the Ellistonian mind, which lived in a dreamy world, where a promise was equivalent to a performance, and where logic, and it may be said truth, was defied. The justification which Elia put forward for the free dramatists of the Restoration—viz., that they had a special code of morals for the stage—might be applied to Elliston. For at the very bottom of the bill which contained these assurances not only were the last three nights of the season announced, but the bill of fare for each night was set out in detail! This happy effrontery takes the matter wholly out of the category of seriousness.

Poole was the friend of Talma as well as of many other French actors, and has preserved some interesting recollections of the first. He was also a friend of the elder Mathews, to whom he wrote, in allusion to a common friend, that "he was leading a see-Dan-Terry life." His active career stretched over an amazingly long period. Many of the present generation, naturally fancying that a man whose plays had been laughed at by their great-grandfathers must have passed away, were surprised to hear of his recent death. The present writer, among his last recollections of Mr. Dickens, remembers meeting him as he came from paying a visit to John Poole. Dickens described him as a poor, half-intelligent being, in a sad state of decay, waiting mortal extinction. This was the wreck of the once lively and even brilliant Poole. It was through the agency of this old friend that a small pension was secured for him. A short time after, in the month of February, 1872, he expired.

# Our Modern Archers.

## PART II.

THE question of range at the National Meetings is an open one, and has long been a subject of controversy among bowmen. Last year the argument was reopened by Mr. Thomas Francis Rolt, who, under the *nom de plume* of "Waverley," suggested in the columns of the *Field* newspaper that the shortening of the present range, or "York Round," or, in default of that, at least the curtailment of the number of arrows shot at the longest distance, would be advisable; his reasons for objecting to the present system being, first, want of accuracy, as evidenced by the scoring made at 100 yards by the best men at the National Meetings; secondly, the greater accuracy obtained at the shorter ranges (illustrated by "Waverley's" private practice) and, thirdly, the comparative superiority of the ladies' scoring attributable, "Waverley" thinks, to the ladies' distances being shorter, and therefore more adapted to their strength and power of endurance than the gentlemen's ranges are to themselves and their bows. The third objection is not, on the whole, as complimentary to the ladies as it might be; there is at least a possibility that the recent comparative superiority of the ladies' shooting is due in some respects to another cause than that of adaptable distance, viz., to skill and practice on the part of the ladies. Earlier in the history of the Grand National Meeting, it must be remembered, the gentlemen invariably carried off the palm. But be the cause of the superiority what it may, "Waverley's" letter to the *Field* called forth a host of correspondence upon the subject of long *versus* short ranges, and for a time the matter was warmly discussed by various notable toxophilites. One gentleman (Mr. A. P. Moore), an archer of much experience, pointed out that "Waverley's" examples of inaccuracy at the long range might be really less inaccurate than he supposed when *fairly* compared with the 60 yards shooting; since "to make a *fair* comparison on this point of accuracy between a score at 100 yards and one at 60 yards, there must be taken into consideration the fact that the target is virtually diminished *by about* one-half to the 100 yard shot through the increase

distance and consequent higher trajection of shaft. Therefore, in estimating the accuracy of shooting at these respective ranges, the 60 yard shot can claim for comparison only the arrows lodged in the inner half of the target." This theory is capable of mathematical demonstration. As "Waverley" admitted, all the correspondents who replied to the first letter on the subject consider, with hardly an exception, the York Round the best that could be devised, and therefore "it would be absurd to wish for a change, had one even the power to make it." "If it be a success," says "Waverley," "after years of steady practice, to be able to put a little more than every other arrow at 100 yards into the target—which, no doubt, considering the great distance, is a Herculean task to perform—then retaining the York Round in its integrity is desirable." But it is quite evident, from the opinions expressed by the archers on the other side of the argument (and the opinion appears to be almost unanimous), that the "Herculean task" involved in hitting the target at 100 yards "constitutes the pleasure there is in making a score at that most difficult of ranges." That it is not quite an impossibility to make good scores at 100 yards has been amply verified by the chronicles of the champions at the Grand National. An archer attends the meeting because he considers that he has a fair chance to win at his own particular range, whichever it may be, and not for a moment supposing that he could meet with success at either of the two other distances. Still, it has been shown by the scoring of Messrs. Ford, Bramhall, Edwards, Muir, Fisher, Betham, and others (who have completely mastered the 100 yards), at the shorter distances, that so far from the archer being an accomplished marksman at his own particular range only, as has been asserted on more than one occasion, the fact is that the mastery of the difficulties of the long range is advantageous, if not absolutely essential, for ensuring success at the short distances. Nor must we lose sight, in our attempted improvements, of one important point, namely, that the three distances of the National Society, 100, 80, and 60 yards, have hitherto been the speciality of the meeting, and one, if not the chief, cause of its great success. This is clearly and faithfully demonstrated by Mr. Frederick Townsend, one of the Woodmen of Arden, who writes thus:—"Another of the benefits for which archers have to thank the Grand National Archery Society is the establishment of a stated number of arrows at three stated distances, so that every archer can accurately estimate the character and excellence of his shooting; comparing one day's practice with that of another, and his own

shooting with that of any other archer—for most archers, in the private practice, now shoot the established number of arrows at th established distances, noting accurately the value of every arrow sh throughout the year."

With reference to the increasing popularity of the art, apart fro the gaiety of the scene and the agreeableness of the company at th public tournaments, it has been urged that archery offers few, if an inducements for persons who are uninitiated into the mysteries the craft to remain interested spectators of the pastime. To obvia this very serious drawback to the progress of the charming ar invigorating pastime, and to render it as exciting and engrossing the spectators as any other game of skill and strength may be, M James Spedding, one of the Royal Toxophilites, has made son suggestions which certainly seem to be worth more than the co sideration which as yet appears to have been given to them b those whose desire it is to foster the growth of the exercis and I cannot do better than quote Mr. Spedding at length o the subject:—

In an archery match, according to the most usual arrangement, each co petitor is singly matched against every other. In that respect it is exactly li the most exciting of all things—a race of many horses, many men, or many boa each striving to get ahead of the rest; in which case it is needless to say h intense the interest becomes as we watch the foremost group running ne and neck or changing places. Precisely the same thing takes place among t archers, only that we cannot see it with our eyes. How to bring it before t eyes, how to make people aware of it *as it is going on*, this is the simple practi problem. Being in other respects like a race, make it like a race in this, and will be found not less exciting. Of this problem we submit, for the considerati of the committee o the Grand National Archery Society, the followi solution:—

Let a place be chosen, conspicuous and convenient of access, but where peo may go backwards and forwards without treading on arrows or disturbing t attention of the shooters; and let some one establish himself there with things necessary for keeping and exhibiting the score. A chair, a table, a p and ink, a sheet of paper, a black board, and a piece of chalk are probably that he will require. At each target let one of the shooters be furnished w a card containing the names of the shooters at that target, and as many ru columns as there are "ends" to be shot, numbered 1, 2, 3, &c.; let him st beside the captain as he calls over the names and enters the score; and let h set down opposite to each name the value (in figures) of the hits he has made that particular "end." Let the keeper of the general score be furnished wit similar card for *all* the targets, and let him after every "end" add the amo so returned for each shooter to the amount previously made by him, and enter total number in the proper column. By this means each column will repre the number of points made by each shooter up to that end; and as the scorers *cricket* match report from time to time so many wickets down, so many

made, in like manner each of these columns will say, with regard to every man in the field, so many arrows shot, so many points obtained. The most convenient way of collecting the reports from the several targets for entrance in the general register would be a matter for consideration, but we cannot suppose there would be much difficulty in getting it done; and the official return upon which the results would be ultimately reported and the prizes awarded would be the same as it is now—viz., the scoring cards kept and signed by the captains of the target.

If this were all the progress of the contest would be pretty well known, for plenty of people would haunt the scoring place; a glance at the last column would at all times show the state of the match, and whatever was most interesting in the news would circulate rapidly.

But we have little doubt that, both for the satisfaction of the public and the peace of the scorers, the chalk and black board would soon be brought into action, and the names of the half dozen or more who were taking the lead would be from time to time conspicuously exhibited. If this were done the contest would soon become quite as exciting to bystanders as any other kind of race; for there is no reason why the sight of two archers, of whom one is so gaining on the other that the next three shots may at any time put him foremost (and where there are many competitors and several prizes there must always be many crises of this kind), should not disturb the circulation of a looker-on, especially when the end draws near, as much as the sight of two boats when it seems as if every next stroke *must* cause a bump. Especially, we say, when the end draws near. And this consideration suggests to us another modification of the present arrangements, by the help of which a quicker movement might be excited in the pulses of the bystanding company. For a performance so monotonous as shooting at a target—monotonous even to the actors, for to do everything exactly in the same way every time is the very perfection of it—our public matches are made to last far too long. If the trial were decided upon a smaller number of shots, not only would the interest both of spectators and competitors be kept fresher and livelier, but, as a trial of *skill*, the test would be more perfect. Under present arrangements the prizes of archery are, in fact, given not merely for skill in the art, but also for the bodily power of walking backwards and forwards all day in a hot sun without being beaten, and the mental power of keeping the attention so long full bent, and the moral power of enduring what young gentlemen now call a "grind"—powers which, however valuable in their place and season, are no part of the art of hitting a mark with an arrow, and are not wanted for any purpose to which the long-bow is now applied. Our riflemen may be wanted to lie under a tuft of grass all day, and be ready at any moment to hit any part of an enemy which shows itself within range. With them, therefore, there might be some reason for adding to the test of marksmanship some test of their power of flattening or doubling themselves up for long periods without getting the cramp. Yet our rifle matches are decided upon fifteen or twenty shots, valuing at the very most 45 or 60 points; while in our archery matches fewer than 288 shots, valuing at the most not less than 2,592 points, are not thought enough. Now we submit that there is nothing whatever in the case of archery to require or justify so large an allowance of chances. The most perfect archer is he who is surest to hit his mark, not the greatest number of times in twelve dozen trials, but at once when it is set before him. He has no excuse for requiring experimental shots. He knows beforehand everything—the effect of the wind only excepted—which he wants or should want to know. He knows his bow, his arrows, and the exact distance of the target, and therefore ought to know his compass; and if he

cannot trust himself to prove his superiority as a marksman at any tin once, we hold the superiority to be fairly disputable. Some provision course be made against mere luck, for the worst shot may for once by prove the best hit; but if there is any archer who is not willing to risk his tion upon the results of twelve shots it must surely be because he places in something other than his skill in judging, aiming, and letting fly.

We would propose, therefore, to make twelve shots a separate "hea were. Let there be a prize of moderate value given for the greatest sco upon each successive dozen. To prevent two or three of the *facile p* from absorbing them all, it may be desirable to exclude from the competi ultimate winners of the higher prizes—the prizes given for the gross scor the whole match; but otherwise, let every man take as many as he This would very much enliven the proceedings, for every half hour would crisis in which one of the prizes is finally lost and won; and yet who the is would remain in happy uncertainty till the end: the second on the li the third, fourth, and so on, rising or sinking in his prospects as the then the second, &c., showed more or less likelihood of being ultimately p to the upper form, whereby the prize for each "heat" would be only the persons interested in the issue would be many. It would, moreover, the shooting by putting and keeping every one on his mettle. To the who can still draw a good bow for an hour or two, but can no longer ke all day, it would give a chance of showing what he once could do. uncertain shot, also, who, though not without real skill and science, has has not yet acquired, the rare power of commanding the use of it at all t would give an opportunity of showing what he can do occasionally.

Comparing the six highest ladies' scores at 60 and 50 yards with the six gentlemen's at 80 and 60—distances which, considering the relative stre the bows and weight of the arrows, may be fairly set off one against the we find that, whereas in 1856 the gentlemen were ahead by 336, and in 707 (the return for the intervening year is not at hand), in 1859 the ladi ahead by 23; and that, though in 1860 they were again left behind by mo 200, they were in 1865 ahead again by no less than 74.* We conclude, th that a match between the six best archeresses and the six best archer shooting four dozen arrows at 60 yards and two dozen at 50 yards, the oth dozen at 80 yards and two dozen at 60 yards—would have every chance o closely contested; and of all our trials of skill with the bow and arrow under judicious arrangements, be the most attractive.

To this proposal of Mr. Spedding's—exhibiting, it cann denied, much sound reasoning and common sense—ma appended the following supplementary suggestion, which, if ad would probably result in general and fair competition amon shooters, and also be productive of lively interest and sym among the friends and outside spectators at the National ings :—

Let there be six Challenge Medals, numbered one t (which might be termed the "Ladies against Gentlemen Cha

* *In 1872* the ladies were ahead by 617, in 1873 by 756, and in 1874 by

Prizes"), to be held by the six ladies or six gentlemen—as the case may be—who make the six highest aggregate scores on the *third day*. Let the handicap prizes be given and the shooting proceed as at present, but make it a rule that the winners of the Challenge Medals shall be ineligible to take any handicap prize. The effect of this would be, it is thought, to induce the six best shots among the ladies, and the same among the gentlemen, to shoot for the honour of their respective sexes, and with the view of holding the Challenge Medals of the third day, and thus impart new and stirring interest to the now generally dull handicap day. Besides this, there would be additional interest given to the first and second days' shooting, as not only would the prizes for those days be at stake, but also the honour of being among the six to shoot for "The Ladies' *v.* the Gentlemen's Challenge Medals." At the conclusion of the 80 and 60 yards shooting the aggregate scores of the six competing ladies and gentlemen might be exhibited on a large board in a conspicuous part of the ground. The six gentlemen need not shoot at the 100 yards range unless they prefer to do so.

[These propositions are made because it is of course desirable that the handicap should be retained; the handicap day being undoubtedly a "consolation" to the inexperienced archer, and also to him who, from nervousness and other causes, cannot depend with any degree of certainty upon his own marksmanship.]

Interesting shooting might also be made on the first and second days by opposing the Ladies of the North and South *versus* the Gentlemen ditto; Married Ladies *versus* the Single Ones; Benedicts *versus* Bachelors, &c.

Inter-club matches might also be made and decided upon the result of the shooting of the first and second days; the prizes being offered by the clubs engaging in competition (the amount subscribed to be given to the maximum number of three ladies of any one club, and three gentlemen of any one club, making respectively the greatest aggregate score). This arrangement would have the additional advantage, beyond the competition, of offering an inducement to secretaries of clubs, not only to encourage and urge the necessity of home practice of good shooting, but also to attend public meetings themselves, with as many members of their respective clubs as possible. Many *fair* shots, too, might be induced to attend the matches, not because they expected to win the principal score prizes of the meeting, but for the honour of their clubs.

I will round off these articles with such brief references to the recent National Contest at Winchester as may serve to give

completeness up to the present date to the record which appeared in my first article of the feats of the most famous of our Modern Archers. On the opening day, the 5th of August, Mrs. Pond took the lead on the ladies' side with 319, there being but a few points difference between that total and Mrs. Pinckney's 315 and Mrs. Horniblow's 314; whilst in completing the second National Round next day Mrs. Piers Legh scored 363. In their 50 yards range on the first day both Mrs. Horniblow and Mrs. Pinckney made every arrow, and on the second day Mrs. Mayhew and Mrs. Lister achieved the same feats at the same distance. The honours of the Lady Championship passed from Mrs. Horniblow to Mrs. Pond, of the Queen's Royal St. Leonards Society, upon a score of 644, obtained with 132 arrows. This was, however, no doubt inferior shooting to that with which Mrs. Horniblow carried off the Bracer, for the tenth time, at Leamington—in 1873. Mrs. Piers Legh, who shot with a quiet and perfect confidence in her own powers, was only three points below Mrs. Pond, namely, 641. The best score of the Winton Meeting made by a lady on a single "round," was that of 356 recorded in favour of Mrs. Lister on the handicap day.

The gentlemen's shooting at Winchester was rather of a retrogressive kind, compared with their performances at Leamington the previous year. For example, in 1873 the following were among the principal totals on the first day:—Major Fisher 522, Mr. Palairet 392, and Mr. Boulton 366; but at Winchester the corresponding positions on the official list were occupied by Major Fisher, Mr. Walrond (who, for the fourth time, has just become Champion of the West), and Mr. Prescot with 469, 372, and 354. Wind and rain, however, were dead against good scoring on the occasion. On the second day the leading items were Mr. G. Fryer 429, Major Fisher 404, Mr. Rimington 385, and Mr. Boulton 373. Major Fisher succeeded in retaining the Champion Medal, being "best on the points," and scoring 873, which was 25 less than his Champion score of the previous year, and, of course, much below Mr. E. Holmes's 973 second prize score at Brighton in 1867. The following figures will confirm my remarks upon the unsuccessful character of the gentlemen's shooting at this year's National compared with that at Leamington in 1873:—The second prize score at Leamington was Mr. Palairet's 774, at Winchester Mr. Everett's 712; the third score, 1873, Mr. Everett's 750, as against Mr. Fryer's 709; the fourth Mr. Boulton's 713, as against Mr. Betham's 703; the fifth, Mr. Jenner Fust's 711, as against Mr. Walrond's 694; and the sixth, Admiral

Lowe's 669 against Mr. Prescot's 648. The best scores on the 5th and 6th August, and at any of the distances, at Winchester, were Major Fisher's 150 at 100 yards, the Major's 184 at 80 yards, and Mr. Walrond's 138 (from 24 arrows) at 60 yards.

I have not previously noticed the leading scores with which Mr. G. Edwards won the Champion Medal in 1862 at Worcester, and in 1866 at Norwich—namely, 902 and 900. Mr. Edwards, who was a great shot, remarkable for strength and power, and at 60 yards equal to any man that ever trod the soil, is no longer a competitor at public matches.

AN EDINBURGH SALISBURY.

# A Rambling Story.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Iron Cousin," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.

## PART IV.

I HAD traversed a considerable portion of Germany and France when, at length, I wandered into Switzerland. The glories of its sublime scenery more than satisfied the ardent craving I had always felt to behold them; they filled my soul with inexpressible exaltation and comfort, and not only were my artistic desires crowned with consummate delight, revelling among their beauties, but my moral being was calmed and elevated into peace ineffable. I had resumed my sketching utensils and entered with all my former eagerness into their daily use. From sunrise to sunset I was out and employed; toiling up lofty summits at earliest dawn; stopping to rest and sketch with the first peep of light; plodding onward many a solitary mile, amongst roaring torrents, crag-suspended bridges, rugged mountain-paths, until lured by the midday glare and glow to sit beneath some giant rock-shadow and depict the majestic scene before me while eating my noontide meal; and when day mellowed into evening, and evening darkened into night, and night again brightened with myriad stars and beaming moon, I found my way down into quiet valleys, where the scattered châlets, with their twinkling lights, promised welcome greeting, food, and shelter.

I had been rambling thus, alternately pausing to sketch and trudging forward; stopping to admire, and walking on; lingering to gaze, and continuing my journey, for the space of a whole day, when, at the close of an afternoon, I came in sight of a picturesque homestead that seemed half dwelling-house, half hostelry; it was sequestred, and beautifully situated in a romantic spot, forming a miniature valley, embosomed among towering glaciers and snow-capped peaks. The habitation itself was a gabled and galleried wooden structure, with projecting eaves, outside flights of steps, and a sloping roof whereon lay sundry huge stones, telling a significant story of wild stormy winds that in the season of tempest come *sweeping* in stern strong blasts, tearing up all before them.

Now nothing could be calmer; the rich, warm sunlight streamed upon roof and beam and porch, casting deep shadows where the angles slanted forth, and causing such windows as caught its light to glitter with a thousand dazzling reflections. A creeping plant, carelessly trained against the side and twined amid the wooden poles supporting the balconied gallery, drooped its pendant festoons in flaunting luxuriance, giving contrast of colour and cool greenness against the brown uniformity of the planked edifice; but so still was the air that no leaf or spray trembled; the whole was motionless, as though some carved model of a Swiss cottage, and the sharp outline it formed against the clear blue sky, in that transparent mountain atmosphere, heightened the effect.

I instinctively drew forth my painting apparatus and took my seat upon some felled timber that lay near in order to perpetuate a transcript of the picturesque place, and as I proceeded in my task I forgot fatigue in ardour of art-work. The picture was rendered complete by an "incident," as we painters call it; for at one of the open windows appeared a young girl dressed in the bright varied colours of her national costume, and as she leaned upon the sill watching me I had good opportunity of introducing her into my sketch. She was a bright-eyed damsel, with a laughing expression upon her broad, rosy-cheeked, good-humoured face, and she kept twirling a flower that she held in her fingers, now and then sticking it into one corner of her mouth, where its vivid carnation tint shamed not the ripe red lips it neighboured. Still she lounged there, eying me with smiling, sidelong glances that had scarcely a particle of coyness or faintest pretence of reserve in them; the white teeth gleamed from between the parted lips, whose dimpled corners wreathed and curved, and the apple cheeks shone with ruddy suffusion, and the bright eyes sparkled and danced and flashed as she cast her blithe looks towards me. I was too much engrossed with my pursuit to take more note of her than sufficed to copy her gay face and figure into my sketch, and at length she seemed inclined to be somewhat affronted by this negligence on my part; she shifted her position, she turned her back towards me, affecting to be occupied with something within her window; then she threw herself forward and reached out, as if to gather some blossoms from the climbing plant; then drew in again, and resumed her former attitude, leaning upon the sill and twirling her carnation flower. Suddenly she tossed it out, it fell in my direction, and alighted not many inches from my feet.

I stooped and picked it up, nodding smilingly up at the window,

put the flower lightly to my lips, and then placed it in the button-hole of my coat, proceeding immediately with my task, which I wanted to finish. The girl gave a little scornful laugh, flung away from the window, and I lost sight of her.

As soon as I had completed my sketch I gave myself up to a quiet enjoyment of the scene. It was the perfection of secluded tranquility. The grand masses of surrounding Alpine heights, the greensward meadows, warm-hued corn-fields, and orchard enclosures of the little valley; the châlet, the browsing herds, the softened light, now deepening into eventide—all combined to produce the most placid influence, whilst the low-murmured hum of a hive of bees near at hand contributed to the lulling effect upon my tired frame, exhausted with long walking and long-excited attention.

Insensibly I closed my eyes, leaned back upon my timber couch, and fell into slumbering repose. With the wayward vagaries of dreaming fancy my thoughts in sleep took a homeward flight. I imagined myself to be once more rambling forth upon one of my English country excursions—one of my old holiday sketching tours—amidst hawthorn hedge-rows, turf-margined lanes, oak copsewoods, neat farms, trim-thatched barns, tall, sweet-smelling hay-ricks, stretching uplands, broad pastures, and close-embowered thickets. It seemed that I was deeply entangled in the mazes of one of these last named, and striving to penetrate its labyrinth of trees and underwood, when I became possessed with the feeling that I was again making my way through the same forest where, upon a certain June evening, I had come upon the solitary cottage in the heart of the wood. My sleeping memory pictured the scene so strongly that I saw every minute particular of the real scene. Again I beheld the forest cottage, garlanded with climbing roses, clematis, honeysuckle, and jessamine; its latticed casements, its low porch, its entrance-door standing open.

What rendered the illusion complete was that my ears seemed filled with the flood of soft-thrilling music which had saluted them upon that occasion, luring me onward and guiding my steps to the enchanting spot. Sweet, voluble, and clear, it vibrated upon my senses in the very self-same tones and melody I so distinctly remembered. The impression was so forcible that it awoke me. But with sleep the sound did not cease; on the contrary, it only became the more audible. There it was—a rush of rapid, liquid, delicious notes, in the identical strain that dwelt upon my memory apart from every other air I had heard in my life.

*I started to* my feet and looked around bewildered.

The Swiss mountains, the Swiss valley, the Swiss châlet, the clear Alpine atmosphere—all surrounded me still; but that thrilling melody was there also, in pure, sweet distinctness. I looked up toward the open window whence seemed to proceed the sound, now that I had recovered my powers sufficiently to distinguish with accuracy. I saw the same rosy, smiling damsel standing there, just within the casement, her bright, keen, dancing eyes again casting sidelong glances in my direction.

I uttered something, I hardly knew what, in English—impetuously, earnestly. She laughed and shook her head. I then essayed to make myself understood in French, but met with the same gay sign of being unintelligible. I tried German, and then the Swiss maiden nodded and opened a smart fire of native mountain dialect upon me. I contrived to comprehend her very well, as she did me when I spoke either German or Italian, especially the former.

I found that she was the daughter of the house (which was a kind of wayside inn, post-house or hostelry, farm, cheese factory, and herdsman's, all in one), performing the office of barmaid, chamber-maid, or dairymaid to the establishment, as the case might require. She was a blooming, light-hearted girl, as innocent as she was merry, and as guileless as she was free. She was frank-spoken and open-mannered, yet modest and artless as one of staider conduct. She seemed to have no idea of withholding any thought or speech, but to say out all that was in her mind because she was conscious of no wrong there. She meant no harm, and therefore feared none, talking and acting with perfect unreserve. I think I never met with so unreserved a person altogether as bright-eyed Stänerl. From the moment I obeyed her beckoned invitation to come into her father's house and listen at leisure to what she had to tell me in answer to my eager inquiries respecting the musical-box, to the time I left that Swiss valley, Stänerl never tired of satisfying my questions. She seemed to take a violent fancy to me, petted me, patronised me as a child does its favourite doll, waited upon me, scolded me, fed me, slapped me, kissed me, snubbed me—all by turns. She was a vehement little damsel in her way, and would be imperious and dictatorial, then pouting and flouncing, then laughing and gay, with equal vivacity throughout these changes of mood; but, amidst all her caprice, she was good-tempered, kind-hearted, and invariably cheerful.

I stayed at the Swiss châlet some time, making it my head-quarters while I pursued my mountain rambles, walking and sketching daily with unabated ardour. I found nothing so well suited to

allay that fevered restlessness which burnt within me as this Alpine life of active physical exertion and earnest art-pursuit. Abroad all day, climbing rocky steeps or busy with my brush and palette, the hours sped by on rapid wing; and in the evening my return to the quiet valley hostelry, my grave talks with its worthy master, my gay talks with his light-hearted daughter, my pleasant supper-meals, my clean and simple bed, crowned all with rest and peace.

Stänerl was certainly the most whimsical little hostess and serving-damsel that could be imagined. She took the tone of a mother to me in her solemn warnings as to staying out too late in the evening damp or the night air; as to the propriety of changing shoes, the risk of wet feet, the due regularity of meals, and the careful use of thick wraps and waterproof garments—lecturing me upon all these subjects with the air of a matron and the wisdom of a granddame; while upon general themes she would chatter on with the giddiness and flightiness of a goosecap school-girl. After reading me a homily upon slippers, she would launch out into a giggling description of my absorbed attention to my drawing the first time she saw me; or after soberly setting my meal before me, and seeing that I had all I wanted, she would burst into a fit of laughing at the disordered state of my hair, whisk round me, and, pretending to smooth it, pull it about my ears and into my eyes, and end by rumpling it into a hopeless state of dishevelment, declaring I was the greatest fright of an Englishman she had ever set eyes on.

She had a double set of names for me, too. When she was as in her grandmotherly mood she used to call me "absurd boy," "foolish lad," "thoughtless fellow"; but when she was in her frolicsome fashion she styled me "Milord Englishman," "Monsieur Briton," "Herr Rosbiff," or "Signor Plumpudino." She was the oddest compound of simplicity and straightforwardness possible. She would bounce out the boldest words in a way the unboldest conceivable; she would say and do the freest things with the least offensive air conceivable: she was like a child for that easy confidence which is an agreeable familiarity in them, when it would be an impudent liberty in a grown person. Perhaps nothing so well describes her as to say that bright-eyed Stänerl was the most free-and-easy and the least impudent of any person I ever knew.

I had often sought to bring her to the point of telling me about the musical-box, and explaining how it came into her possession. She had at first put me off by promising to recount the whole story when I should have taken some food and rest, and recovered *from* the *stupor* of fatigue in which, she said, I evidently was when I

reached their house. She bantered me unmercifully upon my dropping off into a nap on the very threshold; and asked me if I were always so addicted to sleep that I neglected good meals and comfortable shelter for it, or always so absorbed in my painting that I preferred it to living pictures. Whereupon her white teeth would display themselves through her ripe lips, and the rosy cheeks would dimple with roguish smiles, and the bright eyes would sparkle with mischief and laughing malice; while throughout there was the pleasantest candour and honest meaning possible. By degrees I steadied her to the question at which I desired to arrive—namely, how and when she had become mistress of the little casket whose fairy music had first brought me to ask admittance under their hospitable roof.

"I thought it would awake you—I knew it would, and that was why I set it going!" she exclaimed, gleefully. "I saw you were just such a dreaming Englishman as would be bewitched by one of our Swiss-box tunes; you headlong, foolish artists are always ready to run mad after such things. I knew it would be sure to lead you by your nose, or by your long ears, into our house, and I saw you were drooping and faint for want of something to eat and for proper rest, so I couldn't do better than beguile you into a place where you could have both, in peace and comfort, with a good, sensible person to give them to you, and take care of you, you silly lad."

"But the box—where did you get it? Who gave it you? Did you buy it? or how did you come by it?"

"Do you think I stole it, Herr Englishman? or do you fancy that nobody but rich milords has money enough to purchase such a beautiful box? Perhaps a friend of mine, Peter Artigheim (he's one of the most skilful makers in Geneva—very rich—not that I care for that though!), perhaps he gave it me for a keepsake. Who knows?"

"Who knows, indeed. Is he a sweetheart of yours, Stänerl?"

"Yes—no—what do you ask impertinent questions for?"

"Nay, I should not have had such a notion but for your blushing when you named him."

"Did I blush? Well, perhaps I did; not so much because I love him as because he loves me; he said so—but then, he's nearly double my age, and he's so steady and respectable, and all that kind of ridiculous thing, so I have my doubts whether I could ever love him in return. I esteem him, and think very highly of him (he's one of the cleverest musical-box makers in all Switzerland), but still I have my doubts—and I told him so."

"You did? And what did he answer?"

"Oh, he said, in his quiet, serious, sober kind of way (so proper, but so stupid, you know) that he'd wait my time—any time."

"Well, and do you think—in time—you may come to love this worthy Peter What's-his-name, Stänerl."

"Don't mock at him! I won't have that," said Stänerl, knitting her brows. "He's a good man, and a kind man, and I won't have him laughed at, especially by you, you ugly milord Englishman, who are only a foolish lad compared with him."

"I was not laughing at him. I was inquiring in all becoming gravity and interest whether—in time, you know—you might think of returning this good, kind man's love, Stänerl."

"Why, I told you, I have my doubts—and so I have," said Stänerl, ponderingly.

"But what about the musical-box?" I said, drawing her attention back to the subject I had at heart, "was it indeed the gift of this Peter——Peter"——

"Artigheim, that's his honoured name," said Stänerl, with a serious air that well became her. "Well, no, if you must have the truth, it was not from him that I had it, and yet it was from his hands, too, that I received it. Stay, I'll tell you the story from beginning to end. Now, don't be in a fidget, '*Du hübscher Jüngling*'—(oh, no, that's the name the water-sprite gives the knight-hero in the story I read)—I mean you hideously absurd boy; but hold your tongue while I tell it you all through."

I laughingly clapped my hand over my mouth, and nodded to her to begin.

"It was a dark night, the whole house had gone to bed, the wind howled, the snow pelted down, the tempest raged wildly outside, filling the air with noise and confusion, making one doubly glad to be safe and snug indoors, and doubly sorrowful for those who had to be abroad at such a time. I was lying awake, thinking of these things, when suddenly I fancied I heard a cry—a shout of distress—piercing shrill above the clamour without. Again I heard it—heard it distinctly—and then I jumped out of bed and ran to my father's room. 'Father! there is some poor traveller lost in the snow, and calling for help.'

"In less than five minutes father was up, getting his men together and preparing to go out and see what was the matter. The person who had shouted proved to be the driver of a travelling carriage that had broken down not many yards from our door. On repairing to the *spot,* father found the travellers to be English people, a gentleman

and a lady. The former was much bruised, though not insensible; the latter had fainted.

"They were borne hither and carefully attended to. My lord's hurts were soon cured, but it was long before my lady recovered from the weak state into which she fell after being restored to consciousness. She was very gentle and mild, and seemed to like having me for her nurse, treating me just as if I had been her equal instead of a girl at an inn; she had no pride, though she was very stately and grand-looking in herself; she used to let me put my arm round her neck and support her head, and leaned her face against my bosom, and kissed my cheek for my care of her, more as though I'd been her sister than one who thought it an honour to wait upon her. I grew to love my lady dearly, and she was so good as to say she loved me."

Stänerl paused a moment here, and looked thoughtfully down; then she resumed—

"I used to wonder if anybody could be harsh with so gentle a creature; but when she got better and was able to have my lord come and see her, I found that without being exactly harsh it was very possible to treat her in such a way as to make her feel worse than harshly used."

I gave an involuntary movement here, but checked myself from uttering a word.

"You are impatient, like a restless, fidgety lad as you are," said Stänerl; "but how am I to tell my story properly if you keep interrupting me? Well, I'm coming all in good time to the box, only I must tell its history in my own way. My lord used to make my fingers itch to give him a good box on the ear, many a time, when I saw him sit glaring there opposite to my lady, frightening her with his silent looks or short questions; he always seemed to be suspecting, and watching, and inquiring, as if there were something either to know or to find out in her more than he saw. My blood tingled and my hands quivered to slap his face when it scowled and lowered upon her with stern, catechising eyes; I could see that she shrank beneath them every time he turned them upon her."

I myself shivered—I could not help it—with inward wrath, to think of her daily torment beneath this tyranny.

"Be quiet, and listen," said Stänerl, rapping my knuckles, and then smoothing my cheek with her hand. "What a worrying boy it is! Can't keep still an instant. You should have seen my lady, how patiently she used to sit, bearing his searching eyes full upon her; you could tell by her pale, closed lips and her downcast

eyelids that she was suffering. My lord seemed to take a cruel pleasure in observing the effect that his looks had upon her, and appeared to hope that they might force some complaints from her lips which should betray something he wanted to learn; but they never did. She seemed to have taught herself perfect quietness, and rarely spoke but in answer to anything he directly said."

Stänerl here again paused, and gave a little sigh; then she rose and went to a cupboard that was in the room; inside the cupboard were some drawers, and out of one of these she took a folded packet that looked like an old newspaper; she brought it back to where she sat, and went on with her narration—

"My lord used to have the English papers forwarded to him here and one morning, after glancing at those latest arrived, he tossed them aside and went out for his usual walk down the valley and back again before lunch-time. While he was gone my lady listlessly took up one of them—this very one—and began to read it. I chanced to be in the room, pretending to be busy, but in reality loitering near to see if I could be of any service to her. Suddenly I heard a deep sob—such a sob! Half cry, half stifled groan. I ran to her; but she waved me off, clasped her hands together, looked wildly round, then flung her head upon her arms and broke into a torrent of silent tears. The suppression of her grief made it worse for her; she succeeded in smothering its violence, but only to suffer more afterwards; she had several strong convulsion fits one after the other, and I had only succeeded in composing her and getting her to lie down when my lord returned.

"I had taken care to remove the paper out of sight lest it should meet her eyes when she came to herself, and luckily my lord never asked for it again; but he kept prying and questioning as to what had caused my lady's sudden illness, and would not be satisfied that she hadn't seen somebody or learnt something that he didn't know; and he went stalking about the place trying to trace out, now by asking of one, now by inquiring of another, whether any travellers had stopped at our house, whether any letters had arrived, whether any one from the neighbouring villages had been here, and such-like; or whether anything had occurred during his absence that could lead him to discover the reason of my lady's indisposition. He never got any clue to the real cause, but he couldn't be persuaded that there had not been some circumstance which occasioned it, and he never ceased to try and find out what that could be.

"At last he worked himself into such a fit of vexation at discovering nothing and constantly suspecting something, that he resolved

upon leaving the place immediately; and my lady, who never opposed him, prepared to go, though hardly sufficiently recovered to bear the journey."

Stänerl here fetched the musical-box, and said—

"Now I come to this. My lady had asked me to get it repaired for her, for which purpose she had brought it to Switzerland with her, as she prized the box much, having had it in her possession a long time, she said, and having often beguiled her thoughts with its sweet music for many a lonely hour. I sent it to my friend—my father's friend—Peter Artigheim, with a request that he would use his best skill in making it perfect again, and he chanced to bring it back himself on the very day that my lady was setting out in obedience to my lord's desire for their departure. Something in Peter's manner made my lady perceive that he—that he had taken it into his head to be fond of me, and she said, when he was gone, 'Stänerl, my dear girl, there is a worthy man who has a sincere affection for you; return it if you can, and become his wife.'

"'How does your ladyship know that he is *worthy*, and that he has a *sincere* liking for me?' I asked, for her kindness gave me courage to be as free with her as she was with me.

"'I read both in his honest face,' she answered. 'I make up my mind very fully from the expression of a countenance what its owner's character is; and Peter Artigheim's tells me he is worthy even of you, my dear girl. He is somewhat your senior; yet an open, trusting disposition like yours will be all the better for such a husband to protect it—such a husband to appreciate it.'"

Stänerl tapped her fingers thoughtfully on the little casket, and then went on—

"I told my lady plainly, as I had told Peter himself, that I felt doubts upon the matter, and that until they were cleared up to my mind satisfactorily I could not promise. I said I must make quite certain that I *could* love him before I engaged to love him. My lady smiled that sweet, sad smile of hers, patted my cheek, and bid me take as much time as I pleased to settle my doubts, but to be sure and let Peter know frankly the moment I had made up my mind. I told her I would; and then my lady, kissing me and bidding me farewell, gave the pretty musical-box into my hands as a parting remembrance, just as my lord came to hand her into the travelling carriage which stood ready at the door. A few minutes after they were gone."

Stänerl's bright eyes were dim as she concluded, and she ran out of the room to hide her unusual emotion. For me—I sat gazing at

the little box, thinking over all I had heard, until my eyes cha to fall upon the newspaper Stänerl had placed in my han mechanically unfolded it. Almost the first paragraph that me eye was one which announced Maurice Darwin's marriage wit sister, and I instantly felt that the source of Lady Gert agitation was explained.

I can hardly express the strange effect this produced upon m was conscious of a jealous, angry burning at my heart, that an should be so fondly beloved by so glorious a being, and yet an consciousness that I was unreasonable and unjust in all this. I that it was no fault of Maurice, his being thus the object unhappy preference. I knew that I was in no way concerned i strong affection entertained for him by the lady—however bea however lovely she might be; I knew that she was not the lad own heart had elected as its worshipped mistress, therefore right had I to feel this envious pang at his having inspired her so powerful a sentiment? Yet there rankled the deep, fierce consuming me with its hidden torment. I writhed in keen regre keen self-rebuke. I despised myself for the unworthy emotion, while submitting to its influence. Then another thought arose v me and smote me as with remorse, with a sense of cruelty to her, when I reflected that I had aided to seal this gentle crea fate by promoting the marriage of the man she loved with an woman.

I was still lost in these bitter ruminations when St returned.

"Why, you dreaming creature, you!" she exclaimed, "I do b you have never stirred from this spot since I left you, nor ren your eyes from that little box, I declare! You've a strong fan it, I dare say, now."

"I would give any sum to possess it!" I said eagerly.

"And I would not sell it for any sum that could be named, returned hastily; then fixing her eyes on me, she said—

"You seem mightily taken with this box;" then turned scarle added rapidly: "Tell me, you know this lady—you love her?"

"I have never even seen her," I replied.

Stänerl laughed, ruffled my hair over my eyes, called me a fri Englishman, and then abruptly said: "What business has a travelling artist to talk of offering 'any sum of money' for a p trifle that pleases him, I should like to know? But that's just lik proud Rosbiff Britons. You think you are to buy up the world. *a poor* artist, too! For you are poor, aren't you?"

I smiled, and answered that I was no richer than most of my craft —poor in money, but wealthy in art-hope and art-delight.

"Then I'll tell you what I'll do," said Stänerl, her bright eyes dancing, and her bright cheeks dimpling, while the latter took a yet rosier tint than usual, "I'll not *sell* that little box, but I'll give it—*in exchange*."

"For what? There is nothing of mine that I would not gladly give in return; tell me what you will have, Stänerl."

"Your liking," she said, with her pleasant laugh.

"You have that already," I answered, returning her smiling tone.

"But if you give it me as freely as I ask it, there are two things more you will have to give me besides: your name and—a ring."

I started.

"It is rather a strange fashion for a girl to say this," laughed Stänerl, "but I am a strange girl, and say what I choose in a fashion of my own. You are a poor wandering, dreaming Englishman and artist, who want some sensible creature to take charge of you. I'm just the very girl, steady and careful, though I seem so flighty and giddy and whimsical. Thanks to my good father's kindness, I have plenty of money for us both; therefore, be a wise Jüngling for once, and accept my offer. You can't do better than trust yourself to me; I'll undertake to make you a good wife, a faithful wife, and—a loving wife." Stänerl said the last words a little hesitatingly and with a slight change of colour, which she covered by laughingly adding: "Yes, a *loving* wife, though you are a frightful, ugly, hideous, good-for-nothing boy."

"My dear Stänerl," I replied, taking her hand in mine, "listen to me and I will tell you how it is that I cannot accept your generous proposal so generously put. I will show you that I understand the whole generosity of your mind by revealing to you that which I have never hitherto breathed to human being. I once in my life beheld a face that became to me the single face in the whole world. I am wedded to the memory of that face, and unless I meet her who owns it I shall never make any woman my wife. Call me dreamer, visionary, what you will, I have called myself so a million and a million of times, still I feel that I shall never marry any one if I marry not her. Forgive me, dear Stänerl, that I speak thus plainly, but your own noble plainness deserves no less."

"Forgive! I honour you for it! it is worthy of what you have been all along, manly, delicate, true. Had you not been all these, I should never have been led to say what I have said; but your right way, from the beginning—never making idle compliments, never uttering

impertinent flattery, insult under the name of gallantry!" (here the bright eyes flashed scornful fire) "won me to look upon you in quite a different light from any other man I have ever seen, and I felt safe in talking to you as I did. Now forget it."

Stänerl went straight from the room, with an air of simple womanly dignity that was in touching contrast with her usual girlish, frolicsome manner; but the next time I saw her she had resumed her ordinary wont, and nothing could have more markedly shown that she was sincere in her desire to have all forgotten that had recently passed between us.

The incidents I had learned concerning Lady Gertrude, and the varied emotions awakened within me, revived my old restlessness, and I felt impatient to leave a spot which had lost its tranquillising effect upon me. I hardly know how it became understood that I thought of resuming my journey, but Stänerl seemed to settle it, and in her granddamely way began to give me injunctions respecting the avoidance of over-walking myself, of overheating myself, of sudden chills, of irregular meals, &c., and other precautions necessary for the preservation of health in pedestrian wanderings.

On the eve of my departure, just as I was setting forth on my last day's sketching excursion from the valley hostelry, Stänerl snatched my gloves from my hands, saying: "This is just how these careless lads want looking after! To think of your going out with your finger ends through the tips of your gloves! Here, give them to me, do, that I may sew them up decently for you. Oh! and while I think of it, give me the key of your wallet-knapsack; I'll be bound your wardrobe's in a fine condition for want of a stitch or two. These wretched boys! Without a woman to see to their shirts and stockings, and give a helping hand with needle and thread, they're miserable creatures. There, get along with you, and mind you're not back too late this evening. You'll have to be up early to-morrow, you know."

On the morrow I was up by break of day, for I was to start with the dawn in order to reach a certain village on the other side of a lofty pass before nightfall.

Stänerl had appointed so, and I of course followed her instructions. I had charged her not to get up to see me off, and would have taken leave of her overnight, but she had negatived this, in her own peremptory fashion, with—

"There, there, child; do you think Granny Stänerl will not come and see the last of her foolish boy, and bid him good-bye and send him off with a hug and a blessing? Good-night, and mind you sleep *soundly* and wake betimes—do you hear?"

She set breakfast before me with her own hands, and bustled about with her usual cheerfulness and alacrity, waiting upon me, watching me, and chatting to me with all—or nearly all—her usual vivacity and volubility.

I lingered involuntarily, but she said with her brisk voice: "Now, come, you've breakfasted; don't dawdle. Where's your wallet? Here. And your alpenstock? Here. And your leathern cup? Don't forget your leathern cup, and mind when you take a draught, walk on immediately. You mustn't sit still after drinking of our cold mountain streams or our melted snow-water. And now stoop down and let me put aside your frightful brown hair from over your forehead that I may give you Granny's parting kiss and blessing."

"Dear Stänerl!" I exclaimed, as I raised her hand to my lips with an affectionate respect that spoke my reverence for her noble nature, "I can never forget you,—never cease to think with grateful admiration of all your true-hearted goodness to me. Promise me that you will, in turn, remember one who owes so much to your womanly care and kindness whenever you look upon this." As I spoke I drew from my finger my seal-ring (a head of my patron-saint in art, Raffaelle) and placed it upon one of hers. Stänerl pressed earnest kisses upon it, and said rapidly—

"Go, go; go at once!"

For the whole of that day the thought of true-hearted Stänerl filled my mind almost to the exclusion of any other, and when at close of evening I reached the appointed village-station I found pleasure in obeying one of her particular behests, that I should mind and put on dry slippers before sitting down to eat my supper. In ransacking my wallet for a pair I found a little packet directed with my own name in Stänerl's handwriting; I knew the instant I saw it what it was—the musical-box.

"'Dear, generous Stänerl!" I exclaimed, as I joyfully seized it and held it to my heart, "noble, delicate-minded girl! Who would wrong your purity by a light word, a light look, a light thought? You deemed well of me for forbearing from either, but your own native rectitude, amidst all that lively impulse and genial manner, is what best preserves you from injurious treatment. No man possessed of one spark of genuine manhood or of right manly feeling could dream of looking upon you as an ordinary girl at an hostelry; with all your gay freedom, no coquette; with all your simple candour, no prude; but a frank-hearted, generous-hearted woman who loves to confer kindness and to receive kindness, without one unsound idea."

Stänerl's gift brought me welcome companionship during my

solitary wanderings. Its soft tones, clear and brilliant, yet ineffably sweet, often cheered my lonely hours and gave spirit to my silent musings; they conjured up many a luxurious fancy, many a pleasant thought; they inspired me with more hopeful feeling and more tranquil reveries; I could think of her who had once been its possessor with less of that vague impatience and gnawing inquietude which usually beset me when revolving her fate and fortunes. I could give myself up with more exclusive serenity to dwelling upon that other image, the recollection of that face which seemed to me to include all I could conceive of womanly charm and perfection; I grew to cherish my little musical treasure as if it had been a living thing endued with sense and power to soothe and to console.

I had entered Italy, and prepared to receive all the delight I had so long anticipated from visiting this land of beauty in nature and in art. I had reached Como, where I proposed resting for a few days to inquire for English news and to write home; I expected to hear from Maurice and Helen, from Cuthbert Woodley and his wife, and from other friends who had promised that I should find letters awaiting me at this place; they had all kept their word faithfully, and in addition to the pleasure I reaped from their respective budgets I had yet another, an unexpected one, in the shape of a letter from Stänerl—bright-eyed, true-hearted Stänerl; it was very characteristic, and ran thus:—

"Dear, good-for-nothing Boy—I know you will be glad to hear from your honoured Granny, if it be but to learn that you are not forgotten by her. Luckily, having to keep my father's accounts for him, I am able to write a pretty good running hand; if it's not quite so straight across the page as it might be, you'll overlook that, and lay it to my being accustomed to write in a ruled book, so that I miss the lines to keep me all right on this letter-paper. I often look at the ring, and, as you told me, think of him who gave it me. The little head carved on it is very like himself, with the same straight nose, big eyes, and long ugly hair that I used to tell him of, do you remember? I have grown so ridiculously fond of that ring that I am glad you gave it me instead of the one I asked for,—only a plain one, you know.

"By the bye, Peter Artigheim came over to see us yesterday. He was very kind, and didn't look at me or notice me too much, and he hardly spoke to me at all, as if he wished to show that he wouldn't tease me or remind me of what I had said when he told me he loved me. I thought he deserved to let him see that I

understood this and felt grateful to him for it; so I went up to him and said 'Peter, you told me you could wait, didn't you?' 'Yes, Stänerl,' he replied, in his quiet way; 'yes, your own time—any length of time.' 'Shan't you be tired of waiting, do you think, Peter?' I asked, 'because I shouldn't like to tire you, you know.' 'Oh, no, I shan't be tired, Stänerl—no fear of that; if I have only the least ray of hope I shall never weary; but,' and Peter Artigheim looked straight into my face for an instant, 'but there is one thing I have to beseech of you, Stänerl—don't trifle with me; I can bear all but to have you play with a heart that loves you with as strong a love as though it counted only twenty instead of forty summers.'

"I don't know what ailed me, but I couldn't answer just then; however, presently I said 'I will not trifle with you, Peter; I told you I had doubts of my being able to love you as you ought to be loved; but since then all my doubts have vanished, except one.' 'Tell me that one, Stänerl,' he answered, more quickly than I had ever known him to speak. 'I don't feel quite sure that I shall make so good a wife as you will make a good, kind husband; but if you like to try'—— Peter Artigheim took me in his arms, and gave me—well, never mind what he gave me; it wasn't a musical-box; but I am likely to have more than I shall know what to do with, for I am to be married next week, and there are such piles upon piles of musical-boxes in the house that I am going to be mistress of that I shall be at my wit's end to find a use for them, unless you, you absurd lad, will come and choose some of them for keepsakes; mind you do the next time you pass through Geneva. Peter and I shall both expect you, so don't fail, as you value the love and blessing of

"Your ever affectionate Granny,

"STANERL."

"P.S.—I hope you have remembered that I charged you to change your stockings, as well as your shoes, whenever you get your feet wet through with our mountain snow. *Now, don't forget!*"

I had nearly completed the period of my intended stay at Como when one evening I took a long sauntering walk by the margin of the glorious lake, revelling in the delicious Italian sunset, where the deep blue of the sky and the deep blue of the waters blended with the rich golden suffusion that bathed the whole landscape of swelling banks, studded with marble villas and crowned with olive-clad hills.

I was contemplating the exquisite scene, after choosing a favourable point of view and a convenient seat from which to transfer it upon my sketching-canvas, and was preparing my materials for the

purpose, when I perceived that an old man, with whitened hairs and bronzed complexion, stood near, watching me with that air of frank interest which redeems such notice from seeming like intrusion. He appeared little removed from the condition of a peasant or vine-dresser, and yet there was that indescribable air of grace and refinement about him which naturally pertains to Italians, stamping them as among nature's gentry. As I looked up he smiled and advanced, lifting his broad felt hat with the courtesy of innate good-breeding.

"The signor is an artist, apparently?" he said.

I said I was proud to own myself of the brotherhood which counted amongst its master-spirits such names as Raffaelle, Correggio, Titian, Guido, Giorgione, Guercino, and the Caracci.

The old man's fine dark eyes dilated with pleasure as he replied, "The signor possesses the distinguishing characteristics of his countrymen,—a generous willingness to admit the merits and admire the glories of foreign genius. The signor is an Englishman, doubtless?"

"My faulty Italian, I fear, gives you too plain assurance of the fact," I replied, smiling.

"It was rather the signor's cast of countenance, that manly expression, with a fairness akin to feminine beauty—the signor will excuse me—which led me at once to perceive that he was English. The signor will excuse my freedom when I tell him that he has a double claim to my interest. My boy—my only son—is an artist; and to a native of England I owe his belonging to that noble profession. He is now in Rome, studying his beloved art with zeal and industry, but he would never have been enabled to do so out of his father's small earnings: it was the liberality of an English lady, one of those human angels who in a divine spirit of sympathy and benevolence dispense their wealth with a lavish enthusiasm that gives them the best title to its possession, which placed within my son's power the means of cultivating the talent with which Heaven had endowed him."

"And by what blest chance did your son's capacity meet with the liberal hand which you say supplies the means of fostering it into excellence?" I asked.

"'Blest chance,' the signor may well call it, or rather, one of those blest providences which we are in the habit of calling chance. That lake, which the signor now beholds so unruffled and so calm, was one day some time since so agitated by a sudden storm that a small boat belonging to one of our neighbours could not reach the shore *in time* to escape its fury; the little vessel capsized, and those who

freighted her were in another moment seen struggling amid the waves for life and safety. Among them was a young lad, our neighbour's son, and his stripling strength unaided sufficed not to preserve him. My own boy dashed into the water, bore him to the surface, and succeeded in dragging him to the bank, where the bystanders used every means to restore the poor lad to himself. Their efforts were happily crowned with a prosperous result, and then all joined in applauding my son's courageous act. Among its witnesses happened to be an English gentleman and lady who, seeing the crowd from their carriage, had alighted to inquire what was the matter, and had beheld the whole scene. The gentleman took slight interest in it, but the lady—the angel lady—stood with tender glistening eyes eagerly watching the rescue. When the neighbours crowded about my son, hailing him as the lad's preserver, the English lady took from her finger a diamond ring, and placed it, with her purse full of gold, in his hands, speaking sweet words of admiration and approval. My boy, fixing his eyes upon her beautiful face, and then bending over the fair white hand that had bestowed the generous tokens of her feelings, said: 'My dearest joy would be, if ever I become an artist, as I trust I shall, to paint that noble, beauteous countenance as it should be painted.'

"The lady's face lighted up with a singularly animated look, as she quickly rejoined:—'An artist? Did you say an artist? Do you intend to become an artist?'

"'I live in that sole hope, madam,' replied my son. At this moment the lady's companion, the English gentleman, who had stood apart, looking on with folded arms and haughtily indifferent aspect, stepped forward with a scowling brow and spoke sharply to the lady in their own language, addressing her as 'Lady Gertrude'; at his voice the lady appeared to shrink into utter passiveness, and suffered him to lead her away to the carriage without another look or word; the next moment they were driven from the spot."

"And you saw no more of them,—of the lady?"

"We saw no more of the lady herself, but on the following day a packet arrived for my son from the principal banker in Como, who said it had been delivered at his house by a strange messenger with orders to forward it as directed. The address sufficiently indicated our abode, and the words—'For the youth who nobly risked his life to save a fellow creature from drowning' made it apparent for whom it was intended. The packet contained notes to the amount of £200, together with a slip of paper on which was written:—'Pursue your chosen study with as true a courage in facing toil as you showed

in facing peril, and enter upon one of the most glorious vocations that it is the privilege of man to make his own. That you may eventually prove as great an artist as your young ambition aspires to become is the sincere trust of one who admires the artist-character in its virtue of moral, intellectual, and personal bravery.—THE ENGLISH LADY.'"

"It was a noble gift, nobly bestowed," I remarked, as the old man paused.

"It enabled my boy to fulfil his heart-longing, and I have never ceased to pour forth my daily prayers to Heaven for the happiness of one who conferred so great a boon; her gentle face bespoke some inward sorrow, but a creature so bounteously benign must needs find peace of heart at last. God send her gladness of spirit, as she bestowed it upon me and mine!"

"Amen," was my unbreathed but fervent response.

"My boy attempted to commemorate that beauteous countenance in a sketch he made from memory of the English lady at the moment when she advanced to give him the ring and speak her encouraging words; but he did not satisfy himself in the picture, though I thought it admirable from its felicitous likeness to that gracious face and figure."

"Have you that picture?" I exclaimed, starting up in my eagerness, and actually trembling with excitement, for I felt a thirsting desire to behold the form which had so long held a place in my imagination, though without assuming definite shape and character.

"I regret that I cannot satisfy the signor's very natural curiosity to look upon the portrait of one so fair and so good. My son, vexed at being unable to equal the ideal which gratitude to his benefactress created within his brain, would not let me keep the sketch, but promised to paint a finished picture from it when he should have acquired greater skill to do justice to his subject. Let me thank the signor heartily for the patience with which he has listened to an old man's story, and for the interest he has taken in the account of a young brother artist's good fortune."

"The thanks are due from myself to you, good friend," I answered, as I grasped his hand and bade him farewell. "Be sure I shall long remember the tale I heard on the banks of Lake Como."

I made some considerable stay at Milan, where the Brera gallery had powerful attractions for me; I visited "learned Padua," and spent a few days at Vicenza, but the grand object of my wishes was Venice, where I proposed to remain for as long a period as would enable me thoroughly to enjoy that enchanting place. I felt

like one under the influence of a spell, which strangely realised all the longings I had indulged respecting the spot; it seemed at once familiar and curiously new; from pictures, from books, from graphic and poetic description of various kinds, I felt perfectly acquainted with it, and found myself at once at home amid its well known features; but while striking me with this sense of wontedness and accustomed intimacy, it filled my mind with an ever-fresh, ever-delightful interest. I was never wearied with exploring every nook and corner, visiting all accessible places, and haunting the least frequented canals and obscurest alleys, as well as the broadest and most thronged thoroughfares; I was the whole day in my gondola threading the narrowest channels and penetrating the closest quarters; or out upon the wide lagune lapsing away towards the solitary Lido; or mixing with the gay crowd of boats that ceaselessly glided to and fro upon the Canale Grande. At other times I feasted my sight with the pictorial treasures of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, now gazing in admiration upon the exalted beauties of Titian's "Assumption," now lost in delight before his exquisite "Presentation"; or else, stealing quietly into the Barberigo Palace where the great Venetian master's studio still remains as he left it; or else, by softened sunset light, lingering among the wood-carved panels which narrate the history of St. Roch's earthly pilgrimage; or straying into some taper-lighted church where marbles, painting, gilding, and sculptured figures are congregated in sumptuous profusion.

At nightfall I usually passed a short time in the brilliant St. Mark's Place, among its motley, sprightly assemblage, and watched the shifting figures of the scene with amused eyes, until, dazzled with the glare and satiated with the noisy animation, I would creep away to the landing-place in the Piazzetta, leap into my gondola, and glide for hours upon the cool waters that lay silvery and placid beneath the moonbeams and slumberous breath of an Italian night. So deep was my enjoyment of this free, wandering life, that for some time I delayed presenting a letter of introduction that had been given to me for an English resident, a merchant of wealth and influence—recommending me to his notice and hospitable attention; but at length, fearing to seem indifferent or neglectful, I summoned courage to quit my beloved solitary rambles, and repaired to his mansion.

He proved to be a kind, warm-hearted man, easy, unostentatious, and most friendly; fortunately for me he was too much occupied to be able to give me much of his personal care, so that I was left pretty much as before to my own unobserved courses of

independence in procedure, but he placed his opera-box at my disposal, begged me to make his house my own whenever I felt disposed to favour him with my company to dinner, and furnished me with cards of invitation to some of the first families in Venice, so that I might have an opportunity of meeting the best and most distinguished Venetian society. At first I still held off from availing myself of these gayer amusements, preferring my lonely loiterings in peace and liberty, but an incident occurred that roused me into eagerness to frequent as much society as possible.

I had one evening forsaken the bustle of St. Mark's Place at an earlier hour than usual, bidding my gondolier take me the whole length of the Canale Grande, and then diverge into some of the more silent side streams, when, passing beneath the Rialto bridge, a gondola crossed mine, and as I chanced to look beneath its black awning I distinctly saw, within shadow of its swart curtains, that fair, consummate face which reigned supreme in my heart's memory! For but one instant I beheld it, but that instant sufficed for perfect recognition; it was very pale, and wore a touching expression of resigned sadness, all unlike the glowing look of animated acknowledgment that shone there when last I beheld it; while the moonlight falling full upon it, gave an effect almost spectral to the passing vision.

I rallied my startled senses, and desired my gondolier to hasten in pursuit of the gondola which had crossed us, that I might track its course and endeavour to ascertain whither it was proceeding; but no exertion enabled me to recover sight of it, and I could only conclude that it had turned down the nearest side canal and was lost to all chance of retracing.

It was the hope of again meeting that cherished face which made me as eager to enter crowded assemblies as I had hitherto shunned them. I could not help believing that a lady of her apparent rank and condition would in all probability be a visitor at some of those Venetian parties to which the kindness of my friend, Mr. Maynard, the English merchant, had given me access; and I hastened to use my privilege of admitted guest. But my purpose was as little successful now as my endeavour to overtake the gondola had been before. I vainly attended every ball, every musical evening, every social assemblage of any kind: no one bearing the least resemblance to her whom I sought did I encounter. I grew dispirited, and fell by degrees into my old solitary ways, only going forth to wander in my gondola among my former haunts.

*One* starlight night I sat at the open window of my chamber,

looking out into the blue serene of the cloudless sky, and watching the myriad radiant eyes of heaven, while my little casket companion trilled out its liquid notes in tuneful softness. While the measure proceeded there was no other sound to break the stillness which suffered its fairy music to be distinctly audible; but as it ceased there was a slight plash and ripple beneath my window, and upon looking down into the canal that ran close against the house I perceived a gondola gliding swiftly away amid the dark shadows of the water. I was still sitting at my window, lost in reverie, when there came a friendly voice upon my ear, and the next moment Mr. Maynard entered the room.

"Why, Hamilton, my good fellow, what ails you?" he said. "Hearing and seeing nothing of you for the last—I don't know how many days, I came to look after you, and I find you star-gazing in a dark, dreary room by yourself, instead of out and abroad amidst fair ladies whose bright eyes outshine the ballroom waxlights, the ballroom diamonds—nay, these countless stars themselves. Come, I must have you go to the Fenice to-night with me; there is to be a new opera by Bellini, and all the Venice world is mad to hear it."

There was no withstanding his kind persuasion. I felt the high compliment involved in a man of his habits coming to seek me out, and that had he not felt more esteem than mere passing acquaintanceship inspires he would not thus have interested himself in the cause of my absence from his house. I therefore yielded to his hearty manner and accompanied him to the theatre, although feeling little inclination to go that evening. The charm of the music insensibly produced its effect upon me, and I became absorbed in the performance. As the opera proceeded I yielded myself to the full enjoyment of its voluptuous beauty, and indulged the delicious languor that each successive strain inspired, when, during an impassioned aria of the prima donna's which held the breath of the whole audience suspended in one attentive hush, my eyes chanced to fall upon a box opposite, and I beheld the beloved and beautiful face that was never absent from my thoughts. My gaze became riveted, and I saw nothing else in the entire space around. Herself alone seemed visible there before me, everything else being blotted from my sense of sight. How long I remained thus intently drinking in each line of that soft, pensive countenance, its gentle downcast eyes, its slightly parted lips, its half-listening, half-abstracted air, I know not; but I was awakened from my trance by the voice of Mr. Maynard, uttering some enthusiastic remark upon the prima donna's singing as she concluded her scena amidst a storm of *evviva* and *bravissimas*.

ı are not heeding me, Hamilton; what is it attracts your
ɔn? O, ay, I see; your beautiful countrywoman. She is
a fair creature; half Venice are wild about her; they have
her the title of 'La Bella Inglese.' I do not see her black
w, as I call him, with her to-night. Ah, yes, there he is,
ı behind her chair. I thought she could not be there without
he never leaves her. Talk of guardian angels! Guardian
ɔns might wear such lowering brows as her guardian uncle
:rally bends upon her in the imperious watch he maintains over
conduct: one would think her own gentleness and purity might
serve her from such austere vigilance. She is, in truth, loveliness
ı goodness itself."

"And her name,—her name is"—I faltered, scarcely above my
eath.

"*Lady Gertrude Vivian*," replied Mr. Maynard. "She is the
iece and ward of Lord Haughtonhurst; they have been some little
ime in Venice, having taken a palace here for the season; they are
known to some friends of mine, the Palmadoros, at whose house I
have met them. By the way, yonder is the Marchesa Palmadoro
herself, with young Villanuova, Count Blandinelli, and her husband.
I'll go round to their box and see them for a few minutes. Excuse
me."

Mr. Maynard went away, leaving me stunned. The name he had
uttered—her name—fell like an ice-bolt upon my heart, striking and
crushing it into deadly pain. The discovery that she whom I
worshipped was no other than that very Lady Gertrude whom
knew to be so fondly devoted, heart and soul, already, came upon
me with the force of despair. I had never, singularly enough,
glanced at such a possibility, although now that it was known to me
I wondered it should have failed to strike me as within the range of
likelihood. The image of the two beings, the lady I once beheld in
Kensington Gardens and the lady of the forest cottage, had ever
remained so completely dissociated in my imagination that never
once had they presented themselves as by remotest chance being
one and the same person. Now that I thus suddenly learned the
truth I felt overwhelmed, utterly broken and wrecked. I leaned
there, looking upon her lingeringly for a few distracted moments;
then suddenly remembering that Mr. Maynard would soon return, I
staggered from the box and found my way, somehow, out of the
theatre, hurrying from observant eyes, eager to get alone, away, far
out upon the dark waters, where I might wrestle unseen with my
*deep misery*.

(*To be continued.*)

# TABLE TALK.

## BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

MR. TENNYSON is probably as well aware as any of his critics can be of the strong tendency existing in his own mind to touch and retouch even his finished work in a fidgety and unsatisfied way. Indeed to those who read him thoughtfully he has given one or two hints of his knowledge of this particular failing. In "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue"—a poem full of deep autobiographical interest—he writes, in evident allusion to his own method of working:

> Nor add and alter, many times,
> Till all be ripe, and rotten.

It is just possible that in the two alterations I notice in the new edition of his works he has, in his desire to be exact and faithful, advanced a stage beyond ripeness. Everybody knows the couplet in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere,"

> The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claims of long descent.

In the new edition the first line is altered, and the epithets are dropped for the literal simplicity of

> The gardener Adam and his wife.

The other alteration is in the poem "Mariana in the Moated Grange." The first verse ran thus in earlier editions:

> With blackest moss the flower-pots
> Were thickly crusted, one and all:
> The broken nails fell from the knots
> That held the peach to the garden wall.

The last line of the first verse now reads:

> That held the pear to the gable wall.

The pear on the gable wall may perhaps be more literal to some original in the poet's mind, but is it quite fair on his part thus to confuse the lines of so perfect a picture, every touch and detail of which has found a place in the living memory of hundreds of readers? I am glad to find on the other hand that the magnificent epical fragment "Morte d'Arthur" is restored to the reader. We are glad of "The Passing of Arthur" as an addition to our stock; but we could not well accept it as a substitute for our earlier love.

WHAT next? Here is a Telephone. An instrument for the transmission of sounds instead of signs, and perhaps in time of tunes. It is an American contrivance, of course, for although our Yankee kinsmen invent little for themselves, there is no people in the world readier to take up the inventions of others and to turn them to an account which the original discoverer never had the wit to hit upon. The Telephone is an improvement upon the telegraph. It is the work of Mr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, and to say that it is worthy of a townsman of the merchant who, when his warehouse was recently fired, sent for the engines and then walked off to the telegraph office to transmit a message to his partner in New York—"Warehouse burning: shall I recommence building?" is to say all that can be said of it. The invention is Chicagoese all over; and if it can be put into working order we hope the mediums—that is the word—will do us the favour to recall Strada from Hades with his *Prolusiones Academicæ* (Rome 1617) to assist at the first *séance* with the Telephone, for Mr. Gray, after the lapse of 250 years, has apparently all but realised the fancy which that clever and accomplished Jesuit has been laughed at by Sir Thomas Browne, Bacon, and Addison for thinking feasible without, as Glanvill puts it in his "Vanity of Dogmatising," unwarrantable assistance from Dæmoniack correspondence. Strada's fancy, as it is explained by Glanvill, was that if a couple of needles impregnated by the same magnet were set in dials exactly proportioned to each other, and circumscribed by the letters of the alphabet, they would move in sympathy at any distance and after any length of time, and that with the aid of these needles friends might chat together every day at breakfast and dinner—

Though seas may roll between and mountains rise,

without the intervention of tables and tablets. The telegraph is at best a clumsy approximation to this fancy; but Mr. Gray has apparently come within an ace of realising it, for if he can transmit sounds all we shall have to do to be equal with Strada is to take the wire in hand, say in Telegraph Street or at Westminster, and chat for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour upon the price of wheat or cotton or tea with a partner or broker at San Francisco, New Orleans, or Pekin. Mr. Gray's idea is to connect the keys of an instrument with electro-magnets, so that on touching a key the corresponding magnet is set in operation and a tongue or reed in connection with it is set vibrating; the sound each of these tongues gives out is transmitted a thousand miles by wire, and there *received* on a reflecting surface, the tune being distinctly heard.

THE idea of chatting over a cutlet at the Garrick with the editor of the *New York Herald* across the Atlantic has its charm, and I dare say it will be realised sooner or later. And the notion will no doubt be carried further, and before A.D. 2000 we shall have reduced the whole world to a whispering gallery, and be able, sitting in a quiet room in the Strand, to overhear the debates of the House of Representatives at Washington, at Ottawa, and in New South Wales; and the Prime Minister of that day, instead of being interviewed personally in Whitehall, may be interrogated by Telephone from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, or Norwich, upon any question that happens to be uppermost. The piano will play the speeches in all varieties of dialect, repeating cheers, "Hear, hears," "Ohs," and all the rest of the accompaniments of English eloquence, with as much accuracy and precision as if the gathering were in the Prime Minister's parlour. Nor need we stop here. A member of Parliament anxious to address his constituents may, instead of talking at them through the reporters, as he does now, speak to them directly, asking them to meet in the Town Hall, say at eight o'clock, with the Mayor in the chair, bring the wires upon the table, with the waterbottle and glass, and then listen in silence and admiration to the h'ms and ha's and coughs which constitute the graces of English eloquence. It is just possible, too, in time that the Telephone may be brought to such a pitch of perfection that the managers of the opera-houses, instead of rushing off to Naples or Rome to test the notes of a Campanini for themselves, may be able to use this instrument as we use a stethescope, asking the new tenor to shut his door and sing an air from "Norma" by wire. It is a grand idea this of Mr. Elisha Gray's, if it can only "be compast without any unwarrantable assistance from Dæmoniack correspondence." Think of Mr. Bright standing in his balcony at One Ash in the twilight of an October evening and addressing a meeting in the Fautuel Hall at Boston, or Sims Reeves singing one of his airs at the Crystal Palace to an enthusiastic gathering in New York, Utah, and San Francisco—Mr. Reeves pocketing his 200 guineas for the concert from each of these cities, the managers paying for the message!

---

FRENCHMEN have a particular *penchant* for the study of the philology of provincialisms, which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that the French have a word *patoisophile*—a strange compound—which so far as I know has no equivalent in any other European tongue. Prince Lucien Bonaparte is a very eminent *patoisophile*, and so deep is his study and so extensive his knowledge of English

provincialisms that I have been told on very good authority that he would be probably more than a match on this subject for all the English philologists taken together. I wonder whether Prince Lucien has discovered that a vulgar Cheshire provincialism convicts us of an error of modern usage in the word *apron*. In an old Cheshire glossary I find "a nappern" as the equivalent for "an apron." In old English "nape" was a table-cloth—"the over nape shall double be laide"—and nappery was linen cloths, whence the diminutive "napkin." So it seems that in the course of ages we have corrupted a word by the removal out of its place of the *n* in the indefinite article, and if correctness is of consequence we should forthwith abolish "an apron," and restore "a nappern" to its lost position. Perhaps in the next generation, when the meaning of "asparagus" as the hard-soil vegetable shall have been lost sight of, we shall adopt the vulgar form "sparrowgrass," just as learned and unlearned alike now speak of "La Route du Roi" as Rotten Row.

---

WHAT a sensation Mr. Disraeli must have felt when the Dean of Worcester's resignation was placed in his hands with the signature of Sir Robert Peel's brother at its foot! The appointment of Dr. Peel to the Deanery of Worcester was one of the latest acts of Sir Robert Peel's Administration; and when that appointment was made I presume even Mr. Disraeli had not begun to reckon upon the Premiership of England among the probabilities of the future. He was then only the professional bowler of Lord George Bentinck's Conservative Eleven—of the party, that is, which was doing all it could to turn out the great Parliamentary middleman who, as Vivian Grey said in his picturesque way, had found the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes. "Had Peel offered me some small office in '41," said Mr. Disraeli once, "I should have accepted it. I was not particular. Anything." And that was the form in which, through a common friend, the Prime Minister of '74 offered his services to the Prime Minister of '41. Sir Robert Peel, with all his sagacity, could not read men; but he must have been equal to Cassandra to see in the author of the Letters of Runnymede the stuff out of which an English Premier is made. Yet Sir Robert Peel's brother has lived to see the Parliament's Free Lance of 1841 the Premier of 1874. It was an unlucky moment for Sir Robert Peel's fame when he put Mr. Disraeli's application for an Under Secretaryship into the fire; for those Corn Law philippics of Disraeli have done more to mar Peel's reputation than anything Peel did or said, and Peel's refusal to take Disraeli into

his Ministry has been interpreted as a final proof that he had a horror of genius. His selection of Gladstone ought to be a sufficient answer to that sarcasm; and as far as I know the only tittle of independent evidence in support of the statement is that Sir Robert Peel used to tell young men to sit on Railway Committees. In itself that was good advice. But like most good advice it was not palatable, and a good deal of Mr. Disraeli's personal popularity arises from the fact that he is fond of picking out young men for his Under Secretaries, and thus of training up a school of statesmen who will keep his memory green long after he is laid in Poet's Corner.

---

A CORRESPONDENT takes me as it were by the button-hole touching the Spiritualist Conference. His point is that "spiritualism" is simply the modern form of the old belief in ghosts, and, as a matter of taste I suppose, he seems rather to prefer the old ghosts to the new. As a matter of taste I think I agree with him. The least worthy of regard of all the spectres who used to clank chains of a night in old manor houses is to my mind a more respectable thing, and a more welcome visitant from the outer spheres, than the greatest of the modern apparitions—not excepting the spirits of such departed giants as Shakespeare, Bacon, and Plato. But are the two forms of faith in ghosts analogous? My correspondent says: "I want those people who thought that education and science had exorcised ghosts to look closely at some of the phenomena of spiritualism, and ask themselves whether after all the new belief is not the old, dressed in a manner to suit the smattering of scientific knowledge which is now part of an education pretending to be 'liberal.'" And he adds: "Having seen examples of both forms of belief I find the family likeness so strong that I can only class the old ghostly creed and the new as examples of the same weakness, or whatever else it may be, of the human mind." I rather like the idea that whereas the old ghost was romantic in tone the modern apparition presents himself on the scientific platform and asks to be accepted on advanced principles. The pseudo-scientific excuse, however, for the appearance of the degenerate spirits of our time is transparently weak and fallacious. The province of science is physical phenomena, and so long as the "manifestations" profess to be spiritual phenomena they are outside the realms of science. A "rap," for example, is the vibration caused by the striking of one hard substance against another. It is a purely physical operation from beginning to end. To read spiritual causes and meanings in a rap or a succession of raps is not science.

t 400 years, I am reminded, since William Caxton set up his and presses in one of the small chapels of Westminster nd a patriot has been calling upon the inhabitants of Weald, the great printer's birthplace, to build a monument ie other way to demonstrate that the nineteenth century is not ul of what it owes to the fifteenth. By all means let Weald minster or all England build a statue to Caxton if they will; he generous enterprise should fail the shades of Caxton will soled by the fact that the simple result of his own work has to be about the biggest monument ever raised in this world memory of a great man.

---

GENTLEMAN writing to me from a West End club, without uring me with his name, assures me that Mr. Watson, the chair- n of the Statistical Committee of the London School Board, is "all ong" in estimating that the rate of increase in the population of ndon is such as to need additional schools for about 8,000 school ildren every year, and declares that "London is not now increasing the rate of the last thirty years, or the last ten; where it was ncreasing 100 it is now only forty." I was curious to learn my nonymous friend's authority for his statement, and at the foot of his ote I found it, briefly indicated thus:—"See Registrar-General's eturns." What does my trenchant friend mean? The Registrar- eneral knows no more about the increase of the population of ondon since the census of 1871 than the gentleman who calls Mr. Vatson's calculations in question. All the Registrar-General does in is returns is to *estimate* the increase at the rate of the ten years etween 1861 and 1871. On that estimate Mr. Watson builds his gures. It can only be altered now by guess-work; and if it comes o guess-work I guess, against my correspondent of the West End lub, that the general rate of increase in the metropolis since the ensus of 1871 is quite equal to that of the previous ten years.

THE
# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
OCTOBER, 1874.

## OLYMPIA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "EARL'S DENE," "PEARL AND EMERALD," "ZELDA'S FORTUNE," &c.

### PART II.—LACHESIS.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER IV.

She frowned, and for the third time toiled to bring
Her wit to cheat the wisdom of the king.
Twelve youths, twelve maids, in the same garb there came,
The same in stature and in age the same:
Not he, who Delphic oracles could guess,
Might winnow these by look, or voice, or dress—
Not he who slew the Sphynx might these divide,
And range each sex upon its proper side.

* * * *

The monarch bade: and from the stars above
A seraph breathed the awful name of Love;
Then from each kindling cheek he caught the flame—
The rose's blush proclaimed the woman's name.

"I THINK, monsieur," said Firefly, as she and her cavalier left the stage-door of the Phœnix, "that you are a very good young man."

"Indeed I'm not, though. What makes you think so?"

"You would not drink when you were asked, nor take a cigar; and you cannot play cards; and you have never been at a theatre; and you blush when you are spoken to. That is all different to all the other young men—even," and she sighed, "even the best of them. What do you do?"

"I paint, that's all."

"And what did you think of the piece?"

"It was very pretty." She would not confess that her anxiety for herself had prevented her from comprehending, much more from enjoying, anything she had seen or heard, while her previous conceptions of a theatre had rendered her woefully disappointed with the audience and performers at a house like the Phœnix. Everything that happened tended to make life outside The Laurels appear a more flagrant imposture even than the life within it.

She talked so little on the way home that Firefly must have thought her not only a very good but a very stupid young man. They entered the house with a latch-key, and went up the steep and narrow stairs.

"There, that's over," thought Olympia, with a sigh of relief, as she opened Drouzil's door, and politely let mademoiselle enter before her. "This is the hardest part of it all; and this, I suppose, is what men call pleasure. It's been terribly hard work to me. Good night, Miss Drouzil. Is there anybody here to show me my room?"

"Won't you come in? We shall have some supper presently, when the others come home. Are you not hungry? I am."

"No; I am very tired, and it's late."

"Late? Why, it is not one."

"What, one in the morning? Why, I was never up so late in my life, except once at a ball. When do you go to bed, then, if you call one in the morning early?"

"Monsieur, you must be a very sleepy young man. Why, I never heard of anybody going to bed before three or four, except on Sunday, and Good Friday, and Ash Wednesday."

"I shall never be able to stand this, if this is what people do in London," thought Olympia in dismay. But afraid of betraying herself by any appearance of eccentricity, she followed Firefly into the room. "But what do you do if you don't go to bed before three or four?"

"Oh, that depends. I've got my work to do—all my sewing, I mean; and then my father is a very regular man. He seldom stays out after two, or three, or four."

"Sure he must be a policeman! What in the world does he do up till four?"

"*Mais*, monsieur, he must see his friends. I do not know where he goes, but I know he would be enraged if he did not find supper ready when he wants it; so that is still another affair I have to attend. He will be home early to-night, because he is with Monsieur le Général. Monsieur le Général always knows when we have anything good, and to-night we have oysters and ham. Perhaps they

will bring somebody else besides; and then after supper they will play cards till they have made enough money. We are a very regular family, monsieur."

"Cards—strangers—four in the morning!" thought Olympia; 'what on earth shall I do?—I am afraid I have a headache. Is there anybody to tell me my room?"

"You have a headache? Ah, I was sure you were not well. Is it very bad? Would you like some beer, or some soda-water? That is what my father takes for his head when it is very bad indeed."

"Beer! Good Heaven, no. I only want to go to my room."

"But what can be done? The house is in bed by now, and there is nobody who will know your room till my father and Monsieur le Général come home. But I can take the things off the sofa, and you can lie down. Perhaps you will be better soon. Ah, monsieur, I know what headaches are; I have had to dance sometimes with my head splitting so that I didn't know where I was or anything. There, monsieur, lie down there quietly, and I'll take my work and be as still as a mouse. *Oscar—à-moi!*"

She cleared the sofa, arranged the pillow, and then, taking up her sewing, sat down opposite Olympia in her father's broken arm-chair. Olympia lay down; she was really tired, and thought her headache was a good idea. She did not, however, close her eyes: though it was one in the morning excitement had opened them so widely that she felt as though she should never be able to close them again. Thus it was that she saw the shaggy form of Oscar slowly emerge from under the table at the word of command.

Although advised that there was no danger she could not help feeling anxiously as she watched the monstrous beast creep towards his mistress with his unmuzzled mouth yawning as if to devour her. It would scarcely have made more than a mouthful for him: yet she went on threading her needle placidly and drew him on with a smile. Finally he buried his nose in her lap and looked up at her face lovingly.

Olympia forgot her headache in what, to her, looked like a picture. The group, she thought, was charming, and the charm enhanced by the *bizarre* effect of the blue eyes and golden hair that looked down protectingly over the grim head on which she, for all her superior size and strength, would have feared to lay a finger. It was always easy for her to turn at once from herself to what was outside herself, and if she could but have had a scrap of paper and a pencil she would have been content

to wait the return of the Major's friend for at least another hour. She half raised herself from the sofa, and asked—grateful for the discovery of at least one topic upon which she could express surprise without betraying eccentricity—

"And do you really keep that creature for a lap-dog? I'ld as soon think of any one's keeping a lion or a tiger as a bear. Aren't you afraid of his eating you?"

"The dear, beautiful angel! Why, we were cubs together—we are brother and sister, monsieur. Eat me, indeed!—I'ld as soon think of eating him. He is so gentle—so adorable. It is the grief of my life that he is getting old. Why, he is as old as me."

"Then he must be in his full strength!" said Olympia, drawing instinctively nearer to the wall. "I have read that bears live to forty years old."

"Forty? Do you hear that, Oscar? Monsieur says that you and I will live to forty years old—what an old couple we shall be!"

"And you're never afraid, then?"

"Not when Oscar's here. It is when he is away I am afraid. He is my body-guard."

"Like Una and the Lion."

"I don't know who he is like—there's nobody like him. You need not be afraid for yourself, monsieur. He will keep his distance so long as others keep theirs. It is only at the bad that Oscar growls. If you were bad, he would growl at you."

"Ah—he is dangerous, then?"

"It is very strange, monsieur, but Oscar is a lamb to women, but a lion to men. It is because he has found a man cruel and a woman kind. He always growls at a strange man—I should take you for a girl, if I did not know."

"Do you know so few good men, then?" asked Olympia, turning first pale and then crimson at finding herself discovered by a bear.

Firefly also coloured for an instant. "What would you, monsieur? I dare say there are good men, but they don't come to the Phœnix. I saw one once when I was a baby, and I've seen one—and Oscar says I've seen one now. And you'd never been to the Phœnix, you see, till I took you there."

"But," said Olympia, drawing herself once more nearer to the wall, "if good people will have nothing to do with your life, and if you know the good from the bad, why do you cut yourself off from them? How can you live in this horrible way?"

Firefly looked at her sewing and worked with double speed.

"Monsieur, till a month ago I did not know that girls ever did

anything else than dance. I thought that was all they were made for—for that, and to sew when the dancing was done."

"What a horrible thing! You thought a woman was no better than a bear?"

"Not half so good, monsieur."

"And you have done nothing else since you were born?"

"Nothing else, monsieur. Did you ever hear of a place called France? The first thing I remember was dancing there. It was in a great *cirque*—oh, miles round. My father used to toss me up and catch me again, like a ball. He was Monsieur Joseph Drouzil, the great *figurant*, monsieur. He was great and rich then, I have heard, and I used to be taken to the *cirque* in a grand cabriolet. I was tossed about all night and was taught my education all day."

"And what did you learn?" asked Olympia, forgetting her headache more and more.

"I learned to be tossed about without falling. Then we got poor, I've been told—that was just before Oscar came. But it made no change to me. I danced when I was rich and I danced when I was poor—only in the streets, monsieur, instead of the great *cirque* where I first used to be. Monsieur, we have danced all round the world, Oscar and I—every day and all day long."

"What a life! Have you never learned? Have you never played?"

"Certainly! I have learned always to fall on my feet, and it has all been play."

"Do you mean to say you like such a life? You have danced in the streets, you say?"

"Since I had Oscar I liked it dearly, monsieur—he has been so good to me, and if I had not danced he would have starved. If I was lazy there was no supper for him. But—monsieur, it's different, now. I find that all the world is not one great *cirque* after all. When I think of that I get so tired."

"Life is one great imposture!" said Olympia. "It was a circus to you—it was a book of heroes to me—and we are both wrong. What is it, after all?"

"I think it means getting all one can out of everybody," said Firefly sadly. "That's all, I can see, that people think of or do."

"It's horrible!" said Olympia hotly, leaving her sofa. "Everybody in the world's a rogue but me."

"And Oscar," said Firefly, gravely.

"And—and—" "Forsyth, may be," was at the tip of her tongue, but her anxiety to do everybody justice did not enable her to get beyond "and."

"And—" began Firefly: but she, too, broke down.

"Then you do not enjoy life—you who have always lived in the middle of the world?"

"I don't know what you mean by the middle of the world—as for enjoying myself I suppose I shall dance on till I dance into my grave, and if that's enjoyment, I suppose I do."

Something in her last words touched Olympia. Firefly was not eloquent in conversation, that was clear: it was the whole situation, more even than her tone, that gave point to her words.

"I believe you are a good girl," she said, with a suddenness that made Firefly open her eyes wide enough to show the tears in them. "You say you know no good people. You shall know me, then. We will be friends."

But a blank look of disappointment fell over the face of Firefly. She shrugged her shoulders, sighed, and looked down at her work again.

"Pardon, monsieur," she said coldly, "I have no friends but Oscar. He will take care that I have no more." She stopped abruptly, and began to sew thrice as hard as before, humming a tune the while. Suddenly her tune stopped, and she buried her face in the shaggy fleece of her bear, who submitted to the caresses she showered upon him with stolid philosophy.

Suddenly, as if it flashed upon him that the stranger was in some way connected with a torrent of affection on the part of his mistress that puzzled his slowly moving mind, he turned round, looked at Olympia, showed his upper teeth for a moment, and then lifted up his nose and howled. Firefly was compelled to raise her face, and Olympia saw that it was wet with a rain of tears.

"What have I said? What have I done?" she thought. "Are there more riddles still? She refuses my friendship, and then cries as if she were heartbroken. What shall I do now? How would a man comfort a crying girl? Poor little thing! I hope to goodness I shan't begin to cry too.—Ah, there's somebody else mixed up with this than a bear."

She rose at the thought of a romance like a fish at a fly. Having waited till Firefly had managed to dry her cheeks,

"Is there *nobody*," she asked, "but Oscar, for whom you care?"

"What makes you think that? You're a very curious young man to think a girl would care about anybody but him."

Olympia had tripped again: but she was interested, as any girl would be, and her whole face expressed most unmanly sympathy with a possible love tale of which some other man must be the hero.

She knew nothing of the effervescent ways and easily provoked emotions of those connected with the stage, or she would have thought little of what she had seen. If she had been really a man who knew something about the feel of the boards he would have taken all these tears for a challenge, and have only thought whether he should accept it or no. No wonder Firefly had called her a very curious young man.

But Olympia was no psychologist. "Sure that's true: I am a very curious—young man," she said, understanding the "curious" in a sense more traditionally appropriate to a daughter of Eve. "May be I'll help you. I've read books upon books about love, and know all about it from beginning to end."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" said Firefly, half smiling at Olympia's grave announcement through the tears that still hung in her eyes, "if you were a girl perhaps you might understand better than by reading, if that is all you know. Since I have learned reading I have read something—and I have seen it on the stage: and bah! much they know of it, those wise men that write books and plays. Only a girl could tell about love, and then she would not dare."

"What made you so angry when I said we would be friends?"

"Because I thought you were going to talk like the rest of them, and that is a sign for Oscar to show his teeth and swear. But he only put up his dear nose and howled when I cried: that showed I was wrong. What makes you so different from other young men that Oscar even is quiet with you? Ah, you are in love, monsieur, with somebody who is good, and that makes you so good and sage."

"No," said Olympia scornfully. "Love is all nonsense, out of books and in. It was invented by people who write novels and lies. I'm in love with nobody, and never have been and never will be. Sure you're not in love with any of those horrible young men at the play? Oh, if women could only see men as they are, out of the books that men write for them, the men might whistle for wives."

"Ah, but they're not all horrible, not at all," said Firefly quickly. "And if I know one—or two, there will be more."

Olympia was once more on firm ground. Firefly might be her mistress behind the mimic scenery of the stage, but had clearly not been initiated, like Olympia, behind the scenes of the wickedness and treachery of the world. How else would she have spoken of love without a sneer? But if she meant to keep up the part she was playing, she let herself lose sight of many little things. Girls are quick and proud to confide their secrets to sympathising girls, but neither a princess nor a ballet girl, however inured to an atmosphere

of frankness, would at a first interview be ready to set the music of her heart play for the benefit of a stranger who is a man, and a young man besides. Firefly might not suspect, but Olympia's cast-off sex must have been still clinging about her tones and her eyes.

"And who is the one that is not horrible?" asked Olympia.

But Firefly, who had fired up in defence of her paragon, at once drew in her horns.

"He is somebody I used to know—that is all."

"Surely you don't mean Major Sullivan?"

"What—Monsieur le Général? Oh, monsieur!" and a sudden little laugh rippled over the surface of her last sigh.

"An actor, then, I suppose?"

"No, indeed—he is a real gentleman."

"Actors are the only real gentlemen," said Olympia from the height of her superior wisdom. "They let you know they're pretending, and the others don't—nobody's a real gentleman off the stage. I suppose you mean he's somebody higher than you. Yes, I've always read that real gentlemen—your sort, I mean—like to amuse themselves behind the scenes. If he was a real gentleman of my sort, if there were any, you wouldn't have to cry when you think of him. Is he going to marry you?"

"Monsieur, you are saying very strange things. It is not his fault that he does not marry me to-morrow."

"Of course it is not his fault!" said Olympia triumphantly. "*Of* course it is all yours. Of course you love him, and you think he loves you. What's his excuse for not marrying you?"

"I am the most miserable girl of all the world! He does love me indeed—but what can he do, when he is obliged to marry another girl?"

"I knew it! She is rich and you are poor."

"Monsieur, you shall not say such things—they are not true. They were *fiancés* before he ever knew me—that is, before"——

"A real gentleman indeed, to make love to you, and then coolly tell you he is engaged to another girl! I don't know French, but I suppose that's what you mean—and I do know the world now, so I'm sure. And he is cheating her too. If he is a real gentleman, why doesn't he tell her and give her up, like a real man?"

"Because he has a noble heart, monsieur—that is why! Because ah, he told me all the story—because she was poor, poorer than I am, and had no friend but him—because she had refused to be rich for his sake—because he was obliged to protect her, and because he would be a traitor and a coward and a scoundrel if he gave her up;

and so he would be, monsieur. But, *à Dieu merci*, he loves me all the same."

"You are sure that other girl is poorer than you?"

"Quite sure, monsieur. He told me, so it is true."

"Sure you have a trusting heart, my poor girl. But that other girl—how you must hate her! And what an idiot she must be not to feel he doesn't love her, and how mean-spirited if she isn't a fool. What could have made you love him so much that you'ld rather give him up than let him do what was base and mean?"

"How can you ask, monsieur? I am a poor girl, as you see, without a friend but my dear old Oscar. I could neither read nor write, monsieur, till he showed me how—I didn't think what was right and what was wrong. I could only dance and go head over heels—*voilà tout.* Monsieur, he came down to me straight from the skies!"

"Of course he is handsome?"

"I don't know—I only know he's quite different from other men. You are more handsome, monsieur; but he is more like a man."

"It is a wonderful story—but thank God if there's one man like what you say. Not that I'll believe it, all the same."

"But you don't know him, monsieur. And then men do not see the good in the men they know. But you will never see him, so perhaps you will believe when you hear. I was all alone but for Oscar—I had never spoken to a friend. He did not tell me I am pretty, or try to make me talked about with him. He was above me, ever so far: he is good and wise, and used to teach me and scold me. I tried to be wise, so that he might not look down quite so much upon me. He taught me everything that I did not know, monsieur—everything in the world. He told me all about foreign countries, and boats, and bears. He made me think that one ought not to go head over heels into one's grave. He knew everything, and could do everything—except dance—and I knew nothing and could do nothing at all. He made me hate everything, and made me so miserable, monsieur—and so happy!"

"He is older than you?"

"A little. And he never told lies, even in fun, and used to make me laugh till I cried."

"Ah!" exclaimed Olympia, suddenly leaving her sofa and beginning to walk up and down the room. "And first you were angry with him for lecturing and scolding you, and then you hated him more than anybody else you knew, and you were vexed because he paid you no compliments, and then somebody else did, and you felt

you would rather be thought bad and foolish by him than good and wise by all the world, so long as he thought anything of you—then you'ld let him say anything he liked as long as he said it to you—and you were ashamed of his despising you, and proud of his teaching you, and you'ld rather be looked down on by him than up to by a king—and you'ld rebel against him just to see how well he'ld put you down. And you'ld love art or—foreign countries, was it?—just because he did, and you'ld work and think it was for yourself when it was only to get a crumb of praise—and you call this being in love, do you? And if that's love"——

It was her own story that she had just heard in other words. It was a moral equation—as Firefly's unknown lover was to Firefly, so had Forsyth been to her. The parallel was so exact that not the divergence of a hair's breadth was to be found. If Firefly called this love, what must it be called by her? She dared not answer her own question, but hurried on without heeding Firefly's astonished gaze.

"Ah, I believe more in your hero now—may be he couldn't help himself, nor you. But I'll not believe in that other girl. She's poorer than him, and wants his money. She can't be honest—she'ld never be so blind. But you know how to love, that's plain, and if he taught you how a word must be kept if it kills you, and you must give up your life before his honour—that's what *I* call love, and"——

Suddenly Olympia, too completely launched on the course of her own thoughts to regard the movements of her companion, and with her eyes, as usual, wandering away in search of an invisible horizon, started to feel a timid arm stealing round her waist, and to hear the hurried, eager, half-whispered exclamation close to her ear,

"Monsieur! You are not a man—you are a girl!"

Firefly could not know that no man could ever speak thus of love, or thus express the whole inner heart of a girl. But her soul knew it, and rushed through the now transparent barrier of Olympia's disguise to greet the heart that had echoed her own. She seized Olympia's hand in both of hers and looked up at her with almost triumphant eyes. Olympia turned crimson, and was ready to sink underground for shame. But it was too late for denial: she stood revealed.

"Ah," exclaimed Firefly, as Olympia tried vainly to stammer out a No, "Oscar was right all the time!"

"For Heaven's sake, say nothing about this—how could you find out? What a miserable actress I must be—how could you know?

Please keep my secret—I can't tell you why—but if you only knew all—I *must* be a man now—yes, I must be one ten times more, and not be found out again."

Firefly, so far from thinking of betraying her, looked at her with admiration and even with awe.

"You must be a real lady," she said, rather inconsequentially. "I never spoke to a real lady before. But I am so glad you are not a *monsieur;* I did so wish we could be friends."

She looked so gentle and humble that Olympia, freed from the embarrassment of having a part to play, assumed the *rôle* of patron.

"And we will be friends now," she said, "so long as you keep my secret. You are a good girl—you are the real lady. You know how to love like a queen."

"But how brave you must be! Do you always go about as a man?"

"Always. No, don't ask me anything else; I am—sure if I haven't forgotten my name. Never mind; Major Sullivan knows, and when he comes in I'll write it down. Let me see, what is yours?"

"Firefly. Don't you know?"

"I won't call you Firefly. What is your real name?"

"Miséricorde."

"What a name! it's as bad as my own. I can't talk French; I'll have to call you Cora. Oh, I'm so glad you found me out; I won't be alone now. I'll be bold enough for a boy now, and I'll have some one to talk to and some one to look after too. I'm getting to understand things now, and I'll take care you shall always be the lady you are."

"Oh, mons—mademoiselle"——

"Monsieur, if you please, till you know my name. You have sworn never to call me mademoiselle. And now, who is He? You may tell me now."

Firefly shyly drew from her dress a small locket, and opened the spring. Olympia took it, and carried it to the candle, so that she might examine the portrait that it contained more closely, drawing Firefly after her with the chain. She looked, and then, with a start, let the miniature of Gerald Westwood fall from her hand.

First she looked at Firefly in utter wonder. He, the playmate whom she had once loved as a brother, but had always looked down upon from the higher level of her age and nature, to have impressed any girl, whoever she might be, with his claims to be Wisdom and Goodness rolled into one—it was too incredibly absurd. Even so might some wiser woman than Olympia wonder why Forsyth had

received from her the honour paid to Gerald by Firefly. But it was not astonishment that made her draw herself up and crush her heel against the floor as though trampling the locket into dust. Gerald was indeed a double villain. He had not only been false to herself but had tricked Firefly into believing a tale of pretended self-sacrifice as an excuse for deserting her in order to marry a richer girl. She had already thought that the word "self-sacrifice" had come to his lips with singular ease, and now she knew why. Well indeed had Sullivan said "Love the poor and marry the rich—'tis the way of the world." She could hardly believe it of Gerald when her reason gave proof of his baseness; but she could not disbelieve her own eyes and ears.

"So this is the man with 'the noblest heart,' is it, that you love better than all the world?"

Firefly looked up with wonder at her tone of intense scorn.

"And you believe all he says—every word?"

"*Mon Dieu!* if he told me I didn't love him, that's the only thing I would not believe. I would believe him if he told me that that tablecloth is black."

"And you believe him when he tells you that—that the girl he has to marry is poor, and would marry him whether he will or no?"

"Why not? If she was rich and he was poor he would have to marry her if he was bound. It is he that told me one must not break one's word, and therefore it is true."

"It is horrible! And Gerald"——

"How? You know his name?"

"You told it me just now. Yes, you did—it slipped out when you didn't know." She was not going to be found out a second time. "What should you do if that other fool of a girl was to set him free?"

"Oh, monsieur, I should go mad with joy!"

"Then—if he is such a prize—you may be sure she will never set him free. You must make up your mind never to see this Gerald again."

"Don't I know it? Have we not promised to bear it long ago? Oh, why do you speak so hardly?"

"My poor girl, I speak like that because I know the world. Thank God I met you—that I know how to behave like a man now. I have only to play at being a scoundrel and I'll do. Go on trusting: but I'll take care you shall never speak to another man but me."

"Please," said Firefly, looking up at her imploringly, "let me keep with you; I don't want to speak to any but you and Oscar,

now He's gone. *O, Ciel,* what shall I do! There's my father and Monsieur le Général, and supper not begun to be laid."

"Never mind, Cora," said Olympia, boldly. "I'm not afraid of such cowards as men. I wondered why men's clothes made me feel like a coward, and now I know."

"*Mais,* monsieur, you are a brave girl!"

"Oho, Miss Misérícorde," said the Major, "ye've been makin' love to me friend Charley, have ye? Ye'd better turn in, me boy; I'm afraid we've kep y'up, Joe an' I. Ye'll find your room on the top o' them stairs. I'll look y'up to-morrow mornin', an' see how ye like your quarthers."

Olympia, with a warning look at Firefly, ran up stairs without a word. And so ended her first day's experience of the longed-for life of a man.

## CHAPTER V.

He held that all things are devised
To be by chemists synthesised,
That, from each pair, there thus may be a
Projection of some third idea:
That love from opposites is bred,
As white is born from green and red,
And that, like white, 'twould ne'er be seen
If green were wed with blue or green:
That 'tis from discords that we call
Our fullest harmonies of all—
As if the chorus of the birds
Sang not in unisons and thirds,
Or as if Flora's hues were blent
By contrast and by complement,
To suit the laws ordained as hers
By *savants,* taught by milliners,
Who the Forget-me-Not eschew
Because its hues are green and blue.
In "Like likes Like" lies Nature's skill,
And always did, and always will.

It may be remembered that Firefly's only knowledge of the poet whose fame is conventionally supposed to be more than co-extensive with the English language was confined to the fact that the public-house near the Phœnix Theatre had been named after and perhaps kept by somebody named Shakespeare. The sign was not wholly inappropriate, for the Shakespeare was an actor's house of call and the fountain from which many of those employed at the Phœnix drew their inspiration.

A few evenings after the treaty of mutual aid and protection had been drawn up between Mrs. Westwood's pupil in propriety and the ballet-girl, the bar of the Shakespeare was as thronged as it had been many hundreds of evenings before. The performance was over, and some of those who had been working hard to amuse others were now making others work to amuse them in their turn. The Phœnix toiled late, but the Shakespeare toiled later still, and would work on till the Argus called London was pleased to open one of his other eyes.

"Talking of swells," said one, "who was the specimen that came behind to-night?"

"How should I know? Some swell that's had enough of Fop's Alley, I suppose, and wants to write a book of travels about the other side of the water. I tell you I was ashamed of you all to-night—every one of you. You disgraced the profession. One would think none of you fellows had ever played to any above costermongers in your lives."

"Come! If it comes to that, I don't think you got much by slapping him on the back and calling him your dear boy."

"No, I didn't—and that shows what sort of a swell the fellow must be. I've played at the Oberon before I ever heard of this hole, and slapped a duke on the back before now, and he liked it too."

"Let me see—wasn't it when you came to the Phœnix that they gave up the Bear?"

"I should think it was—as though I'ld play in the same piece with a Bear! The profession's going to the dogs; but I'm not going to make myself a monkey yet awhile. Well, the swell didn't get much fun to-night, that's one comfort. Did you see the snub he got from the Fly?"

"Oh, the Fly—that's nothing. She never speaks to anybody now she's taken up with that young fellow."

"I never saw such a case of jealousy," said another. "He comes with her every night, never speaks to anybody himself, and won't let her look at anybody but him."

"He's an uncommon good-looking young fellow, though. I doubt if he's English, and those foreign fellows will have a knife in you as soon as look at you. But who'ld ever have thought such a thing of the Fly?"

"I would. I'ld think it of any woman. Does anybody know him? Has anybody ever heard him say a word but 'Yes' and 'No'?"

"You're talking of young Seaward, I suppose?" said a new comer. "I know something about him—he's an artist; but if you ask me where mademoiselle picked him up, that's more than I can say. Any way, she doesn't seem inclined to drop him down again. The last thing I know of him is that he and she walked away as lovingly as usual from the stage door, arm in arm. That's what comes of those stuck-up girls—I never saw a girl so far gone in all my days. There's one thing though I'll say for her—it isn't every girl that will flatter up a man's conceit by letting all the world see she's his slave. Hulloa, young man—where are you pushing to? Oh, if you want to pay, that's another thing. Here, Brown—here's actually one of your customers who wants to pay!"

But how and why it was that a customer who was eager to pay his reckoning had found his way to the Shakespeare, and why he behaved himself so much at variance with the custom of the place, is sufficiently remarkable to require a longer history.

While he who loved Olympia forced himself to condemn her, he who was to have been her husband believed in her still. Not loving her except in the old brotherly way, he had no misgivings: towards her his heart, and therefore his judgment, was unclouded. He knew that she had never told a lie, except for honour's sake, and that all her thoughts and actions, to all who cared to read them, were as open as the day. He had never thought ill of anybody in his life—except Tom Harris: and he was not going to begin with her. Starting from the opposite point of view to that of Forsyth, he argued, perhaps not much less soundly, that what was incredible could not be true. Her departure at the same time with the Major was a coincidence—nothing more. She had gone to London to carry out her insane scheme of making a fortune with her own hands. She had done so for his sake, and had not said a word about it even to him because she already knew that he disapproved, and would have prevented her. She had already refused a coronet for his sake, and this was a new sacrifice—wild indeed, but not the less real—for him. She was slandered, and he must prove her innocent—she was alone in London, and he must save her from a million perils. He could understand, or thought he could understand, her unwillingness to come to him (now once more a rich man) without a penny, and to be exposed to the charge of having schemed to win him. Everything she did would be of necessity, and according to her nature, outrageously sudden, wild, and generously unreasonable. This was his judgment and he knew her, or believed he knew her, from top to toe.

Alas! This was all very generous—but is not everybody, even the frank-souled Gerald Westwood, more or less a Lord Wendale, whose best acts and impulses may spring from fountains that he who follows them in the very best faith would blush to look upon?

It was with a strange wild feeling of relief, like a criminal who is suddenly reprieved, that Gerald, after the first moment of astonishment, heard the news that had filled all the rest of the household with dismay. He was not released from his betrothal by scandal that he could not believe, but its fulfilment was delayed. Nay, he was seized with a shameful desire, which he sought to dismiss at once before it was formed, that he *could* believe the tale that the others found so easy to swallow. If she had gone off with the Major, she would be disgraced, but he would be free. He deserved no blame for the wish, which, in a more Lord Wendale-like nature, would no doubt have become a thought also.

Olympia was right—he was as false as a man could be. No sooner had he pledged his word to her than he had broken it for the sake of a pair of blue eyes.

After all, the blue eyes had been before the brown eyes in the field. They were the first that had welcomed back to England the young man who had had nothing to do with blue eyes or black since he was a boy, and no doubt they did their work more subtly than the shy lad, who could rescue a bear from a broken neck but could not look at the bear's mistress without blushing, was aware. In any case the generous champion of Olympia had come back heart-whole to the little dancing girl. Men mostly must look down, or at least fancy they look down, in order to love in the grand style: how could he give the protecting love of a man to the girl whose head was always enveloped in clouds that he could not fathom, and whose heart was always bursting with desires that he could not comprehend? He must look up to Olympia; but Firefly looked up to him. To the first he was still the child of her own childhood: to the other he was a man and a hero. To love the first was a duty, to love the second was a joy.

It was the story, over again, of Forsyth and Olympia—burlesqued, perhaps, but not the less real. Possibly Olympia herself was not quite so immaculate in the matter of loyalty that she could afford to throw stones. He, alone and friendless in the midst of London, had found a friend. Life grew more idyllic among the paving stones than that of the lost Lord Calmont at Don Pedro's *quinta*. The young sailor no more dreamed that he was falling over head and ears in love than he could help it, and she, whom hard work and a

ear's friendship had kept more pure in heart than all the prayers of convent, went into love with open though unsuspecting eyes.

History without events is hardly possible: there is no history ther of Gerald's life in London, or of the golden age. In after ears, Gerald Westwood, when he recalled this month or more of overty and disgrace, could only remember that it was the happiest onth in all his years. He worked with his own hands all day long for is daily bread. He was often hungry, he never amused himself, nd he made no friends but two—a bear that could not speak, and a irl that could not read. He was engaged to a girl whom he could ot marry, he had lost his profession and prospects, had quarrelled ith his family, and had been disappointed in friendship. He ought o have been as miserable as the day was long, and he was as happy s the days were short. He kept his health, he had no leisure for inking, and was in love without knowing it—the three beatitudes hich compose the eighth heaven. A great man who possessed the ree gifts of genius, uninterrupted good fortune, and an unlimited apacity for enjoyment, declared that in the course of a long life he ad once been happy for as much as two weeks. Gerald's gifts were ne better, for he was happy for four.

Time was too precious to be wasted in sleep. The Firefly was a ightbird, so that he had to woo late and work early. Happily it id not follow that because he knew her he was obliged to see too uch of Monsieur Drouzil or Monsieur Drouzil's friends. So long s she made enough money and never forgot to lay out supper she ight amuse herself during her leisure hours after midnight as she leased. They had never hung heavy on her hands, for she had her eedle, her bird, and Oscar: but before long she must have wondered, she ever thought of anything but the present hour, how she could ave found even these resources sufficient for all her needs. She ad no Mrs. Westwood to instruct her in the proprieties, and her our-footed guardian and chaperon gave Gerald tacit permission to isit her as soon and as late as he pleased after his work and hers was lone. Night was her day and midnight her noon: according to her xperience, the first hours of the morning were the orthodox hours for morning call.

After a time Gerald used to find himself at the stage-door of the Phœnix, or near it, about the time when the performance was over. He never went into the house, for the young man who had once stonished the Phœnix by going there in full dress had still enough of the spirit of The Laurels in him to be ashamed of the chance of being remembered by those who had stared at him in the uniform of

gentility. He could not divest himself of the uniform of a gentleman, seeing that he could not take off his skin: but if any man thinks it easy to give up the respect that is paid to clothes, let him try. Moreover, even from the first, he had an insuperable objection to see the blue-eyed and golden-haired girl, whom he knew to be the merest child in heart, posing in paint and spangles before an audience such as that which frequented the Phœnix. It would have been worse, perhaps, if all these people had been dukes and duchesses, but it was bad enough as it was: and, as he could not bear to think of it, he kept away and hid his eyes. The ostrich is a wise bird—if he cannot alter facts he can alter fancies, which are the more important things of the two, and often much harder facts than the facts themselves. He preferred to think of her only as he saw her, and not as she might be seen any night by hundreds of eyes besides his own.

So he waited patiently till she came out in her bonnet and shawl, and then saw her home. They had plenty to talk about: they were seldom silent, and never both at a time. When they reached home there was a great deal to be done. She did not, like Olympia, try to march him off straight to dreamland. Instead of trying to teach, she tried hard to learn, patiently and with reverence. He, whose very spelling was doubtful and who knew nothing but what his own experience had taught him, was to her the incarnation of knowledge and of wisdom besides.

As for the poor girl herself—but little, if anything, need be said of her. She has already told her story to Olympia, and the additional details that Gerald knew consisted of nothing more than the names of places which, except in name, were all the same to her. The universe was a stage, and Monsieur Joseph Drouzil its manager. Gerald set up a fiction, in which he resolutely believed, that the girl was a princess changed at nurse or stolen: he could not or would not think that the brandy-sodden ruffian of a posture master could have created that part of the universe which was called Firefly. There was no reason, however, beyond his own wish, for justifying his intuition: the Joseph Drouzil might have been a very different sort of vessel when it first floated from the hands of the ship-builder, and he too, in his time, might have received the worship of some higher soul, however incredible such a thing might seem. Gerald was, or rather had been, thoughtless and careless enough, but he believed in God as well as in honour, and it was terrible to find one so fair to look upon, so pure and gentle by nature, seemingly as utterly devoid of a soul as her bear. He gave her his heart, and, by *slow* degrees, it became a soul.

So, in watching and welcoming the transformation of the Firefly into a loving woman, the days and nights slipped by. Not a word of love talk had passed between them when, one unlucky evening, a thought of the most pressing prose broke into this idyll of London. His luggage still lay unclaimed in Covent Garden. It would have been a curious piece of forgetfulness if his head had contained room for more thoughts than one at a time, and if he, in his present circumstances, had not been ashamed to meet the eye of the waiter in the coffee-room. Why it is that all mankind should stand in such shame-faced awe of the race of waiters is a question too profound for any psychologist that the world has yet known or perhaps ever will know: but it is certainly a fact that every waiter is a mesmerist of the first water. Gerald, however, managed to recover his luggage by means of a messenger, who, besides his portmanteau, brought him a packet which had been forwarded to the hotel and which was the last thing in the world that he expected to see.

The packet consisted of the four letters from his mother directed to the care of T. Harris, Esq., R.N., and sent by the latter, after some delay, to the last address given by Gerald to anybody since he had left home. All was forgiven, and he was implored to return at once in order to marry his cousin as soon as he pleased. It was from them that he learned how Lord Wendale had proposed to Olympia and had been refused. He dashed the letters to the other end of the room and sat down in despair. That evening he and Firefly learned from one another all that they had gained and all that they must lose.

Perhaps he ought not to have allowed her tears to open his whole heart to her and to make him tell himself, and her too, that he loved her better than all the world. But he was no Forsyth who had schooled himself to suffer all things and to make no sign. He was besieged with a thousand temptations besides her irresistible tears. He might act as if he had never received these letters at all—he might marry Firefly, and so render the fulfilment of his duty to Olympia impossible. How the conflict ended we know. He may have judged like a blockhead, but he certainly judged like a gentleman.

What was right to Gerald was right to Firefly. She could not help protesting with her tears, but she never once protested against her doom by her words. And now, though more than ever bound in love to Firefly, he was more than ever, in honour, bound to Olympia. She had shown, as it appeared to him, such boundless loyalty and devotion that if he spent his whole life in righting her he should yield her no more than her due.

"Where are you going? What are you doing?" asked his mother, when she found him busily packing up within an hour after Forsyth had turned his back upon The Laurels.

"I am going to find Olympia. She is in London, and I am going there."

"Are you gone out of your senses?"

"If I am, I shall soon know."

"But in London"——

"If she was in the moon I must do all I can to find her. Even in London one can find what one looks for in seventy years. If I'm wrong, I'm a fool: but if I didn't go, after all that's been said, I should be a blackguard. You wouldn't wish me to be that, I'm sure."

She knew, when he spoke in that tone, that she might as well speak to the wind.

"That's the reward one gets for indulgence," she said. "That comes of sparing the rod—one's nieces go off with majors and one's sons call one names. Never mind—young people think old ones fools, but old ones know what young people are." She had been beaten, but had won the last word. Gerald did not answer her, but went on with his packing all the same. It was certainly an obstinate family on both sides.

The Captain, who had shown himself quite as obstinate as any of them, took another line.

"Gerald, my boy," he said gently, "I'm worn out of my life by all this, and if you hear of my blowing out my brains or hanging myself, don't you be surprised—that's all. I've got myself to thank for it"——

"Father—what are you talking about?"

"I meant all for the best, my boy—all for the best, by George! When I say I'll hang myself, of course I don't mean that, but it's all the same thing. I'm off my head, and that's where I am. You stop quietly at home, there's a good boy. I know what you don't know"——

"I wish, sir, you would tell me what you know."

"That's just where it is. By George!" he groaned, "if it was put in print they'd say it was a lie. I wouldn't believe it if it was in the county paper."

"Nor would I, if it said Olympia had run away with Major Sullivan. I wouldn't believe it if it was in the log-book. Look here, father, I must go and I will go. I shall find her out, never fear, and bring her back safe and sound. Just think what may become of her! I suppose *you* don't want me to be a blackguard, father?"

"God forbid, my boy. But if you find she's with Sullivan?"

"*If* she's with Sullivan I'll let her stay with Sullivan. She wouldn't

be our Olympia, that's all, and it's our Olympia I mean to find. How can you believe such tales?"

"Well, good-bye, my boy," he said sadly. "And if anything happens, you'll believe I meant it for the best. I've tried to be a good father and do right by everybody, and it's hard to—there, God bless you, and I hope you're right, but I know you're not, all the same."

So Gerald, who had said good-bye to Firefly for ever, returned to the city in which every brick spoke eloquently of her and of nothing but her. One resolution he carried up with him—whatever might happen, he would never see her again. Every thought of her was now falsehood and treason. He did not palter with himself by saying that her soul had claims upon him that he ought not to disregard. His was not a mind in which two opposite courses of action could, at the same time, both be right and neither wrong. It was Firefly or Olympia, love or honour: and his choice had been made.

And the result of all this was that, before the evening was over, he was looking at Firefly from an obscure corner in the pit of the Phœnix, and had found his way into the Shakespeare for the sake of hearing her name and, perhaps, some news of her at second or third hand.

## CHAPTER VI.

We doubted, quarrelled, tore ourselves asunder,
  Faith mimicked falsehood, hope was like despair:
We doubt not, strive not: calmly now we wonder
  Why we were happy—yet we know we were.
Then passed no day but left twelve hours of sadness,
  Then came no night but brought twelve hours of pain;
Now night brings rest, and day gives hope and gladness,
  And—could we only weep, and love, again!

No wonder that after what he had heard he was anxious to pay his reckoning and be gone.

He who could not believe harm of Olympia was not likely to believe evil of Firefly. But this was not in the bargain—he had not left her in order that she might fall a victim to public-house slander. It was only too likely, as he felt rather than knew, that she who had learned the need of friendship and companionship only to lose it should have been driven to supply the place of a lover with a friend, and, though the jealousy of the dog in the manger rose up in him, he could throw no blame upon her. There were plenty of Charles Seawards about, as he knew, ready enough to take advantage of the

desolation of the Fireflies. To know that much there was no need to have read of Bacchus and Ariadne.

No; he would see her no more, except to warn her; and also, perhaps, to prove that he had as little cause for jealousy as he had the right to be jealous of one who was henceforth nothing more to him than one whom he had loved, and loved still. That, also, was duty; and having done all he could as a friend for her whom he loved he would be able, with a heart comparatively at ease, to do his imperative duty for her whom he loved as a friend.

He did not believe in this fellow Seaward; but his incredulity did not give him sleep, and the next afternoon he found himself less guided by his own free will to the lodgings of Monsieur Joseph Drouzil than drawn there independently of his will. What should he do when he got there? What was he going to say? However, it is a wise moth that knows what he is going to do when he reaches the flame, and this particular moth was certainly no wiser than his fellows. In spite of the earliness of the hour, considered from Firefly's point of view, the way was so natural for him to take that he could have scarcely taken any other. His hand paused and trembled on the handle of the door of Monsieur Drouzil's room, but he opened it and made a step across the threshold.

"Gerald! *Mon Dieu!*"

It was the cry of startled joy itself; but it did not last long enough for him to read it in all its fullness. Still it was enough, and more. He had come to London to search for Olympia, and in that moment Olympia took her flight from the world.

"You have come back to me! She has made you free! She is"——

Her eyes asked the rest: it is to be feared that the word "dead" was floating about somewhere below her brain. And why not? What meant death to her rival would mean life to her.

He could scarcely look her in the face or bring out a word. "No. I am come—I am come to say good-bye."

She had started up to meet him. What could his coming ever mean but joy? But such a wilderness of sorrow came into her face—the very blackest of April clouds. How could he have thus come back to her out of a dream unless her rival had died? And she had not died.

"Oh, Gerald! Are we to spend our lives in saying adieu?"

What could he say? His visit itself was selfish cruelty unless he felt himself free to clasp her to his heart as he burned to do. He *had* not seen her or heard her voice for days.

"My darling, I never meant to have come. I wish to God my tongue had been cut out before I told Olympia I would marry her when I didn't know what I was saying. But I came; how could I help it? And I'm all the more bound to her now. As if she hadn't given up everything else, she's lost her good name besides for me."

Poor Firefly sighed, and gave a little moaning cry.

"Then—then why do you come to me again? Did we not say adieu? Did not saying it make me almost happy to think I loved one so noble? Oh, I had made up my mind to bear—I could have borne all but seeing you again."

"I wish you could unlove me—no, I can't wish that; what a hideous, selfish beast I am! But there's one thing I can't bear, darling. I come to warn you. I've heard things said that I can't believe, and I can't rest till I've heard you say they're not true. I can't unlove you; and if I could"——

Firefly, whom nothing could persuade that he was not a hero and the wisest of mankind even if he had been proved the vilest, trembled into gathering tears.

"What have you heard—what have I done but love you always?"

"What a miserable pair we are! What a fool I have been. Do you really love me still?"

"Oh, Gerald, if you had to marry hundreds and hundreds of wives I would love you the best of them, though I mightn't ever see you or have one word."

"Just for that I'm glad I came once more. We may take one minute more to love each other in before—my darling, I oughtn't to ask you to love me now, but I do."

"You can't ask me not to love you. I don't give up that if I give up you."

"What a load you have taken off me! it makes me almost happy. How can there be such liars in the world!—and nobody ever hears a lie without taking for granted it's true. I'm just the same; I've been half crazy with jealousy."

"You jealous of me?"

"I'm not now, though. I heard some wretched cads from the Phœnix talking about you"——

"About me?"

"And some fellow called Seaward. I felt inclined to get up and tell them they lied, only I wouldn't have your name mixed up in a pot-house squabble. Is there such a fellow?"

"Seaward?—you heard of me and—and Seaward?"

"Is there such a fellow, then?"

"Oh, Gerald—surely you couldn't think—why she—he"——

"I never heard your name mentioned with any man's before."

Firefly was quick-witted: he had never found her unready with an answer till now. The truth was as quick to spring to her lips as to be born in her heart: she had had no teacher of morals but Oscar, and she had not learned from him how to evade truth, much less how to speak falsely. Her moment's hesitation meant more than another woman's lie.

"Oh, Gerald—if you only knew—it is so absurd, so strange!"

"Come, tell me! I have had secrets and mysteries enough, by George! Please don't let us say good-bye with a secret on our minds."

She looked up at him eagerly. The look itself was a caress, almost a smile. It was the April face that he had once kissed, and once only, with a ray of the old sunlight finding its way through the new cloud. Firefly might suffer perhaps more sharply than those who suffer more deeply, but even if she were dying a smile would not be very far away.

"*Mon Dieu*, how you would laugh and stare if you knew all!"

"I shall never laugh again," he said, with an implied rebuke. "Who is he that they say takes your arm and is never away from your side and that will not let you speak to a soul but him?"

She looked a little frightened. "Please, Gerald, don't ask me. I mustn't tell—I promised not to tell."

Her incapacity for telling even a white lie ought to have reassured him and made him rest satisfied with her secret even if it was for ever unsolved. But what lover, in his place, ever did what he ought to do?

"Then he does take your arm and is always with you? For Heaven's sake say 'No.' Do you think because I am bound to tear myself from you that I can leave you to be talked about in pot-houses—good God! I came to hear you say it is not true. Let new love come in time if it must, but not now, while I can't help loving you still, before you're off with the old. I don't believe it; but don't send me away from you wretched. Say who he is—tell me it is all nothing—but I can't live with such a thing as that upon my mind."

Her smile was gone now. "Oh, Gerald, don't speak like that! You make me think I'm doing wrong."

"Firefly! You are keeping me on the rack. I must know for your sake—how can I tell into what hands you mayn't have fallen? Who is he? I know his name is Seaward—that he is a painter: so

no doubt I can find out if I please. Is he any relation of yours? I have heard of misunderstandings and quarrels about girls' brothers who wanted to hide themselves."

"Gerald! You know I have no relation in the world but my father and Oscar."

"Have you known him—before you knew me?"

"Not a week ago. I saw—him—the day after you went away. Indeed I will tell you all I can"——

"There is nothing that *I* would not tell *you*."

"Yes, there is—it is anything you promised not to tell. It was you that told me a promise must be kept even if it kills. Did you not leave me because you promised? Was it not because you told me it is right to keep a promise that I let you go? It was not because I wanted to, *mon Dieu!* And now you ask me to break mine."

If he had been able to bear this, Gerald would have been more or less than a man. With all his good qualities his mother's son had no fair chance of being born with a larger mind than falls to the common share. To him, as to any other lover, a secret meant treason. It should have occurred to him sooner that he had no right to make any such compact with her as his heart proposed—that he should give her up while at the same time she should remain true to him. He knew that they must be nothing to one another since they could not be all. And yet how could he see the girl whom he loved with all his strength drifting, as it could not but seem, into perdition, and himself, by thus deserting her, the cause? Was it impossible that she, whom he had taught to love, was consoling herself out of sheer loneliness and despair? He was perhaps no wiser than he had been many months ago, but his insight into the possibilities of a woman's heart had grown strangely clear.

He could neither analyse nor lecture: he could only feel. The store of jealousy, to which the train had been laid last night, had taken fire: he felt himself turn pale. It was his first love, and all its emotions were new.

"But I have not promised not to find out about this Seaward," he said, "and I will. Heaven knows I don't distrust you—oh, my darling, whom I love so much, I can't bear this any more. There are bounds to keeping one's word; I have tried hard and failed. I can't be true to one and love another—I can only be true to you. I don't care about a hundred Seawards or a thousand Olympias or anything in the world if I have you. Come, let us forget it all, and

be as we used to be. I will be your husband and you shall be my wife, and we will let everything else go. There—you have won, my own darling—how could I ever think I could give up you?"

For one moment the girl lighted up with joy. She seemed scarcely to touch the ground with her feet, as if she were about to fly to his arms. Suddenly a low growl from the forgotten Oscar made Gerald start. It may or may not have had anything to do with the matter, but the moment for her flight into joy seemed gone.

"You have always been bidding me to do what you said was right, and now you bid me to do what you said was so wrong that you must give up me rather than do it—what am I to do?"

The words may sound cold enough, but they were not cold. Nor did he think so. Passion would not have paused to speak them, but Firefly's was the love of worship which can tolerate in its idol nothing short of perfection. If Gerald had told her it was right to commit murder, to steal, or to lie she would have believed without question; but the newly-born, unworn soul could not see how he who was always right could be himself when he, on his own showing, sought to tempt himself and her to do what he had so crucially convinced her he knew to be wrong. It was not a thought, but an instinct, which is far stronger and far clearer.

But his was not the love of worship. Passion had burst its gates and was sweeping him on with the tide. He had aimed at self-conquest, but he was not quite so cold-blooded a young man as to be able to succeed.

"What's Olympia to you? Why should you make yourself miserable for her? I tell you I'm beginning to hate the girl. If I find her I'll tell her all—I'll tell her that I've behaved like a cad to her if she likes, and I feel I have, but I won't and I can't give up you. How could I marry her and love you!—good God! it's horrible to think of—never see you again"——

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, how can I ever believe what you tell me any more? When you left me was it because you cared for her most after all?"

"You'll send me mad! If you talk like that you don't love me. I see how it is," he said suddenly and passionately, "when I gave you up you gave up me too. I won't ask anything more about that fellow you talk of—I'll go to the Phœnix and see with my own eyes—and if he's after you in the wrong way, and I shall soon know, it shall be so much the worse for him. I'll save you from that, any way, and then—then—" he went on with a miserable attempt to *seem calm*, "I'll put Olympia right, and then I'll go off somewhere

where I shan't see either of you again. I did think that you loved me almost as much as I love you."

He was torturing himself even more than her: but cruelty and self-torment are the two grand attributes of Love before he is old enough to be wise. It was Gerald's first passion: and it came down with a crash upon every note in the confused and unpractised scale.

"Gerald!—Gerald!" she cried out, ready now to say anything, to break every promise rather than let him go. But he was gone.

"Why, Cora!" said a full soft voice from somewhere in the sky above her, "what has happened? You poor foolish child—there, don't cry like that," and she felt an arm placed round her waist. "One would think you were heart-broken. Nothing has happened to Oscar?"

Olympia, who had never given or received a caress since Gerald was a baby, drew the girl's golden head to her bosom and let it rest there, while Firefly sobbed as if she were indeed broken-hearted. Nor had Firefly—save once—ever given or received a caress, except from Oscar: and this unknown, longed-for tenderness made her weep and sob the more.

"What is it, Cora?" asked Olympia, when she thought the tears must be running dry. "You must not cry yourself ill—there's nothing worth crying for like that, I'm sure. You'll be making me cry too, and that would never do. Tell me what it is—I'm your lover now, you know, and you must tell me all."

"I—I can't tell you. I think I shall die."

"Nonsense. People don't die, or I'ld have been dead by now. Is it your father—is it Oscar—is it the Canary?"

"It—it was He."

"He? I'm heart-sick of Hes! Who is it now? Sure you're not crying your blue eyes out about a man? You don't mean"——

"He has been here—and he loves me—and I've sent him away angry: I've made him wretched, and I shall never see him again."

"Cora! Don't tell me Gerald has been here again! He has? Oh, what will I do! When did he come? What has he been telling you?"

"I—he—he wanted to give up that other girl and come back to me: and I"——

"Ah!" exclaimed Olympia, in a bitter tone that was not, however, without a note of triumph. "Now she won't have him he comes back to you. He is a wise young man to have two strings to

his bow. He can't get money, so he must make shift with love. What did you say?"

Firefly suddenly and quickly drew her head away.

"Oh, but she would have him though! He is still bound to her—ten times more, he told me. He wanted to give her up—it is not she that has given up him."

"Not she that gave up him? What—he means to marry her still and keep you too? He dares come and break your heart when he thinks himself bound to—another girl? What did he tell you about that other girl?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing at all?"

"Only what I have said. Oh, you must not be angry with him, indeed! He loves me so much, and it is so hard."

"Cora, you are a little simpleton. It's you I'm angry with, not with him. He's a man. Is he coming here again? I suppose you let him see that you loved him, you poor foolish child?"

"Doesn't he know it without seeing? But no—I know he'll never come near me again. I've lost him, and what will become of us now?"

"Cora, if he ever speaks to you again, tell him—tell him—no, tell him nothing. What did you tell him to-day?"

"I only told him I thought he was doing what he knew wasn't right—that's all."

"You are a good girl, Cora, only I'm afraid you didn't say it as if you meant it.—No," she thought, "I won't have this poor girl made a plaything of by a man that would sell her for money and make her think he's doing something very fine. I'ld let her know what a scoundrel the sneaking hypocrite is, only she'ld hate me; but he shan't have another word with her, if I never let her out of my sight for a year.—There, Cora, that's enough now. Be a good girl, and stop crying, and I'll take care of you, never fear."

"Please—mademoiselle—will you let me let him know who you are?"

"Never—nobody is to know who I am."

"But he thinks I am in love with you."

"Oh, that is charming! That is your quarrel, then? You are quite sure you did not tell? No, Cora, I'm glad—sorry, I mean—that I can't let you tell. Never mind, though—if I'm the only cause, it's only putting off things"—"for ever," she thought, seeing a way of making an irreparable breach between Gerald and the girl whom she wished to save from the love of so contemptible a man. "There,

Cora, dear, you'll laugh at all this one of these days, and if Gerald's what *you* think him he'll laugh too. May be I'll let him know all in good time. You trust to me."

How or why Firefly was to trust to her, Olympia herself would have found rather hard to explain. She only knew that this infinitely trusting and loving girl must be kept safe from harm. But she spoke, as she always did when her impulses outran her thoughts, in a tone of such hope and courage that Firefly, who had now tasted the luxury of leaning upon somebody, caught the vague comfort that was implied in her tone. It was the part of Firefly to obey, even when commanded to hope, as much as it was the part of Olympia to command.

That evening Olympia saw Firefly to the Phœnix, not merely as a matter of course, but as her champion against new and unknown perils, and kept more closely than ever to her side until the performance was over. All things went smoothly until, on leaving the stage door, Firefly, as usual, took her stronger arm to walk home.

The night was not very dark, but the entrance of the theatre was just sufficiently illuminated to make the part of the street immediately outside dim and confusing. As the two went out, the light fell upon them from behind, so that their faces were in almost complete shade. But it fell straight upon any face that met them, and Olympia found herself face to face with him whom she now wished to avoid as much from anger and contempt as from shame—Gerald.

He had come to see the truth with his own eyes; it was not to be expected that, even in a better light, he would, in one moment, have recognised Olympia in her disguise. One does not expect to meet young ladies dressed up as men out of novels and plays. But it was a terrible moment for her, and all the impulses that were at hand boiled up and boiled over. He had come to persecute Firefly again—for her own sake and for Firefly's she must still be Charles Seaward to him—and, for both their sakes, she brimmed over with anger and scorn. He was a liar, a fortune-hunter, a hypocrite, a traitor, a coward. What would she expect a man to do—what would she do if she herself were really a man?

She did not ask herself the question, but she answered it—her answers were apt to come first, and her questionings afterwards. Before Gerald could say a word or even shift his eyes from Firefly to her, she lifted her cane and gave Gerald a sharp cut across the eyes. So sudden and unprovoked was the assault that before he could recover his dazzled sight, or even realise who had struck the blow, she had thrust Firefly into a coach that was waiting for somebody else, was in after her, and was gone.

## CHAPTER VII.

There was a tattered beggar-man,
And he loved a lady well—
"I have a heart to buy," he said,
"And you have gold to sell."

There was a Prince of high degree,
And he loved the lady well—
"I have a crown to buy," he said,
"And you have a heart to sell."

To the beggar-carle she laughed a laugh,
To the Prince she frowned a frown—
"I'll give my gold for the beggar's heart,
But no heart for the Prince's crown."

When Olympia had at last succeeded in escaping from that trying evening of her arrival in London into the solitude of the room in which the Major had placed her, she did not sit down to think upon events and their consequences. She went to bed and went to sleep, and woke up the next morning as miserable, forlorn, and bewildered a young woman as was to be found in all London. She could hardly bear to dress herself up again in those horrible clothes, which had proved unable to conceal her sex from the first stranger with whom she had had more than a moment's conversation. Did men live in these rough, close rooms, and get thrown among Drouzils who drank too much brandy and played cards in their shirt-sleeves? What was she to do with no better guide than Major Sullivan? And yet what she had learned from Firefly showed how absolutely right she had been to run away from home, if only to escape being tricked into a marriage with one who loved another while he made cold, half-hearted love to her. And now, too, her minor troubles began. She had to tell the maid of all work what she would have for breakfast, and whether she meant to dine out or at home. Sullivan would be calling, and she would have to get herself some clothes. She would have to find out what painters did, and how she was to enter the profession of art. All the great and little things that had either been nothings or trifles to the dreamer in the solitude of The Laurels, came upon her like a shower of cold rain, which she faced almost with despair. She a heroine, indeed, when she did not know how to ask for a cup of tea without feeling inclined to sink under the floor! She never felt so utterly unmanlike, so hopelessly a woman, in her life before.

And then there was the humiliating, horrible discovery of last

night that no life that could come to her hereafter, even if she gained all the fame and glory that art and the world can give, would be worth the life that she had left behind her at Gressford St. Mary. In her mad impulse she had escaped from the treacherous plots of Gerald and his mother, but she had escaped also from the master of her mind—as she knew now, of her heart also. "I don't care if he's old and plain and rich," she thought, in her shame. "There's not another man in the world that I'll care to speak to again till I die. He might hate me if he liked—and I'm sure he didn't hate me, for all his odd ways: and I don't love him like they love in books; but if I'd only known all this I might have been with him days more, and have had a life to look back upon while I was trying to make myself good and wise enough for him. And now I'll never be able to look him in the face again. A girl that's gone off in boy's clothes and who's done all that I've done—he'ld turn from me in that cold, sad way of his that would make me die of shame. I wonder if he thinks of me—I wonder if he cares for the girl that he tried so hard to teach to be good and wise, and who's shown him what his teaching's good for. I'd been wanting a dear friend since I was born, and now I've thrown him away. Oh, if I'd only known—if I'd only seen through their tricks before.—But I won't be quite beat: I'll go on. I'll find out a way to be great somehow, and good too, and then may be," she went on, falling into her old trick of castle-building, "may be when I die I'll let him know all I tried to be, and why—why couldn't I have been made his wife, or his daughter, or anything?—I'ld soon have found all the glory and all the life I ever wanted then. Well, I came into the world in a strange way, and a strange world it's been to me; and it's an ill turn the Major did me when he took me up from that battle-field. I ought to be grateful to him, too, but I don't believe I've got a bit of good about me. I'm either mad or wicked—but it's all too late now. I'll drag on though," she said, for her spirit was not going to be self-strangled. "If I can't be a woman, I'll be all He'ld like a man to be."

And she tried. Whatever Sullivan's motives might be—and they were probably complex enough—he kept her secret and, as much as possible, relieved her from the otherwise insuperable difficulties of keeping up her character. It is to be feared that she was really not sufficiently grateful to the man who covered what heart he had under a mask so singularly unattractive. There could be no doubt of the almost pathetic affection of the adventurer for the girl who had once, according to his story, been more than his own child. He was to

her what Oscar was to Firefly, and made himself her admiring slave. With his aid she turned her rooms into a studio and, striving to make herself a second Forsyth, worked energetically all day long. She never left them except to accompany to the theatre the little dancing girl whom she had taken under her wing. She had always, since the puppyhood of Pluto and of Gerald, felt an intense need to love and protect somebody or something, and here was one who needed all the love and protection she had to bestow. Since her grand discovery about Forsyth she could no longer remain self-absorbed or live utterly alone.

Such was her life up to that evening when, goaded by one of those irresistible impulses that were part of her nature, she gave Gerald the blow which, when it was over, frightened her more than it astonished him. She could not find it in her heart to be sorry, however; he deserved it richly, and was not likely now to trouble Firefly any more. What Firefly thought of the matter she could not make out—the poor girl seemed frightened out of her wits, crushed and cowed. It had all passed in such a moment that she could hardly have told whether it was in attack or defence that Olympia used her cane. In any case she did not thank her cavalier for her championship, and said 'Good night' with a coldness that was strangely out of keeping with her usual warm-hearted ways.

Olympia was working at her easel next morning, more industriously, though with her mind less absorbed in her work, than usual, when she received a visit from Major Sullivan.

"To-morrow's the day," he said, "for sending in the pictures to them R.A.'s. I'll do it all for ye, of course. By the way, here's a bit of a paper I'll want ye to put your name to—the real one, Olympia Westwood, ye know. 'Tis time ye put your fingers on that fortune as was left ye in America, and I've made love to some of them boys at the lawyer's office—just gave'm the smooth side o' me tongue, ye know, and it's all in your name in the thrays; and if ye'll just sign this thing they call a power of attorney, I'll be able to draw the dividends for ye as if I was you."

"The money? Oh, I know—what Gerald——no, I won't touch the money. Anybody may take it that likes for me."

"Murder, darlin'! But 'tis twenty thousand pounds—six hundred a year—a hundred and fifty every quarter day—and ye don't care?"

"I'll only care to earn my own bread and let nobody find me. What'll I do with twenty thousand pounds?"

"What would ye do with 'em? Faith, what wouldn't ye do with

'em! Ye might take off them things you're in and go with your old father-an'-mother all over the world if ye please. I'ld take care ye shouldn't be cheated out of a penny of 'em."

"Ah!" she said, suddenly struck by a brilliant idea, "you were once very good to me—there, I'll sign the paper, and you shall have it all. You'll know better what to do with it than me. You shan't say you've lost by being kind to a dying woman and her little girl."

The Major looked at her with a wooden stare: and, for the second time, his eyes had the queer sort of shining look in them that she had seen in them just after he had kissed her forehead.

"Oh, darlin', d'ye think Danny'll be paid by Molly Bawn?"

Something in his tone touched her. "There then," she said, quickly, "sure I didn't mean it in that way. I think you're the very best of them, after all. But take the pounds and things, do—I'ld be ever so happy, and keep them or spend them, only never let me see them—please, Danny, I'll be so glad if you will."

"Faith, then, I will," he said. "But 'tis just as if I won't—I'll have to find some more bones to pick, that's all, and I think I have, too. Good-bye, darlin', and God bless ye—ye paid me the little I did for ye long ago, when ye first laughed up at me—but them's owld times now. I'll see about the picture to-morrow——Come in!"

"Please, sir, a gentleman to see Mr.——"

The servant had no time to finish, for the gentleman was at her heels, and was in the room almost before Sullivan was out of it. The girl had only been told once that no visitors were to be shown up to Mr. Seaward without sending up a card, so her disobedience was no matter of wonder. Olympia looked up, and felt as if struck to stone. She had feared it was Gerald, but it was worse still—it was the Earl of Wendale.

Her folly was finding her out with a vengeance. It is lucky that she did not think of leaping from the two-story window, for most assuredly she would have done it if the idea had entered her mind. She stood paralysed, even to her tongue.

But the Earl, so far from betraying the least astonishment, only bowed politely, and spoke with even more than his usual ease. Could it be possible that he really did not recognise her in her disguise? And, if not, what could he be doing up such a flight of stairs in such a part of the town?

"I suppose I must introduce myself," he said, as unembarrassed as if she were not as obviously Olympia Westwood as he was Lord Wendale. "I am Lord Wendale," and he smiled imperceptibly. "I know what to-morrow is, and how busy you must be, but this is one

of my busy weeks too—I always make a point of finding out everything for myself, before the show begins. Perhaps you may wonder how I have found out a stranger to the art-world like yourself: but I am a regular detective of possible genius, I assure you, and have a nose for it like one of my own hounds. I should be disgraced for ever if I had to hear of a good picture from others. It was I who found out Forsyth, you know. You will excuse a visit made in the interest of our art, I'm sure."

Even now he did not seem to notice that there was anything strange about her silence, or the manner in which she held her head down, and her face turned away. He went in front of her easel, talking all the while.

"Mr.—Mr. Seaward, I congratulate you. That is something divine! Forsyth himself never came up to that—I'm in luck's way, indeed! The contour is worthy of Signorelli, the colouring of Bandinelli, and the *chiaro-oscuro* of Beccafiumi." He always made a point of quoting the lesser masters: it showed originality in criticism, and an independence of its popular and conventional traditions. "This will be the picture of the year—in fact, it shall. Forsyth is nowhere this year. He has disappointed me wofully of late. He is painting himself out, Mr. Seaward, between you and me. We want somebody new. Name your own price and consider this picture as mine from this hour, and yourself as the coming —man."

"My—my agent—" began poor Olympia, in a whisper that she meant for a disguise: but he interrupted her.

"There, Miss Westwood," he said, with what he meant for a reassuring smile, "we have both played our parts now. Surely you are not afraid of me? I meant what I said about your picture, though, every word. It is perfect—it is sublime. But what shall I say of the painter? You are a true heroine. Yes, I was right after all when I talked of the sympathy between you and me. I can imagine what it must be for a woman of genius who is fettered and trammelled at a place like Gressford. It is what I feel—you were crushed by the life of a woman just as I am by being, unhappily, a rich man and a peer. Oh, it is gloriously refreshing, in these wretched conventional times, to find a woman who sets everything and everybody at defiance and throws herself into the world with nothing but her enthusiasm and her genius, and scorns even the clothes that are the uniform of a slave. They may say what they like, but I honour you. It is the fate of genius to be slandered by little minds: but, if I can do nothing else, I can appreciate a grand soul."

A short while since she would have been fired by such praise from such a man: but her ambition was dying now.

"Ah, you don't know what battles I have had to wage for you since you were gone! I am disgusted with all the little-minded narrowness that crops up everywhere—it makes one who tries his hardest to make the world a little better ready to sit down in despair. I should, if I did not know one who is not as others are. I see you are angry at my having learned your secret, but indeed you have no cause. I will not betray you to a pack of narrow-minded scandal-mongers. Gressford is no home for you now."

Her tongue at last managed to tremble into life. "What do they know—what do they say of me? Do they think I am dead?"

"No. They are not so charitable. They think you have run away with some Irish fellow, and of course they leap to the worst, and your name is gone. So much the better for you. You'll make a name worth a hundred of the old. A name, indeed!—that's another of those contemptible conventionalities—as if genius had sex and was to be measured by an old maid's foot rule! I needn't say I thought nothing of the kind, but one might as well talk Chinese as mention the word Genius to the good people of Gressford St. Mary. You've cut yourself off from them now, and I congratulate you from my soul. You are henceforth as free as air."

"Good God! what have I done? I don't understand—and—and—does he—does Mr. Forsyth think—?" She had never thought of this: and her words seemed to burn her throat as they came.

"Forsyth? He's the worst of them. The fellow has some technical skill, but he is no artist in soul. Well, well, after all one can't make silk purses out of sows' ears. It was of him I spoke when I said I had to do battle for you. He is a soulless, mean-spirited fellow, who would do most things for half a guinea, and everything for a whole one."

"And he thinks of me—ah, I knew it: what else have I deserved? But oh, it is too horrible to hear! Why did you come—why did you not leave me alone?"

"Why have I come? Olympia! What friend have you in the world but me? It was a happy chance indeed that I found you. You must not think I came not knowing whom I was to find. I go everywhere: I am interested in the degrading effects of our public amusements at present, and have been going to see them with my own eyes. I found that you, also, like a true artist, use your disguise to see what women cannot otherwise see. When I went behind the scenes at the Phœnix, do you think any disguise could hide you

from me? I kept away from you then, because I thought you might be startled, and there would be a scene. But how could I keep away? I did the only thing possible, and followed you home—and here I am. We can no more escape from the work of sympathy, Olympia, than we can fly. You live in this place all alone?"

"It is too horrible!" she said, aghast at her own thoughts. "Alone? Yes—quite alone."

"You must leave this wretched place—at once—now. I will find you a studio myself, where you can work in ease and comfort, as genius should do, and you shall want for nothing. And I will take care that nobody but myself shall know anything of you except your glory."

"Why do you abuse Mr. Forsyth? Is he not your friend?"

He frowned. "I abuse Forsyth because he abuses you. You shall put your foot on his neck—I made him and I can unmake him; Forsyth is no more. Let him paint for the cotton-spinners if he likes: he has done with me. You are my painter now. We will conquer the universe together: you shall inspire me to do all things, and I will do all things for you. I will be your right hand, and you shall be my soul."

"Sure you're not asking me to marry you again?"

"I would not degrade a woman like you to the level of a countess. It would be sacrilege. How can a countess be an artist? What scope has she for genius? I know the crushing weight of worldly rank too well. What I mean is a higher marriage—a marriage of souls."

"That's beyond me—sure, my soul's my own. No, I don't know what you mean," she said, sadly, but proudly, "and I don't want to know. I suppose it's good of you to come, but please let me be in my own way. 'Tis nothing I want now but to be left alone."

"Think, Olympia, if you want to be great, how much depends—both ways—on a word from me."

She could only stare at him: he was talking a language of which she could not comprehend a word. That Forsyth scorned and hated her was now all that she knew or cared.

"Would you say all that to me if I were a man?" asked her instinct at last, which understood more than her very small allowance of common sense allowed her to understand.

"Of course not. But surely you are not still keeping up this disguise with me?"

"I am, though—to you and all. You're a gentleman, so you won't betray me, and you'll be gentleman enough to respect me too."

"Olympia! I"——

He was interrupted by another tap at the door. "Please, sir, a letter for Mr. Seaward, to be given immediate." She took the letter and broke the seal anxiously. Who could possibly have been writing to her?

Before she had hurried through it to the end she had to support herself against the table to save herself from falling to the ground. A mist floated over her eyes almost as dark as that which had overtaken her when waiting for the Major at the road-side. Hardly knowing what she was about, she held out the open letter in her hand and let it fall to the ground.

"May I?" asked Lord Wendale, raising it for her, and with real anxiety in his voice. It was not a case for over-delicacy on the part of one who professed the smallest friendship for this desolate girl. Her silence gave him consent, and he read as follows :—

"SIR,—As an officer in His Majesty's service and as a gentleman I have only one course to pursue after the insulting and unprovoked attack you made upon me last night at the door of the Phœnix Theatre for which I am very sorry that your cowardly escape did not give me the opportunity to give you a good thrashing. You must either beg my pardon before everybody who saw what was done or you must give me the satisfacshon of a gentleman—I supose you know what I mean or I shall call on you and give you a horse-wipping, I don't care before who, which you will also know what I mean. I shall wait in all day at this Hotel, Covent Garden, for you to send a friend.

"GERALD WESTWOOD, late R.N."

"Why, what in the world is this?" he asked. "Gerald Westwood —your own cousin? Well, it is to be hoped the fellow understands fighting better than spelling and grammar."

"Oh, what *shall* I do now?" moaned Olympia. "Is it a duel he means? Yes—I hit him, and he deserved it too."

"And he did not know you? Of course not," he said with a smile. "What shall you do? Tell him who you are?"

"Never!"

"Then you will let yourself be called a coward? That will be awkward, if you mean to be a man. By the way, what did you strike him for?"

"Don't ask me anything—because he is everything bad and mean. Oh, what *shall* I do?"

"You won't let him know, and you won't be called a coward?

Surely you are not thinking of fighting him? Then you may well ask what you shall do. It is awkward—I see it all as plainly—ah! a good idea! You were angry with me just now—I don't know why. But I would do anything to show you that you may rely upon me. You see what comes of being a man 'to me and all.' You are sure he could not recognise you—indeed this letter is proof of that, and to spare. Then I will get you out of this mess without betraying you and without your being called a coward—and what will you say to me then?"

"Can you—will you really? Then I will say—thank you, a million times!"

"And nothing more than that?"

"Why, what more could I say?"

"For the present, only good-bye." Such a situation seemed made for Lord Wendale. He was being even outrageously chivalrous, and felt that he had something to gain by his chivalry.

*(To be continued.)*

# PARIS UNDER THE SEPTENNATE.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

THE signs and tokens, the hints and murmurs, the party fights and commercial grumblings, the press quarrels and excesses, the gloomy aspect of the streets and boulevards, the revenue returns, the beggars thronging the streets, all indicate a profound disquiet that means paralysis to trade and a bar to every form of material prosperity. "J'y suis et j'y reste" is the sum and substance of Marshal MacMahon's short measure of oratory. We know how he came there, and how hard a bargain he drove with the country in her distress, as the price of the protection of the community by the army against Republican, Communistic, and Socialist excesses. But what he will do there is more than we can guess, for the very good reason that he has none of the intuitive force and none of the political culture which are necessary to the successful governor of men. He is loyal and brave; but he is neither wise nor prescient. He appears to have come to the conclusion that while he sits well in his saddle France will prosper, and is unconscious that more is necessary to good government than battalions in faultless line. He does his best to play the ceremonial part of the Chief of the State. The other day we heard that he had ordered new flags to be provided for the public buildings when he arrived to be in residence at the Elysée, and that the Faubourg Saint-Honoré had assumed an aspect of unwonted animation because the President went out two or three times daily, and the soldiers beat to arms whenever he appeared. The *Figaro*—his Excellency's organ—chronicles his movements and those of his wife in quite a royal fashion. We have been favoured with a description of Madame MacMahon's dress. The Marshal deigns to give audience to princes and dukes. He has made two *tournées* in imperial fashion, and feasted crowds of local authorities in the towns of Brittany and Picardy; and there are promises of *vin d'honneur* for the bureaucracy of the south. The Marshal is a keen sportsman, and he has made a good bag or two already this season. Rumours have been creeping about of an alliance between a MacMahon and a member of the house of Orleans. Men say in salons, clubs, and cafés that the Chief of the State, who now calls himself the servant of the National Assembly, will, directly it is proved that *his constitutional* powers cannot be constituted

by it, dissolve it — if necessary, by force. There is, in fine, a *coup d'état* in prospect; and a *coup d'état* that will settle nothing, if it leaves merely the figure of a brave but not overwise officer at the head of affairs.

France is torn by faction fights: she has an Assembly notoriously misrepresentative of the feeling of the nation: the Legitimists are busy: the Chief of the State selects his high functionaries from ranks that are hostile to the people: he has no kind of authority in the Assembly: he discovers not the least sign of competency to govern, but still from town to town he travels with his aides-de-camp, showing his sword and saying "J'y suis, et j'y reste."

What does MacMahon represent? His aides-de-camp will answer: the cause of order. But unbroken order is not possible, even with his sword to preserve it, until France has had the opportunity of declaring the form of government she will adopt. And seven years of indecision mean seven years of dynastic intrigues, increasing in intensity as the end of the Marshal's power approaches. The Septennate, in brief, is organised disorder. If the Marshal, impelled by a personal vanity which day by day is more openly attributed to him, should be unwise enough to set up personal pretensions to a consulship for life, or should contract a family alliance with the descendants of Egalité in order to link his fortunes with theirs, with France for their prize; his Septennate will end in disasters more cruel and terrible than those which preceded it.

The people are in a state of expectancy. They are paying taxes which are so heavy as to induce prudent people of small fortune—and these are the backbone of the country—to draw in their expenses sharply. It should be borne in mind that the French are a saving people, and will not have their domestic calculations put out by the tax-gatherer. In proportion to his exactions are the curtailments of his patients. When the necessaries of life become dear, when commerce languishes, and when the State and the Municipality draw severely upon the trade, the lodging, the furniture, the doors and windows, and the market-basket of the *bourgeois*; he spares something from his pleasures and even from his comforts, to meet the new calls upon him. There is no individual more timid or more avaricious than the small capitalist; and, as I have said, the French public is made up of small capitalists. These are suffering very badly at the present moment; and they cannot perceive any reason why Marshal MacMahon's power should tend to relieve them, since he has no policy, and no means of curbing the dissensions in the National Assembly save by cutting the Gordian knot with his sword. By this time it is admitted on all sides that the

brave Marshal has no head for affairs; and while the conviction has been growing upon the public that in the Duke of Magenta the country has only the Chief of an army ready to do police-duty on a large scale, it has been becoming apparent that in him the Assembly have raised a stubborn figure of vanity that may cost Frenchmen very much trouble before they are rid of it. It is this conviction that has been growing apace under the recent vain-glorious exhibitions of the supreme soldier, and which is keeping all the *petit commerce* of France in a disturbed and unprosperous state. The Marshal has not only not settled anything, he has proved himself another element of discord. Electors find themselves appealed to by Imperialists, Royalists, Republicans, and Septennalists; and it appears more than likely that the Marshal, who holds the bureaucracy under his sword, will use his disastrous influence merely to divide Frenchmen more than he found them divided when the reins of power were hurriedly thrown into his hands. He might have played a great part in his country's history; but his vanity has led him into ridiculous courses, and France is watching in him merely a new danger.

I go to my *bureau de change* to get some French money. What, Monsieur Rouleau, closing already? Monsieur shrugs his shoulders, and says: "*Que voulez vous!* in these times the strange thing is that we should open at all. Nothing moves; nothing will move until something is settled." But Monsieur Rouleau will not tell you what that something is. I spend a morning hunting *bibelots*. When I cheapen an object, I get it at my price; for the shopkeeper says: "In these times we must take what we can get." The rents have fallen more than thirty per cent.; and the taxes have almost doubled. Paris streets used to be wonderfully well kept: the boulevard asphalte is now so full of holes that when it rains you have to pick your way among lakes of dirty water. Everything that depends on thoroughly efficient municipal management has a slovenly look. The eternal song is, in shops, hotels, and cafés, of the bad times that have come. From the Arc de l'Etoile to the Column of July Paris is out of humour, in the dumps; and lives with purse-strings tied tightly. Nobody will launch into even a little domestic speculation. People put off painting and papering. It is an epoch of miserly shifts: an interregnum during which the prudent man keeps ready for all eventualities. Mention the likeliest scheme, and suggest that, with a little capital, it would be a great success, and you are answered that you will not find a centime in Paris. There is not spirit enough on the great Bourse or the little to float the smallest company. Nothing, in brief, is moving except the tax-gatherer and the octroi-officer. The

reason is unexceptionable. People are waiting until the Assembly have fought out the inevitable fight with the Marshal and his unpopular Ministers, taken from a party which the mass of the people loathe. It must come, they tell you: meantime the old stocking is the safest bank for our savings.

So the Marshal's reign is not a Septennate, but an Attente—at: and honest citizens fear that it may fall before a Gambettist Prolétariat. The *bon bourgeois* leans against his door-post, keeping his shutters handy, and waits until M. Rouher and M. Gambetta have settled their differences; and when the Marshal passes, he shrugs his shoulders, looking upon him only as the armed supporter of a provisional Government, under which the *grand commerce* is impossible.

His consolation is his *Figaro*—the *blagueur* of all sides, shameless but amusing; indiscreet but indispensable. This journal makes the Parisians laugh at their own misfortunes. It dishes up the blunders of the politicians who are prolonging the agony of the country in the most diverting forms; so that while there are dismal countenances behind the counters there are broad grins in the cafés.

Since his fall M. Thiers has not ceased to be of use to his country; for he has made it laugh. He has cut strange figures through the illustrated comic journals. His spectacles, his brutus, by which he typifies his loyalty to the Orleanists, his rotund figure, and his brown overcoat have fallen under contribution. "Petit bon homme vit encore!" the Parisians exclaim laughing with Grévin, Le Petit, Gill, and Cham. The Assembly have kept the country in a simmering condition for years, and have disgraced it with their unmannerly debates —their periods rounded with their fists; but the Parliamentary *fiasco* has been bearable because it has been laughable. Last Session was the most disgraceful of any the present Assembly have held. Some few serious men sighed over the harm done to France by her Parliamentary vagaries; but the *Figaro* speedily served the subject up in such a manner as to make the mass of the people—or at any rate, the middle class—forget the evil done in scoffing at the evil-doers. M. Alfred d'Aunay* drew up a calculation of the cost of the Assembly's discussions, dividing the expenses into hours and subjects. We find that the Session lasted 449 hours and five minutes. The deputies, it should be borne in mind, are paid. M. d'Aunay takes the total payments, and then proceeds to show his readers that every minute of the Session cost the nation 271 francs. Thus

* This gentleman has just published his London experiences under the title of "Huit Jours en Angleterre." Among his observations is one on funerals. He tells his countrymen that in England, the mourners sit on the roof of the hearse, and that on their return they chat together and smoke pipes!

when an obstreperous deputy of the Left interrupted a speaker, and his interruption gave rise to protests and counter-protests, the "incident" cost at least a thousand francs. When M. Dufaure uses his pocket-handkerchief in the tribune—a habit, it would seem, which he indulges slowly—it costs France twenty pounds!

Such an analysis of the time of the Assembly as the *Figaro* has made might offer suggestive material if applied to the House of Commons. The sovereigns of Versailles divided the 449 hours and five minutes of their last Session thus :—

| | H. | M. |
|---|---|---|
| Orders of the day, interpellations, rectifications, and lost time ... ... ... ... ... ... | 143 | 45 |
| Foreign Affairs ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 40 |
| Agriculture and Commerce ... ... ... ... | 10 | 0 |
| Finances and Budget ... ... ... ... ... | 144 | 40 |
| War and Algeria ... ... ... ... ... ... | 23 | 5 |
| Public Instruction and Fine Arts ... ... ... | 6 | 5 |
| Home Affairs, the Mayors' Bill, etc. ... ... ... | 94 | 45 |
| Local Bills (91) ... ... ... ... ... ... | 8 | 5 |
| Justice and Worship ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 20 |
| Navy and Colonies ... ... ... ... ... | 5 | 30 |
| Public Works ... ... ... ... ... ... | 6 | 15 |
| City of Paris ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 55 |
| Total ... ... ... ... ... | 449 | 5 |

The financial analysis gives some amusing items. The announcements of deaths of deputies cost 17,628 francs; propositions for dissolution, 78,648 francs; discussions on the form of government, 174,924 francs; interpellations, 809,532 francs; M. Casimir Périer's famous proposition lightened the national exchequer of nearly six thousand pounds sterling. The establishments of the poor *(établissements de bienfaisance)* occupied the attention of the deputies just five minutes. Lastly there is the discussion on the article for which the *Figaro* was suspended for a fortnight; this instructive debate added nearly two thousand pounds to the national burthens.

The *Figaro* excels in the amusing manipulation of figures. Having twisted the Assembly about, arithmetically, to his heart's content, he turned upon ex-President Thiers and his hotel, for the rebuilding of which, after the Commune, the Assembly voted him upwards of a million of francs. The *Figaro* describes the shrewdness with which the ex-President, even amid the turmoil of power, managed to handle the money he obtained. It stood at interest some time. Good bargains were driven with the builders, who took plots of land of which M. Thiers was glad to be quit, in payment. Much of the old material served. *In short*, all the cunning old gentleman's

contrivances combined are made to show that he has managed to put a million in his pocket, and get his old hotel rebuilt with the odd money. Paris is highly amused with the shrewdness of Adolphe I.; and the success of the *Figaro* has led the *Gaulois* to publish some notes *pour ne pas servir à l'histoire de mon temps*, supposed to have been picked up opposite the Hôtel Bagration :—

June, 1871.—M. Thiers rejoices over his money just brought to him by Léon Say, with accumulated interest to the extent of 53,000 francs. The brave porters bring it in sacks of gold, and the delighted President gives them—twenty sous. Léon wanted to count it, louis by louis; but the work became tiresome, and it was ultimately weighed, as the payments to the Germans were weighed at Strasbourg. M. Thiers reflects that the liberation of the territory was his work, *à lui;* and Léon Say replies that the first territory really liberated was that of the Place Saint-Georges, whereat the little man is very merry.

July, 1871.—M. Thiers reflects. The Radicals are succeeding at the elections. How shall he invest his money? Not in house property in Paris: he would have only *concierges* for tenants. Nor in a château in the provinces. The Radical mayors have their eyes upon them and are saying to themselves: "Well, well, little man, we shall soon plant onion beds in your park."

March, 1872.—M. Thiers, in bed, is rubbing the dull pieces of his million, when M. Courbet is announced. He comes to beg the President to give him a few commissions to help him in his misfortune, now that he has been condemned to rebuild the Vendôme Column. After a strong scene, in which Thiers protests, he buys two pictures for 20,000 francs—one being a postman on the high road. The letters in the postman's hand are so real that "one feels inclined to open them just like a Bonapartist correspondence."

March, 1872.—The inventor of the Good Patriot's Liqueur calls to implore him to invest in the invention. M. Thiers drinks some of the liqueur, and it so elates him that he actually risks a few hundred francs; and at dinner is so gay that he allows Rémusat to sing some of his most *risqué* songs.

April, 1873.—He has been compelled to advance secret service money to help that accursed Rémusat candidature. He will die upon straw after all.

May 25, 1873.—He will never get his money back. He is no longer President. Beulé is at the Interior. He cannot apply to him.

September 5, 1874.—Is followed home from the Place Saint-Georges by three fellows of sinister aspect. They followed him into the

vestibule of the Hôtel Bagration, when he turned boldly upon them. One first twisted his felt hat in his hands and said—

"You don't know who I am, Monsieur Thiers?"

M. Thiers replied sharply in the negative.

"*Parbleu!* and no wonder. Yet I did you a great service for all that. While you were at Versailles and I was in Paris, I tore down your house."

"Rogue!" exclaimed M. Thiers, "it was you who sacked"——

"Come, come, no scenes," the man continued phlegmatically. "I am not more stupid than my neighbours. When I saw you touch your million for that little matter, I understood. You are a cunning fellow to get yourself quietly demolished. Come—let us talk sense. I don't ask you for half, but, if you could"——

M. Thiers, almost suffocated with passion, answered—"I could have you arrested as author of"——

"Talk this nonsense to others, *mon petit vieux*. I am safe. I have served my time on the pontoons. Your Minister Picard was good enough to remark that it was I who got him elected in my quarter in 1869. I cannot be punished twice. I owe nothing to justice, but you, my man, owe me at least something."

M. Thiers disdainfully asked him why he came escorted. He answered: "They are my chickens that laid your golden eggs." M. Thiers felt his head on fire, and saw that his hall was filled with representatives of every trade. The locksmith claimed that he had opened the door of the old hotel, and demanded a thousand francs at least.

The *bric-à-brac* dealer vowed that he would not betray M. Thiers; but he must own that he had managed to secrete all that was valuable in his collection. The carpenter had pulled down the book-shelves, and all he had found, except four greasy volumes, was a clean, uncut copy of a work by M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. He incautiously sat down and began to read it, when he fell asleep, and slept for three days. He claimed twenty-one francs for his three work days lost.

With a heavy heart, M. Thiers found it prudent to pay these intruders out of his hotel. But before leaving, the leader complimented him on the solidity with which his new house was being built; and added: "It is so solid that I assure you that at the next Commune I shall not be able to demolish it for you for less than ten thousand francs, exclusive of the old materials. Here is my card."

Marshal MacMahon's day will come also. He is strong now; but he is preparing his way to the Grelot and the Sifflet.

# THE GOD-LIKE LOVE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

---

I.

IN bright Hellas, long ago,
Did fair mortals come and go
In a larger light than ours,—
For the gods came earthward, passing
Thro' its sunshine and its showers.

Gods who God's creation trod,
They were seraphim of God:
Zeus the Lover, fair and white,
Hermes too, with blue eyes glassing
All life's revel, all love's light!

Then Agenor's child beheld
How the mystic glory well'd
From the breast of the Divine;
Then did Leda seek her lover
On the waters crystalline;

Then round Danaë's naked form
Fell that lustre golden-warm
With the thrill of kisses bright,
While the Blest One bent above her
In the silence of the night.

Very beautiful and fair,
With a glory on their hair,
With a secret in their eyes,
Walk'd these gods, these sweet Immortals,
Down the darkness of the skies.

Yea, and Erôs!—one and all,
In the night, with soft foot-fall,
Crept they down the starry stair,
And they paused at human portals,
And they hung their garlands there.

Then, O Erôs, thou wast young!
And thy twinkling lamps were hung
Round the white bed of the Bride:
  She lay waiting, she lay dozing,
She lay dreaming, drowsy-eyed.

And the nightingales around
Sooth'd her swooning soul with sound,
While the pale Moon shrank her beam,
  Till, her queenly lids unclosing,
Psyche look'd upon her Dream!

Then, indeed, Love lived below!
When Earth's vestal souls might glow
On the bosoms of the Best,
  With one kiss of fire might capture
Love or Death, and so be blest.

Tho' the godlike Form might fly,
Yet the wonder could not die—
'Twas enough for souls supine
  To have sipt life's holiest rapture,
To have known the Love Divine.

II.

O nightingales, last night,
While the leaves thrill'd silvern white
'Neath the cold feet of the Moon,
  Here in England, by still waters,
I could hear your voices croon.

Yet not so ye sang of old,
For your melody seem'd cold,
Cold and cheerless, sad and still,—
  And the sweetest of Love's daughters
Listen'd too, and felt no thrill.

All is ended! all is done!
They are perish'd, every one!
E'en as shapes of marble stone,
  In the dark Earth's silent places,
Lie those gods, all overthrown!

There they linger dark and dim,
Shatter'd, broken, limb by limb,
In the woods of pine and yew—
  And a white Christ's silent face is
Bent above them, turning too

Into marble. Nevermore
Will they walk on sea or shore,
Nevermore will those gods teach
  The immortal love and glory,
The immortal kiss and speech.

Only one survives; and *he*
Walks in silence by the Sea,
While the sparkling waters laugh:
  It is Erôs, old and hoary,
Leaning heavy on a staff.

For he looketh on the Main,
Sighing, "Nevermore again
Will my brethren lift the head,
  And the hearts of men are frozen,
And the Love Divine seems dead."

III.

O Woman-Soul! O thou
Of the pale-as-marble brow!
Be of courage, tho' no more
  Down from Heaven comes the Chosen,
Whom thy bosom doth adore.

"Whom the Love Divine doth bless,
Shall be ne'er content with less!"
And that Love doth still arise—
  Thou wilt know him, by the beauty
Of the heavenly lips and eyes!

Tho' a lower love have rest
On the pillow of thy breast,
Thou shalt cast that love aside,
  And shalt follow in deep duty
Where the god-like Love doth guide.

Thou shalt follow, sense and soul,
Tho' the tempest round thee roll,
Wheresoe'er Love's feet shall wend—
  Yea, tho' all thy life be wasted,
And thou lose him in the end.

Tho' thou lose him, ev'n as they,
In the ages pass'd away,
Lost their gods; thou too shalt cry:—
  "'Tis enough *once* to have tasted
Love immortal, tho' it fly!

"I have loved, and I am wise,
I am proven, I arise
To thy statue, O my Dream!
  And upon my head there lingers
Thy deep consecrated gleam!

"Thou hast left me, thou art lost,
And I sit with soft hands cross'd
Praying here:—and unaware
  Comes the thrill of thy soft fingers
On my brow and on my hair.

"Thou hast left me, but I know
Something stays that cannot go,
Something lives that cannot flee:
  I have found my Soul; say rather,
Thou didst find that Soul for me!

"Tho' I lose, my loss is gain!
Tho' thou ne'er wilt come again,
On the very path we trod,
  Stooping silently, I gather
The immortelle-flowers of God!"

# THE CANDIDATE FOR THE LEADERSHIP.

## BY THE MEMBER FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

CIRCUMSTANCES of a peculiar character in the political world have for some months past pressed upon the people of England the question Who is the coming Leader of the Liberal party? Removed from power by a swift and sudden stroke, Mr. Gladstone, five years ago the absolute arbiter (within constitutional bounds) of the destinies of the nation, retired from the Leadership not only of the House of Commons, which was compulsory, but of the Opposition, which was voluntary. This retirement, never formally announced, and sometimes compromised by participation in formal and customary ceremonies, such as the moving of the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech on the opening of Parliament and the bestowal of the thanks of the House on troops that took part in the expedition to Ashantee, was indicated in a peculiar manner. According to Parliamentary etiquette the seat of the Leader of the Opposition is opposite the brass-bound box at the end of the clerk's table directly facing the Leader of the House. On the night when the Address was moved this place was punctiliously kept vacant for Mr. Gladstone, but on his arrival the right hon. gentleman sat down at the lower end, amongst the throng of ex-Under-Secretaries of State. Thence he rose to address the House, following Mr. Disraeli, and it is from this place that all his speeches of the Session have been delivered, including the memorable one with which he enlivened the last Wednesday afternoon of the Session. It was a significant feature in the scene in which Mr. Gladstone, hitherto scornfully patient and contemptuously long-suffering under the persistent attacks of Sir W. Harcourt, at last turned, and with easy gesture and no apparent exercise of force crushed his presumptuous adversary, that the ex-Solicitor-General had delivered his attacks standing in the place of the Leader of the Opposition.

The temporary disorganisation of the Liberal party following upon the rout at the hustings in February has thus brought into prominence the question of candidature for the Leadership on that side of

the House. But there are other reasons, which daily increase in cogency, why men's minds should be turned in this direction and should include in their purview the question of Leadership on both sides of the House. Never in his Parliamentary career has either Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone exceeded himself in the vigorous ability displayed by each during the last Session; but, nevertheless, the facts remain that the one is in his sixty-ninth year and the other in his sixty-fifth. Few unaccomplished facts are more certain than that Mr. Disraeli is now holding his last Premiership, and that with his next lease of power the final chapter of Mr. Gladstone's life as an English Prime Minister will be closed. Who is to take up the wand of power when it falls from the hands of these potent magicians?

Looking first in search of answer along the Liberal benches, we see six men whose prominence in debate suggests that amongst them is to be found the successor to Mr. Gladstone. Their names are the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Childers, and last, though in the opinion of one person not least, Sir W. Harcourt. The first five have with more or less officiousness — less almost exclusively referring to the Marquis of Hartington—presented themselves to the House under circumstances which suggested to Mr. Lowther the happy description of them collectively as "the Commissioners for executing the office of Leader of the Opposition." It was curious to note early in the Session in what regular rotation Mr. Lowe, Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Childers assumed the functions of the absent Leader. Sometimes the change was effected on alternate nights; sometimes the Leadership was invested in one man for three successive nights; but the variation was inevitable, and Mr. Disraeli was doubtless sincere in the satisfaction he expressed during the debate on the Scotch Church Patronage Bill when noting Mr. Gladstone's return and seeing the prospect of the end of this condition of bewildering uncertainty. The phenomenon was not, however, without its special value as affording an opportunity of observing the candidates engaged in a sort of rehearsal. It must be acknowledged that the first, and throughout the prevalent, feeling was one of despair. Mr. Gladstone is not a great or a successful party leader, falling in this respect far short of the skill of Mr. Disraeli. But the great gulf that is fixed between him and the most promising of the candidates for the succession of power is one to be bridged over only in the moment of direst and most absolute necessity.

Intellectually, Mr. Lowe stands on the nearest level with Mr. Gladstone, and *he* possesses some qualities which would

recommend him for promotion to the Leadership of the House of Commons, if not to the Premiership, which, it will be well to note at the outset, are two entirely different things. He is a skilful debater, thrusts with keen and polished lance, and parries with a shield of fine workmanship held with easy yet strong grip. He would be great at "question time," and in replying on a debate the House would be treated to delightful specimens of caustic oratory in the course of which solecisms uttered on the other side would be infallibly detected and incontinently rent to shreds. But a Leader of the House of Commons cannot rule by intellect alone. He wants judgment, tact, breadth of view, command of temper, and that constitutional quality which can be fully described only by the French word *bonhomie*. In all these qualities Mr. Lowe is deficient, and thus it comes to pass that his chances of succeeding Mr. Gladstone are rarely ever discussed.

To mention Sir W. Harcourt in such a discussion would this time last year have appeared to be a joke. But within the few weeks preceding the end of the Session the ex-Solicitor-General formally entered himself for the race, and must be considered as in the running. It is no new or unusual thing for young men to enter Parliament with the fixed resolve to make a lasting reputation, and with the high hope of success. It is much more true that every member of Parliament has hid away in his desk the portfolio of the Premier than that every soldier carries in his knapsack the bâton of a Field-Marshal. A single successful speech may draw upon a man the attention of the House, and thereafter his future is under his own guidance. Mr. Vernon Harcourt had carefully studied the lives of successful men in the House of Commons, was fortunate in hitting upon the safe and sure way to success, and was gifted by nature with some talent for treading it. Entering Parliament just after the heyday of the Adullamites, the mature youth whom Oxford had chosen to represent it became seized with the conviction that the cheapest and quickest way to gain personal importance in the House of Commons was to be in a chronic state of opposition—not party opposition, that is a matter of course to which every man adapts himself, but opposition to his own leaders. To sit on the Liberal benches and thwart Mr. Gladstone, to range himself on the Conservative side and criticise Mr. Disraeli, these are the two courses open to the young member ambitious of becoming a somebody in the House of Commons. Predilection for Liberalism, and the circumstance of his having been returned by the Liberal electors of *Oxford*, naturally directed Mr. Vernon Harcourt to what was then

the Ministerial side of the House, where he of course took his seat below the gangway.

Opportunities of making himself notable were diligently sought and industriously used. The hon. and learned member did not waste his time in hunting ground game. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli were the twin objects of his attention, and he kept in their company and shared in their "kicking up of the dust," even though it were in something of the comparatively minor position of the fly on the chariot wheel. A commanding figure, a good voice, a sarcastic style, a happy gift of phrase-making, a fund of general reading, and a lawyer-like faculty of mastering a brief at an hour's notice combined to make him a Parliamentary speaker decidedly above the average. Somebody trying to define pleasure has said it consists chiefly in surprise. Of this also Mr. Vernon Harcourt had taken count, and till by repetition the thing palled upon the accustomed palate the House of Commons had the "pleasure" of hearing a professed Liberal, after having paid some compliments to his chiefs, suddenly turn upon them and in bitter words denounce their course of procedure. No one knew for certain when Mr. Vernon Harcourt rose to speak in debate which side he would espouse, a circumstance that of itself lent an interest to his interposition, and the excitement was cleverly kept up by the ostentatiously impartial manner in which the speaker alternately administered praise and blame. An able man who professes himself "independent" in the House of Commons is like one standing in the centre of a poised plank on either end of which a child sits. By the slightest motion one way or the other the centre figure can sway the ends at his pleasure; and similarly a skilful speaker in an assembly divided by a sharp party line can move it to applause which shall be continuous and in the aggregate general. Speaking, say, from the Liberal side, he begins by admissions favourable to the opposite party, which are rapturously cheered as indicating dissension in the enemy's ranks. After a while he proceeds to show that notwithstanding this state of things the right hon. gentleman the member for Buckinghamshire is no better than he should be, whilst the party he leads has many gaping joints in its armour, and hereupon the Liberals cheer, less, it is true, in support of the speaker than in triumph over their momentarily crest-fallen opponents. And so the plank is set in motion, now one end in high elation, now the other, whilst the figure in the centre folds its arms and muses on its own mightiness. The trick is easily detected and seems easy to learn and practise. But that it is not so may be gathered from a consideration of less adroit practitioners—Mr. C. Lewis, for example, who during

the last Session has essayed to follow on the Conservative side the course which has led so many Liberal politicians to the Treasury bench.

It was Mr. Vernon Harcourt's misfortune that he was, with unusual promptitude and unanimity, "found out," or at least the House thought it had "found him out," which for all practical purposes amounts to the same. At the period indicated, which specially includes the Session of 1873, it was understood that the object of the hon. and learned gentleman's ambition was the Solicitor-Generalship, and it was a matter of common occurrence for reference to be openly made in debate to the existence and pressure of this motive. At the close of the Session the coveted prize was within his grasp, but its possession proved almost illusory, leaving him only a knight's title to convince him that it had not been a dream. At the opening of the Session of 1874 he was Sir William Harcourt, with a seat on the front Opposition bench, and in contact with circumstances that suggested the passage of a cycle since the days when Vernon Harcourt sat below the gangway opposite and twitted "his right hon. friend at the head of the Government." Here was a collapse of a great scheme, and just when the patient worker had struggled out of the ranks, and had his place and his cocked hat to ride with the staff! What was to be done? There were two courses open to him. He might throw in his lot with his colleagues, wear their uniform, do sentry work on the front Opposition bench, go out under fire when ordered, vote with the Whip, and in due time, when the tide turned, cross over to the Treasury bench once more as Solicitor-General, with the certain prospect of the reversion of a judgeship as the reward of faithful service. Or he might fling off his allegiance to his chief, deliberately renounce his chances of promotion when Mr. Gladstone comes back to office, and, defying his old patron, play double or quits with Fortune. After some hesitation, and partly urged on by circumstances, Sir W. Harcourt has decided upon the latter course. Had Mr. Gladstone been firmly seated in his command at the opening of the Session there is little doubt that his ex-Solicitor-General would have jogged along with such equable pace as nature has made possible to him. For some weeks he did so travel, submitting to the discipline of the ex-Ministerial bench. But the sight of the apparently open Leadership and of his colleagues struggling to make it their own proved too much for him, and after a brief period of indecision he threw aside his unaccustomed corks and struck boldly out for himself, shaping his course right up the middle of the stream.

Sir W. Harcourt's new departure is a noteworthy one; but like his

earlier advances towards Parliamentary fame it is the result rather of study and imitation than of intuition and impulse. When he set out on his career for the Solicitor-Generalship he adopted as his own the tactics of Mr. Lowe and his companions in the Cave of Adullam, and proving an adept in their management, finally succeeded in his object. Flying now at higher game, he takes another model and pursues a different course. He has been looking back to the annals of twenty-eight years ago, and finds there how Sir Robert Peel, taking on the Corn Law question the course his conscience dictated, forfeited the allegiance of his party and weakened his own position, and how Mr. Disraeli made himself the spokesman of the malcontents, saying out in bold language all the bitter things that were rankling in the heart of the "betrayed" Protectionists. Mr. Disraeli's action at this epoch proved the turning point in his Parliamentary career. Hitherto, he had been rather endured than encouraged, the elder folk among the party with which he had allied himself looking with suspicion upon the young man who came down to the House with carefully prepared epigrams and not too pellucid adumbrations of a new philosophy, and who was in personal aspect not altogether dissimilar from Maud's brother—

> That jewelled mass of millinery,
> That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull,
> Smelling of musk and of insolence.

But there was no one ready and able to say such cruel things of a great Minister tottering to his fall as he, and so it came to pass that Mr. Disraeli was accepted as the spokesman of a party, and having once gained a responsible and weighty position in the House of Commons improved his opportunities till he reached the highest eminence of English political life. It is possible that Sir W. Harcourt is unconscious of the points of resemblance between the line of conduct suddenly taken by him in the last Session and that adopted by the present Prime Minister more than a quarter of a century ago. But in any case the coincidence is remarkable, and it will be interesting to watch how far history will repeat itself to the end. In the meanwhile it is reassuring to remember that between the delivery of the speech in which Mr. Disraeli likened Sir Robert Peel to the traitorous Turkish admiral and his promotion to the Premiership twenty-two long years elapsed.

It is not very long since that Mr. Forster seemed a promising candidate, whose only possible rival in public estimation was Mr. Cardwell. This view was, however, held most strongly by those

whose acquaintance with the right hon. gentleman was confined to reading the reports of his speeches in the newspapers. To persons familiar with the manner of Mr. Forster some grave obstacles to his successful Leadership will occur. He is not a pleasing speaker, yet is very fond of talking, and on occasions when it has fallen to his lot to assume the duties of the Leadership he has entangled matters and aggravated difficulties by officious interference. Of course this is a failing of inexperience, and if duly installed in the office he might learn that great secret of from time to time judiciously saying nothing of which Mr. Disraeli is a master. But Mr. Forster has the radical fault of heaviness. The light, nervous, skilful hand which sometimes by a slight turn steers a stormful assembly out from under the clouds and among the rocks into the sunshine and the calm, would be found wanting in him. Like some other of the Candidates he is lacking in that faculty of playful humour which stood Lord Palmerston in such good stead, and which, possessed in another phase, makes Mr. Disraeli a successful Leader of the House. Mr. Forster sometimes seems conscious of this failing and gallantly attempts to overcome it. But the result is not satisfactory—at least to the audience. The fun itself is not of a high class, and the ungainly motions with which on these occasions the right hon. gentleman's body curiously vibrates, taken in connection with the intermission of a series of chuckles and the violent raising of a voice at no time musical, makes the process of parturition a painful one. Mr. Forster had the good fortune to be brought into prominence as a Minister responsible for the progress of a measure to the main principle of which every one wished well. It is distinctly foreign to the spirit and scope of the series of articles of which this is the supplement to discuss political bearings or positions. But it may be observed, as being a notorious fact, that since the passing of the Education Act Mr. Forster has lost the enthusiastic support from the Liberal side of the House which once buoyed him up; and the remark is made merely for the purpose of adding that one result of this condition of affairs has been to make the House much more impatient of those peculiarities of personal manner which as the Sessions roll on become rather more than less marked.

Like that of Sir W. Harcourt, the candidature of Mr. Goschen and Mr. Childers is not to be seriously discussed at the present juncture. Their time may come, but it is not yet. Both right hon. gentlemen have succeeded in establishing a character as able administrators and as debaters not to be scorned in a pitched battle. But *neither* has shown himself gifted with the heaven-born genius that

made Pitt's accession to the Premiership in his twenty-fourth year appear a natural sequence of the occurrence of a vacancy; and neither is of sufficiently long standing to claim promotion by right of seniority or service. During the last Session Mr. Goschen startled the House by appearing, for one night only, in quite a new character. When in office, and indeed on ordinary occasions, he addresses the House in a timid, half apologetical manner, and in language which well beseems his mien. On the night when the last stage of the Licensing Bill was reached, it being apparently his turn to speak for "the party," he attacked the Government in general and the Home Secretary in particular in a lively, bitter, and sarcastic speech, which was really in very good style and would have done credit to Mr. Lowe himself. It is true that the effect was somewhat marred by the right hon. gentleman's holding his hat with one hand behind his back as he spoke, sedulously standing clear of the table, and presenting on the whole an appearance of nervous preparation for instant flight that suggested a design to put on his hat and make a run for it as soon as he had said all that was on his mind. But the speech was emphatically a good one, and created in the minds of hearers not only surprise but expectation.

The Marquis of Hartington's candidature for the Leadership is certainly not of his own proposing. His lordship has never pushed himself forward, yet his name has been so frequently mentioned that the outside public have grown quite familiar with the prospect of such a phenomenon as a "Hartington Ministry." There was once, nay twice, in modern history a Melbourne Administration, and there is therefore no reason why there should not be a Hartington Ministry. On the whole the Marquis of Hartington stands higher as a politician and as a debater than did Viscount Melbourne at the time he was called upon to succeed Earl Grey at the Treasury. But the type of man is such that it would be used for the making of Premiers only in periods of difficulty such as that which followed on the retirement of Earl Grey in 1834. Entering Parliament in his twenty-fourth year, the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire very soon had an opening made for him on the Treasury bench, and successively as Lord of the Admiralty, Under-Secretary for War, Secretary of State for War, Postmaster-General, and Secretary of State for Ireland, he has had a wide and varied experience of official administrative duty. Throughout his career he has never said a striking thing and never done a bold one, following steadily the beaten path of official life, doing thoroughly, intelligently, and well the thing that lay to his hand. As a speaker he barely succeeded in commanding the

attention of the House even when his official position made his words momentous, and out of office he has, perforce, grown accustomed to speak before a beggarly array of empty benches. He invariably takes a common sense view of the question under discussion, but he never succeeds in making common sense attractive. He is one of those men with respect to whom it is, in the interest of a large number of our fellow creatures, a matter of regret that he should have chanced to arrogate the rare position in life of a Duke's heir, for he was sure to have earned a comfortable living had he been born in circumstances that would have thrown him entirely on his own resources. In brief, the Marquis of Hartington is a hard working, conscientious, stolid man, wearing all the polish he was capable of receiving from high education and social intercourse, but withal somewhat surly in manner, greatly impressed with the vast gulf that is fixed between a Marquis and a man to the despite of the latter, innocent of the slightest spark of humour, guiltless of gracefulness of diction, and free from the foibles of fanciful thought.

All these points appear to converge upon the conclusion that it is impossible that the Marquis of Hartington should become Prime Minister, and the appearance is not deceptive. But if we alter the way of putting the fact, and instead of, as we do in the case of the present Government and did in respect of its predecessor, talking of Mr. Disraeli as Prime Minister, or Mr. Gladstone as Premier, discuss the probability of a "Hartington Ministry," we will see that the thing is not only probable, but—supposing the House of Commons is to be exclusively considered as the source whence Mr. Gladstone's successor in the Premiership is to be drawn—that it even recommends itself as a happy solution of the difficulty. Such a Leader as is here sketched possesses a broad bosom of respectable mediocrity upon which a dozen heads aching with jealousy and burning with ambition might peacefully repose. Mr. Forster would not consent to serve under Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Lowe would scorn to hold office under Mr. Forster. Mr. Goschen and Mr. Childers are as Damon and Phythias in friendly counsel and co-operation in naval affairs, but if one were called to lead the House of Commons, the other must perforce be passed over, and it would be difficult to convince him that the selection had been made wholly in accordance with that principle by the rigid adoption of which the world has, according to Mr. Darwin, reached its present state of perfection. The elevation of Lord Hartington to the titular Premiership would leave the ambitious youth of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry exactly as they now stand, with the exception of the removal of the figure in whose

colossal shadow they have hitherto walked, like Gulliver's companions in Lilliput. The Marquis of Hartington would reign but would not govern, and the country would be blessed and fructified by the flow of the stream of the united counsel of a republic of great men.

I have hitherto considered the question of the candidate for the Leadership of the Liberal party as if the House of Commons were the sole resource of the electors. That course has been taken in deference to the practice commonly followed in similar speculations. But it appears to me obvious that if the necessity for supplying a Liberal Premier were to arise to-morrow it would, putting Mr. Gladstone on one side, be met by a draft on the House of Lords. Earl Granville is perhaps not a robust politician, but he is, possibly for that reason, an admirable Leader of a party. During a period of great difficulty, and with official cares of an engrossing character on his hands, Earl Granville managed so to manipulate affairs in the House of Lords that only on the rarest occasions was the country reminded that the Government of which he was the representative there stood in a hopeless minority. Suave in manner, firm in purpose, intimate with men and things at home and abroad, schooled in diplomacy, practised in administration, popular everywhere, an able and a ready speaker, Earl Granville is a man who would unite under his Leadership all save the extremest rank of the Liberal party. A Ministry formed under his auspices would be broad-based and strong, for his lordship is a man without animosities and without adversaries. He could invite whom he pleased to take office with him, and it is easy to imagine the acidities of some of his possible colleagues finding solution in the imperturbable good temper and tireless geniality of the Premier. On the Liberal side the difficulty in finding a successor to Mr. Gladstone would be not in respect of his position as Premier, but in that of his office as Leader of the House of Commons. To state the truth briefly there is no one on the front Opposition bench who has given any comforting signs of capacity worthily to succeed Mr. Gladstone in this department. Had Mr. Cardwell remained in the Lower House the difficulty would have disappeared, and with him as Leader there, and Earl Granville as Premier directing the course of business "in another place," the foundations of a strong Ministry would already have been laid. But Mr. Cardwell is otherwise disposed of, and come when the necessity may, the new Leader of the Liberals in the House of Commons will probably have to be chosen from among the half-dozen men whose names have been

mentioned. This being so, it seems natural that, from his political weight, Mr. Forster should be selected. But it is not impossible that personal considerations already hinted at would interfere with the success of the proposal, and in that event the Leader of the House of Commons will be the Marquis of Hartington—on the whole the best choice that poverty-stricken circumstances will permit.

On the Conservative side the question of a successor to the Leadership of the party lies in much narrower compass. Here, as with the Liberals, there is only one possible successor to the Premiership, and here again, that successor being a peer, there arises the necessity for the nomination of a Leader of the House of Commons. Lord Derby is one of the extremely few instances of English politicians whose reputation has been made by panegyrics in newspapers and in the absence of any foundation adequate to the superstructure. A long time ago, whilst the earl was still Lord Stanley, he made a speech somewhere which some leading newspaper remarked contained "a common sense view of the question." On a subsequent occasion his lordship delivered another address on a different subject at a new place, and three newspapers simultaneously published leading articles in which it was remarked that "Lord Stanley had taken a common sense view of the question." Since that period the ball thus set rolling has gathered impetus and bulk, till to-day the morning after the delivery of any speech by the Earl of Derby is certain to be journalistically marked with a score of white chalks declaring that here at last we have "the common sense view of the question." To say that the earth is round when it is open to a man to allege that it is flat is obviously to take a common sense view of the question. But there is nothing very new or helpful in the assertion, and much of Lord Derby's public utterance is not beyond the charge of being akin to this sort of "common sense." It will be remembered what an ecstacy of delight we were all thrown into only a few months ago when his lordship, addressing a Young Men's Association in Lancashire, told the enthralled audience to read good books, to be industrious, to be moral, and to take care of their health. Here truly was "the common sense view of the question" of life, and though upon analysis we seem to have heard or read it before we are none the less conscious of the Earl of Derby's claim upon our admiration, or less profuse in our applause of his sterling qualities. It may be that Lord Derby is a plain sort of a man, of phlegmatical temperament, gifted with a full average measure of intelligence, which he has cultivated with much industry and which he applies to the passing events of the day with fairly successful issues. Perhaps the truth about him may be

found in the remark Lord Althorpe was wont to make with respect to himself—"Nature intended me to be a grazier, but men insist upon making me a statesman." However this be, the Earl of Derby is the predestined successor of his strangely mated friend and colleague in the titular Leadership of any future Conservative Ministry.

In the House of Commons the choice of Leadership of the Conservative ranks lies between two men, Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Sir Stafford Northcote. Either would acquit himself well by comparison with possible Leaders on the other side. There is a wonderfully wise and statesmanlike air about Sir Stafford Northcote as he sits, spectacled and bearded, on the Treasury bench, which of itself would go a long way towards acquiring the confidence and the submission of the House. But the right hon. baronet is not dependent on his personal aspect alone for his claim to supremacy. He is not a good speaker but he is a ready one, sees a long way through a question, and can, if need be, cleverly fence with it. He has a good deal of tact, is fair-minded, honourable, frank, and now and then displays little flashes of humorous perception which are as precious as solitary stars twinkling in an apparently hopelessly murky sky. He is always listened to with that respect the House of Commons intuitively feels and liberally awards to any man who has succeeded in convincing it that he is an honest and a clear thinker, and thus he personally enjoys the confidence of both sides of the House. Mr. Gathorne Hardy is, however, the surer of the reversion of Mr. Disraeli's second office, because he alone of all the candidates has a following. To the country gentlemen the Secretary of State for War is, except perhaps in his views on the Regulation of Public Worship, as nearly as possible the model of what a Conservative Leader should be. Mr. Disraeli, it is true, somehow or other pilots them into harbour when the sea is rough and into the fair anchorage of power when winds and waves are propitious. But they cannot understand how he does it and are vaguely suspicious that, however it be, it is not likely to have been accomplished on really sound Conservative principles. With Mr. Gathorne Hardy the case is different. His mind is not so far above the level of that of the hereditary Conservative that its method of working may not be grasped by him and its processes of procedure understood. Mentally he is so far above the rank and file that the principle of Leadership may be introduced, and yet not so far that the idea of companionship and intelligent mutual assistance is altogether eliminated

from the compact. Mr. Gathorne Hardy would make a most acceptable Leader to the large majority of Conservative members of the House of Commons, and, *faut de mieux*, he would be fairly popular on the other side. But here, as in the change prognosticated when Mr. Gladstone's final retirement makes room for a successor, the House of Commons will suffer a grievous loss, genius giving place to clever mediocrity and facile officialism.

# FREDERICK LEMAÎTRE.

BY CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

WITHOUT claiming for Frederick Lemaître the very highest place among histrionic artists, I may say of him that in originality and endless resource of variety his talent was never equalled. Take the accounts of the dramatic critics of the time: read the articles of the most eminent and most difficult to please: Théophile Gautier, Jules Janin, Sainte-Beuve; it was no easy task to run the gauntlet amidst these princes of criticism without bearing the ordeal of a sling or two; but when they speak of Frederick Lemaître they descend from their judicial stool and swell the ranks of common admirers. They speak of him not as of a mere interpreter of the creations of others, as a machine that gives body to the personage, but as of an equal who can mingle with the most illustrious and win respect at their hands.

The creator of Robert Macaire was gifted with the most complex and *bizarre* genius of his period. A kind of Proteus of the drama, he delighted in grappling with plays that would have awed the boldest of the bold, in undertaking impersonations whereof the variety, the sudden transition from humour to tragedy, from farce to drama, from laughter to tears might have tried the capacity of five or six actors at the same time. Being a spoiled child of nature, he was likewise spoiled by the public, over whom he exercised such an influence as no other actor ever possessed. This strange fascination, however, was not restricted to the *mobile vulgus*. Heinrich Heine, Victor Hugo, Lamartine paid their tribute to the great artist. "Incomparably the finest acting I ever saw," wrote Charles Dickens from Paris, a few years before his death, "I saw last night at the Ambigu. They have revived that old piece once immensely popular in London under the name of 'Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life.' Old Lemaître plays his famous character, and never did I see anything in art so exaltedly horrible and awful. In the earlier acts he was so well made up, and so light and so active, that he really looked sufficiently young. But in the

last two, when he had grown old and miserable, he did the finest things, I really believe, that are within the powers of acting. Two or three times a great cry of horror went all round the house. When he met in the inn-yard the traveller whom he murders, and first saw his money, the manner in which the crime came into his head—and eyes—was as truthful as it was terrific. This traveller being a good fellow, gives him wine. You should see the dim remembrance of his better days that comes over him when he takes the glass, and in a strange dazed way makes as if he were going to touch the other man's, or do some airy thing with it, and then stops, and flings the contents down his hot throat, as if he were pouring it into a lime-kiln. But this was nothing to what follows, after he has done the murder and comes home with a basket of provisions, a ragged pocket full of money, and a badly washed right hand, which his little girl finds out. After the child asked him if he had hurt his hand, his going aside, turning himself round, and looking over all his clothes for spots, was so inexpressibly dreadful that it really scared me. He called for wine, and the sickness that came upon him when he saw the colour was one of the things that brought out that curious cry I have spoken of from the audience. Then he fell into a sort of bloody mist, and went on till the end groping about, with no mind for anything except making his fortune by staking this money, and a faint, dull kind of love for the child. It is quite impossible to satisfy oneself by saying enough of such a magnificent performance. I have never seen him come near its finest points in anything else. He said two things in a way that would alone put him far apart from all other actors: one to his wife, when he has exultingly shown her the money, and she has asked him how he got it—'I found it'—and the other to his old companion and tempter, when he charged him with having killed the traveller, and he suddenly went headlong mad and took him by the throat, and howled out 'It wasn't I who murdered him; it was misery!' And such a dress, such a face, and above all such an extraordinary wicked thing as he made of a knotted branch of a tree, which was his walking-stick, from the moment when the idea came into his head. I could write pages about him. It is an impression quite uneffaceable. He got half boastful of that walking-stick to himself and half afraid of it, and didn't know whether to be grimly pleased that it had the jagged end, or to hate it and be horrified at it. He sat at a little table in the inn-yard drinking with the traveller, and this horrible stick got between them, like the devil, while he counted the uses he could put the money to."

*Mr. Forster*, who quotes this magnificent encomium, justly adds that

Lemaître could receive no finer tribute. There can be little doubt that the peculiar bent of his artistic temperament was exactly of a kind which must have produced on Charles Dickens the uneffaceable impression he speaks of. This rapturous judgment, however, had been preceded by others not less enthusiastic from men as illustrious. Lemaître, within whose scope it was to render every feature of comedy and tragedy, who could be inexpressibly trivial as the *chiffonnier de Paris* and cynical as Robert Macaire, who could rise to the highest poetry in "Ruy Blas," be grossly farcical in "Payasse," and such as Dickens described him in "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life," for once in a hundred years stepped over the chasm that divides the interpreter of a work from its author; and while in many circumstances he doted on winning favour for a third-rate play by the strength of his talent, he rendered the creations of Dumas and Hugo in a manner which kept his audience in doubt as to who, the actor or the author, was most to be admired.

A comedian's fame is not Lemaître's only title to remembrance. By his brilliant wit, the independent tone of his life, and the influence he brought to bear on the most eventful period of the history of French literature, he became one of the striking personalities of the day. But, on the other hand, he was so well in his place in the society of which he reproduced the different types to ideal perfection before the foot-lights, and the vein of writing wherein he found means of showing his qualities in their best light was so nicely adapted to his impetuous temperament and artistic waywardness, that it is as hard to imagine how contemporary dramatists could have dispensed with him as to realise how Lemaître could have done without them. Had his appearance occurred ten years earlier, his natural gifts, under the pressure of old-fashioned ideas of histrionic art and a narrow insight of dramatic construction, might possibly have been emasculated, and Lemaître might have gained an honourable place as a second rate tragedian at the Comédie Française. But he sprang up just when an entirely new style of writing for the stage necessarily demanded a new style of acting, and to him the *romantique* movement owed much of its boldness and success. To gratify the boundless originality of the comedian, literary innovators trod on the toes of conventional authors with more recklessness than they would have been capable of if Lemaître's audacity and the success it met had not incited them to trespass on unexplored ground. This was the only occasion when writing specially for an actor came to some good. In some sort Lemaître was the counterpart of Hugo, Soulié, Alexandre Dumas, and others following in the same track; they only

could devise characters in which the artist could display his genius in its full breadth, while it was in the power of no other besides Lemaître to give a flesh and bone presentation of their types such as they saw them in the mind's eye. In fine, he was the right man in the right place. He had the defects and qualities of his blood: wayward, haughty, petulant, eccentric, capable of the most profuse generosity and of the queerest freaks, he was the only man who dictated, as it were, to a public the most difficult to please in the world, and for twenty years he twisted Paris round his little finger. When, after a more than usually impertinent breach of relations between stage and public, he was received with a hurricane of hisses and groans, the terms in which he dared to address the house were so humorous that his offence was soon condoned.

Like most great artists, Frederick Lemaître made his first attempts amidst general indifference. His father, an architect of Havre, would rather have had him construct houses than characters, but the young man's preferences were too strong to brook paternal contradiction. Frederick went to Paris in 1820, for whenever a provincial Frenchman is expected to do anything good, he straightway is sent to the capital. During two years he studied with much zeal at that admirable institution the Conservatoire, which has done more towards the preservation of a high standard of acting in France than anything or anybody beside. The Conservatoire has always been managed on somewhat antiquated rules, but it keeps in movement a constant current of emulation among aspirants. When in 1822 a competition took place between the pupils of the institution, the declamatory display of Frederick Lemaître was hailed by the judges with mingled amusement and indignation, and he was unanimously sent about his business. In spite of the orthodox teaching of his professors he had been unable to silence his yearning towards passionate elocution and unsparing gesture. People looked upon him as upon a young savage whose place was rather among clowns than in the ranks of tragedians. Luckily for Lemaître the revolution which was soon to take place both in literature and politics was already brewing. Meanwhile, as a young savage it was very natural that he should appear in that guise on the stage; and when, after many disappointments and a discouraging unanimity on the part of theatrical managers to decline his services, he applied to the director of the Variétés Amusantes, this official made him a magnanimous tender of the part of a lion in a queer play called "Pyrame et Thisbé." Thus it was that the great Frederick made his *début*, hopping on his knees and in the skin of a wild beast. At that period, indeed, it

seemed as if he were doomed to the presentation of animals, having transferred his quarters from the Fantaisies Amusantes to the Franconi Circus, whose youthful public he delighted under various skins. However, he managed to advance a step, and played dumb personages at the Théâtre des Funambules. There he lingered for some months. The Odéon freed his tongue and gave him opportunities to prove his talent in old tragedies. But that, no more than the part of Harlequin, was in his bent. What he wanted was freedom to create and to appear such as nature, and not schooling, had made him.

In 1827 M. Harel, a manager of the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin well known for a knack of alighting on talent others had failed to turn to account, saw Lemaître and immediately perceived all that was to be got out of such a man. It was in "L'Auberge des Adrets" that he began in earnest his long career of triumph, and this start on the way to fame was of the most brilliant description. The distinctive feature of Frederick Lemaître's acting was that he created his type according to his own notions, instead of following the author's indications: and, curiously enough, his interpretation eventually turned out to realise a character such as the author had seen it in imagination. This creative faculty Frederick displayed in his first success more perhaps than in any other impersonation. "L'Auberge des Adrets" introduced the well-known character of Robert Macaire; in the hands of Lemaître, it became the most appalling incarnation of modern cynicism. In studying his part Frederick, much to his regret, had been induced to follow the spirit of the joint authors. Success had not yet given the future master of comedians the privilege of following his own course, but he declared that the part of Robert Macaire was absolutely negative such as it was conceived, and the public confirmed his opinion by hissing the whole piece. On the following day, however, the play rose again with triumph proportionate to the completeness of its previous fall. The miracle had taken place thus: Frederick Lemaître, profoundly discouraged by the collapse of "L'Auberge des Adrets," on which he had set much hope, was pondering on the boulevard on the means of infusing new life into it when he was faced accidentally by a person of the strangest gait. The man's costume had been extremely elegant at one time, but it was worn to the last thread and hung almost in rags around his limbs; the sordidness of his dress, however, did not in the slightest degree affect the air of daring cynicism and conscious superiority which predominated in all his person. He used a rag for a handkerchief, but still he had *one*; his boots were torn and worn

out, but they were made of patent leather, and the individual wore his ludicrous tatters as if he had been a millionaire. From the moment the actor saw him he realised the type of Macaire. He followed his model, studied his gestures and tone, entered into conversation with him, and finally in the evening appeared in the green room with the identical boots, hat, and dress; and by mimicking the owner's inimitable demeanour obtained for a doomed play one of the most remarkable theatrical successes of the time. Some years later Lemaître resolved to complete the type; he gave a sketch of a new Robert Macaire to two dramatic writers, who drew under his eye the final incarnation of the sinister yet grotesque ruffian. Robert Macaire became a national type, was taken up by caricaturists, and applied to all social subjects. It was a true type too, provided those be true that condense in a single person all the defects and corruptions of the time; but that type was not created with the pen but on the stage, and Frederick Lemaître was its sole author.

It was then, also, that the extreme favour shown him by the public developed his leaning to eccentricity. His contemporaries relate how he insisted on his weekly salary, which was very considerable, being paid to him in five-franc pieces, and how he put the coins in a large bag and carried off his treasure on his shoulders along the boulevards. Temperaments like his have two sides; the ugly one in this case was a thirst for extravagance and violent revelry. His money he squandered as airily as Alexandre Dumas; his health he spared no more than his purse. He was as a beggar who has discovered a treasure and who uses it as if it had no limits; but his herculean frame enabled him to resist the twofold strain of an unruly life and a constant intellectual labour. He contracted a habit of deep drinking before appearing in public, which often led to a postponement of the play through his non-appearance; but what is most curious is the fact that he never acted better than when in a state of partial intoxication. On one occasion, when he was playing in Alexandre Dumas's "Kean" at the Variétés, Frederick was not to be seen half an hour after the orchestra had commenced. At last a drunken man was observed reeling among the scenery: it was Frederick Lemaître. He could scarcely stand on his legs, and the impatient public was hissing. The stage manager, and Alexandre Dumas himself, who was present, were highly indignant, and attempted to prevent him from playing; but Lemaître suddenly freed himself from their grasp, and walked or rather rolled on to the stage; the sight of the footlights and of a stormy house produced its effect, and the

comedian was once more himself. That particular performance was one of his greatest triumphs on the French stage. The indulgence of the public for their pet was without limits, and in return the pranks the pet played on his admirers were unpardonable. He sees a gas-meter behind the scenes, and being informed that a touch on a certain handle would plunge the house into darkness, the facetious Lemaître hastens to accomplish what he is recommended not to do. In a few minutes the curtain rises, and he apologises in terms so amusing that his freak is pardoned and even laughed at. On another night he had made a wager that he would take off his wig in the very middle of a sentimental situation. He did what he had betted, and no observation came from the house. Encouraged by such unprecedented toleration, he took it off again, and used it instead of a handkerchief to wipe his forehead. This also failing to rouse the public, he walked leisurely to the prompter's box, sat down before it, and offered the prompter a pinch of snuff. This was too much; a storm of hisses and groans greeted the impertinent player. At this Frederick rose, took up the wig, threw it in the prompter's face, and coolly walked off. He could not be induced to express penitence on that night, and as the fury of the house threatened to turn into a riot he was taken to the police station. Three days after he appeared at the theatre as if nothing had happened, and he was duly received with loud disapprobation. When every cry had subsided he came forward and in a tone of mock humility thanked his hearers for the "extreme urbanity of their reception." Not even the most distinguished audience could induce him to display befitting respect. The first performance of "Toussaint L'Ouverture," Lamartine's drama, in which Lemaître acted the title part magnificently, brought together the flower of the Parisian world. Nevertheless the artist did not fear to interrupt an important scene and to call in a rude voice on the manager to change the position of a piece of scenery. A most unseemly dispute with that official followed, and Lemaître dispelled the ill-feeling brought on by his want of manners with no small difficulty. All this, only a selection of his petty misdemeanours, was no doubt insufferable, and the Parisian public was responsible, because the artist's extravagance was endured; but then he was so full of talent that ever appeared under a novel form, he was so handsome, and his superiority over his fellow-players so immeasurable, that he was allowed his own way. Besides, it was the frolic of youth. He altered much as he advanced in age and reputation, and his dignity rose with the elevation of his artistic object.

His next important impersonation, after Robert Macaire, was the Gambler in that ghastly drama "Trente Ans; ou la Vie d'un Joueur." The whole of Paris, from the plebeian to the nobleman, passed under the gateway of the Porte Saint-Martin and saw and admired the artist who pictured man in every phase of mental agony, and, in the words of Charles Dickens, did the finest things that are within the power of acting. He was "Old Lemaître" when Dickens saw him: what must he have done in the full bloom of his admirable talent! I saw him in that same part when he was even older: he was toothless, and the words hissed between his gums in a way that would have been ridiculous in any other; his hair had partially fallen, and his voice was so weak and thin that the buzz of a fly might have intercepted it between him and our hearing; but still the veteran drew tears and cries of terror. Just as the drunkard was wont to forget intoxication when he was face to face with his task, the old man forgot years, malady, misfortunes, everything except art; he was himself again; the transformation was complete; and the flame of his genius, rekindled, peered through his eyes and gave again to his gestures their former suppleness and energy. He may have been finer in his youth, but he was never more impressive than in old age.

Goethe's "Faust" was adapted into French soon after Lemaître had made so great a mark in "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life." In its French garb Goethe's masterpiece lost much, but enough was left for a real artist to make something of. Frederick was of course called upon for the part of Mephistophiles. He studied it, as he studied all his creations—for whatever he did was conspicuous for its completeness—with intense attention. So conscientious was he that the laughter of Mephistophiles engrossed him for a month. He tried and tried, and yet was anything but satisfied. At length he hit on a satanic and sinister contortion which seemed to him adequate. To try its effect he went from his looking-glass to the window and exhibited the ghastly grin; a woman looked up and fainted right away, whilst other persons betrayed unequivocal signs of terror. Frederick was satisfied. In this sorry adaptation of "Faust," and in spite of it, he really rose to the loftiest regions of art, as also in "Peblo," a heavy melodrama, in which he had a worthy companion in the person of that admirable actress Madame Alain-Dorval. The latter earned a goodly share of the applause; in fact her fine acting was so warmly recognised that Frederick Lemaître got to think that not all the plaudits were disinterested; whence an amusing incident worth relating, because it concerns that

indefensible institution the *claque*, and furnishes the only plausible argument for its maintenance that could be urged. One evening Frederick Lemaître in no measured terms requested of the manager of the theatre (the Ambigu) the immediate suppression of the *claque:* the public, he said, liked him enough to applaud him on his own account. He had scarcely done speaking when Madame Alain-Dorval came up and in almost the same terms broached a similar demand. The manager could not but acquiesce. On the following night they had been retained, and the public did not applaud at all. "It's evident," said Lemaître to a friend, "that people don't clap because they are afraid of being taken for professional *claqueurs*"; and he turned the difficulty in a way of his own, for numerous and lusty bravoes were freely bestowed at the next performance; but it was to Frederick Lemaître they were exclusively awarded. "This cannot last," exclaimed Madame Dorval, and the following night she had her portion of applause; but soon after it was perceived that ovations were liberally offered almost to every petty actor of the piece. Frederick Lemaître and Madame Dorval complained to the manager, and reminded him of his promise to suppress the *claque*. The latter replied that he had kept his word; but ever since the *claque* was suppressed there were three instead of one — that of Frederick, that of Madame Dorval, and lastly that of the company. On another occasion, in 1847, when the audience failed to recall Frederick Lemaître after the curtain had fallen, he satirised in a telling way the partiality which French actors certainly have for paid plaudits: he came forward and informed the house that he had that day given fifty francs to the *chef de claque* to recall him at the end of the performance, and that he was shamefully cheated out of his money.

The first of these anecdotes would tend to prove that the impersonator of Robert Macaire possessed a good share of the professional jealousy of which even the most famous of stage geniuses cannot divest themselves. But be it said to the honour of Frederick Lemaître, the feeling which prompted him when he dealt with melodramatic compositions wherein little more than action and sensationalism were contained to demand the erasure of anything of importance that concerned not his own part, until the piece was an immense monologue, was replaced by an artistic anxiety for the proper rendering of a work as a whole when that work came from the pen of a Hugo. The poet bore witness to his devotion when he had to deal with him. Frederick Lemaître, said Hugo, was not only bent on devoting to his part every particle

of his powerful talent: he gave advice to his fellow actors, showed them how they should perform and speak, and in every way helped towards the general interpretation of the play. Frederick Lemaître tampered with pieces mostly composed for him, but he was full of respect when he dealt with real art. He would not have thought of altering or omitting one syllable of a masterpiece. In this he was more distinctly an artist than any of his illustrious predecessors. Did not Garrick use Shakespeare as his guide? And more recently has not the English public been treated to an improved version of "Hamlet" by Mr. Fechter, whose chief title as a corrector of Shakespeare was no doubt his nationality?

For several years Lemaître courted melodrama. The Comédie Française should have had him; but the actor, as well as the authorities of the house of Molière, had objections to each other's company. The Comédie was far from what it is now, and Lemaître was more at ease on the Boulevard than in the Rue Richelieu. On the Boulevard he was king; among the *sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français he could only be one of the commonwealth. Things were better so. Certain geniuses cannot brook rules and conventional traditions; they cannot follow a beaten track; they wish to show a new way. Had Corneille snapped his fingers at rule and etiquette he might have been as great as Shakespeare. Frederick Lemaître, then, preferred the universe to a part of it, and flitted from house to house. At the Porte Saint-Martin and the Ambigu he made great hits in "La Dame de Saint-Tropez"—a melodrama designed to rehabilitate a woman, Madame Lafarge, who had been sentenced for poisoning her husband; in Alexandre Dumas' "Richard d'Arlington," and in a clever tragi-comic play called "L'Ecrivain Public." On one night he awed his audience by a display of deep passions and suggestive acting; on another, as Paillasse, he made the house roar at the fun of his comic acting. Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" took him away from the triumphs of the Boulevard to the Théâtre de la Renaissance. The creation of the character of Ruy Blas was a turning point in his career. His personality had become so closely allied with melodrama that it was asked if he would introduce the somewhat vulgar habits of acting and elocution of the melodramatic rôle into High Art. Could Robert Macaire cast aside his manners as well as his character and assume the rich dress and haughty presence of a Spanish courtier after wearing so long the sordid costume of the cynic of the gutter? There was a difference, too, between the inflated prose of melodramas and Victor Hugo's fine verses. Passing from one to the

other was much like going from the kitchen into the drawing-room. His performance of Ruy Blas dispelled all fears: Lemaître could be a Roman among the Romans. He personified the servant who becomes a lord to save the honour of his queen, whose career Victor Hugo has traced in such thrilling terms, with unapproached grandeur, and his manner of declaiming the verses was so fine that Provost, then the leading artist of the Comédie Française, could not help exclaiming in a loud voice, "Sacrebleu! comme cet animal-là dit bien les vers!"

A strange compound, indeed, of vulgarity and distinction, of farce and superb tragedy, was this man, who could give lessons in elocution to the aristocratic comedians of the Théâtre Français, and rival the triteness of the lowest player! And while stumbling from farce to comedy, from comedy to drama, he charmed and astonished the witnesses of his private life by his pithy sayings, his brilliant wit, his biting power of repartee, and the very spirit of his extravagance. As if in mockery of himself and admirers who then and there extolled his distinction he fell from "Ruy Blas" into Felix Pyat's "Chiffonnier de Paris." The grandee became a rag merchant, and gave the same earnest study to this figure of the street as he had bestowed on the types of the Court. He courted realism so far as to make a navvy wear his *chiffonnier's* clothes for three weeks, until they were properly worn and torn and smeared with dust; he plunged into the Quartier Mouffetard, the den of the nocturnal rag-seekers, and mingled and drank with them to study their ways and language. The presentation was so perfect that Lemaître was visited the day after the first performance of Pyat's work by a deputation, as uproarious as it was numerous, of *chiffonniers*, who wanted to carry him in triumph about the streets of Paris. He had returned to his former manager, M. Harel, whose cupidity he practised upon without pity; but withal they went on fairly well together, being linked to one another by interest. Under Harel's auspices, Frederick played in "La Tour de Nesle"—that melodrama of which the joint authors, Alexandre Dumas and Gaillardet, severally claimed the exclusive paternity, and went out with pistols to settle the difficulty by killing one of the two; "Les Mystères de Paris," the dramatised version of Eugène Sue's well-known novel; "Le Docteur Noir," by Alexandre Dumas; "Don Cæsar de Bazan," a play taken from Hugo's "Ruy Blas," in which Lemaître played the part of the beggarly hidalgo; and a large number of other pieces it is unnecessary to mention, excepting Hugo's prose drama, "Lucreze Borgia," in

which as Gennaro Lemaître added another magnificent creation to his long list of impersonations, not one of which had been a failure.

The Comédie Française did at last open its doors to him. This homage was due to his fame. But his stay there was a limited one. Not that he was sent away; he pined for his first haunts, and left of his own free will. Previous to his first appearance on the sanctified boards of the Rue Richelieu he paid a visit to London and was greatly admired, though in "Robert Macaire," his most remarkable part, less than in any other type. His passage at the Comédie was brilliant if it was short. He appeared then as Othello, in Alfred de Vigny's excellent version of Shakespeare's play. Some say that he never transcended this last achievement; but then the same opinion was given whenever Lemaître surpassed himself. What appears certain is that his version of the Moor could stand a comparison with that of the best native actors. His admiration for Shakespeare was very warm; he had often meditated a rendering of his own of "Hamlet," but the translations or adaptations of "Hamlet"—at any rate those of his time—were scarce and absurd, and the man who of all French actors was the most likely to understand and render Shakespeare was fain to give up his project. After him another artist of rare talent—Rouvière—carried it out and made of Shakespeare's plays the main study of his life.

His last conspicuous creation was that of the old soldier in "Le Vieux Caporal," in 1857. His long reign was then virtually over. He had done and earned enough to retire from the stage where he had occupied the first place for thirty years. But the finest of French dramatic artists was the least provident. His rich gains had been squandered. He was no longer the dashing, handsome man so much admired by the Paris of former days. His teeth were gone and so was much of his popularity; for a new generation had sprung up, its tastes were different, and the works of Dumas *père* depraved the generation of 1830. The new race fed on the poisonous writings of Dumas the younger. Such literature Frederick Lemaître could not have interpreted. His was a strong, exuberant, and healthy talent, not an unhealthy, hectic kind of ability like that of Mademoiselle Desclée. If I have mentioned this name in conjunction with that of Lemaître, it is because the actress whose strange charm struck not long ago many an English audience with surprise personified the tone of actual French acting. Frederick Lemaître was too jealous of his reputation to risk it in senile exhibitions, and too proud to show himself until he was called for.

But necessity has no law; and necessity forced the old man again

on the stage. He has made occasional reappearances, and the public, remembering his glorious career, has always showed him deep respect. A year ago he was playing the part of the Jew in "Marie Tudor" at the Porte Saint-Martin. Poor old great man! He is nearer eighty than seventy, and one may see his name on the bills of petty suburban theatres, where he occasionally performs. He is stricken with poverty, and after earning during a long career far more than he required to live, he can now scarcely collect enough decently to die with.

# WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

## VII.—THE ANGLER IN IRELAND.

WHETHER Ireland be a better salmon country than Scotland, or Wales the best trouting land, is not the question; without any injustice to the bonnie Land o' Cakes, it may, however, I think, be taken for granted that the Emerald Isle is, on the whole, *the* Paradise of Anglers. Both Scotland and Ireland abound with beautiful streams and an abundance of fish, but in the latter country they are much more accessible to the passing stranger than in the former. It is more fashionable for the wealthy merchant or citizen to own an estate north of the Tweed than to possess one across the Irish Channel, and so it happens that rivers which in Ireland are absolutely free to the *bonâ fide* angler would fetch a high price and be jealously guarded in Scotland. Some day it may be that, in the revolutions of that whirligig which produces manners and customs, the fashion may run the other way, and then, while the rich charms of Ireland are rapturously acknowledged, the salmon and trout now free to the rodster may have as heavy a price put upon their heads as have their finny brethren of North Britain at the present moment.

Indeed already there is a slow change in this direction, and each year, such is the increasing love of angling amongst Englishmen, some river hitherto open to all comers is added to the list of private profit-yielding preserves. The natives, debarred for the first time in the history of their fathers from liberty to angle, naturally for a while deplore the loss of another of the few privileges which the hard times have left them; but happy notwithstanding are the people who have no worse grievance to groan under. And there may, *in re* the Irish rivers, be added the consolation that many years must pass before any appreciable diminution can be suffered in the freedom which makes Ireland so desirable a ground for the angler who cannot pay a fancy price for his pleasures, or command an entire season of time in their leisurely pursuit. When driven from the plains he must flee to the mountains; when forced from the rivers he must retire to the loughs. This generation at any rate is likely to pass away before such an extremity is reached. And it should not be

forgotten that while the value of Ireland for rod and gun is becoming more recognised by what may be termed average sportsmen,—the mighty men of valour, Nimrodical and Piscatorial, having always been familiar with its advantages and accustomed to seek them in the wildest haunts—and while as a consequence shootings and fishings, especially the latter, are in growing demand, there are to be found, in almost every part of the country, noble proprietors who keep and protect their fisheries as a legitimate attraction for visitors and residents. Even in instances of preservation of a pretty strict description permission in Ireland is seldom refused, in moderation, to a stranger whose respectability is beyond question.

After fishing in lough and river under the freest of conditions in a certain district in Ireland, I recently found myself whipping a burn in the south of Scotland, having obtained permission so to do from the agent of the noble earl who owned the land. It was a nice little stream for want of a better, and at times productive of fair sport. Guided by a local Waltonian whom I had attached to my service, I found myself in the course of my upward progress arrested by admiration of the fern-covered grounds with woods beyond, a few Highland cattle cropping the herbage, a dog or two barking in the distance, birds of prey hawking here and there, and purple mountains forming a distant background. In the midst of my hearty enjoyment of the scene a youth appeared on the opposite bank, eyeglassed, knickerbockered, and haw-hawing. What right had I there? Where did I come from? What was my name? These and other questions, peremptorily demanded, were straightforwardly answered, and then sentence was pronounced. We were at once sent about our business by this lordly youth, who had talked of "my pwop'ty" until I assumed he was at the lowest a duke. Of course we shifted quarters immediately, and in trudging towards the boundary of what the gentleman had called "the deer park"—a strong stretch of the imagination, by the way—I discovered that our outraged landowner was the son of a Lancashire manufacturer who rented the place. No doubt he was a good son, and no doubt he had a perfect right to prevent any strolling vagabond from thinning out his troutlings; only, after some years' experience of Ireland, I cannot conceive it possible that any gentleman there, finding himself in a similar position (through error), and announcing his strangerhood, would have been made otherwise than courteously welcome at least to finish the day he had begun.

Yet what an astonishing ignorance prevails respecting Ireland! "Is it safe?" asked a broad-shouldered stockbroker of me, when

with enthusiastic eloquence I told him of the rare sport to be had in that tight little island. "Is it safe to trust yourself into those savage parts?" The reader thinks this incredible. It is true. The man of Consols was reeling in his live bait not many miles from London as he asked me the question, and I was lounging over my evening cigar, watching his efforts to get a "run." He admitted that he reserved £50 yearly for a month's holiday, not a farthing more nor a fraction less, and always spent it. He was a bachelor, and gloried in being unblessed with wife or child. He had "done" the Rhine because Tompkins had done it. He had accompanied Smith to Paris, Jones to Germany, Buggins to Florence and Rome, and on each occasion, so he protested, he had felt relieved when at length the last of his ten-pound notes had been changed. But Ireland? No: he had never ventured there. Was it safe?

By an almost superhuman effort I converted him, and saw him off by the Wild Irishman with a magnificent angling outfit, resolved at last to risk his precious carcase amongst the Irish rivers and lakes. At first I believe he never moved out without a revolver. The weapon now lies buried, like his ignorance and prejudice, full fathoms five. It is to be regretted that space prevents the publication here of the last letter I received from our hero. He has been president of an angling society for twenty-two years, but swears he never knew what real angling meant till now. The twenty-pound salmon that arrived while the last meeting was being held was a little the worse for the journey from County Mayo to London, but it had been slain by the valiant president, and the members held their noses as they vehemently admired it. So long as our broad-shouldered bachelor lives you may take odds he will spend his fifty pounds—he says it is difficult to get through so much in those parts—in the country of which he will never more ask "Is it safe?"

My own angling experiences have been chiefly confined to the northern half of Ireland, and in that admission I show how unqualified I am for giving personal testimony upon the entire subject of angling in Ireland. The lakes of County Clare offer probably the best pike fishing in the United Kingdom, and trout and salmon in the streams; Kerry, with the waters of Killarney, is too well known to be more than mentioned; the Blackwater, Lee, and Bandon are sufficient of themselves to give Cork the highest reputation; and as for Limerick, why need go further than the Shannon?

> Oh Limerick, it is beautiful, as everybody knows,
> The river Shannon full of fish beside the city flows.

*The Shannon,* speaking roughly, *is* full of fish, and except the famed

salmon stretch between Killaloe and Limerick, is free. White trout, brown trout, and monster pike and perch abound in the Shannon waters. As long as I live I shall probably never see such a sight as —if I remember accurately—at Athlone. The train had stopped outside the station on the bridge over the river just as the river was clearing after a flood, and bare-legged peasants were on the platform with trays of fish, great trout and perch, by the hundredweight, while below through the railings we could see the flat-bottomed boats drifting down stream heaped up with recently caught fish. Take it all in all I doubt whether there is a river in the world for "all-round" angling to equal this splendid stream which sweeps through Leitrim and the eight counties intervening between it and the Atlantic Ocean.

Dublin is singularly unfortunate in its fresh water fishing, but it is a mistake to suppose that the angler is there entirely at fault. It is not so very far from Powerscourt with the romantic Dargle and its stores of merry little trout. There are pike and perch in the Liffey below the strawberry gardens, and trout increase with your distance from incomparable Phœnix Park. The best spot I have always, however, found is under the Wicklow mountains near the source of the river. Kilbride, though a long drive from Dublin, is a very pleasant one, and often have I compassed it on a jaunting car. The trout are always small, but they make atonement in their extraordinary quantity, and the voracity with which they take the somewhat gaudy little flies by which they are tempted.

There are some events in life never to be forgotten. You may not remember your first drubbing at school, your first stand-up collar, your first shave, your first kiss, your first client, your first appearance in print, or the incidents, weather, and so on of your wedding day; but you cannot forget your first salmon. What a delicious remembrance it is! There was, to be sure, something a trifle curious about mine. I was at Galway, as interesting a town as any in Ireland, and, as every one who has looked over the railings of the bridge must know, a regular show-place for salmon. The bottom of the river seems paved with them, and you may be amused for hours, when the humour seizes the fish, by watching their antics as they shoot and circle and leap as if in the performance of a dance on the up-the-side-and-down-the-middle principle. At the eventful time to which I am now referring the salmon fishing was over, for the Galway river is not one of the late kind. The proprietor of the fishery, however, with the ready courtesy of his class, freely allowed me to try my best for a trout, and wished me luck. This wish was gratified to my

heart's content, and the little lad with the net had for a time enough to do with the white and brown trout. In the middle of the stream there was a shallow lake, as it were, surrounded by water, rippling in the usual way over the stones. The fish below had ceased moving, and observing in the middle of this shallow the familiar concentric rings caused by a rising fish, I despatched my cast athwart the pool. "Tug, tug" was instantly telegraphed down the butt of the rod: then there was a dull heavy strain. Slowly at first, then at gathering speed, the small ebony winch made music. Straight across the pool, back again, here, there, everywhere, something shot, churning the water into foam, and causing many another fish to leap into the air. Such a hullabaloo there never was. The boy shouted frantically. Workmen threw down their tools and rushed down, and in ten minutes a small crowd had collected. The fly rod was the lightest that could be made, the line the finest, the hooks extremely small, so that when half an hour had gone, and the evening began to absorb the light, and the commotion in the water to rage as before, hope departed. Perseverance, however, gave me the victory, although the battle would probably have been on the side of the prey had I not prevailed upon Pat to flounder into the water and net him as he ran. The wonder was how a five-pound salmon could have created such a stir! Stooping to claim him, I found out the cause: he had been hooked in the back fin with a small coachman! The water was so shallow that in drawing the cast towards me I had fouled him in that singular manner; and this was how I caught my first salmon.

The fishing in Galway is excellent, but the best has to be paid for at high rates, and the waters are not allowed too much rest. The great lakes—Corrib and Mask—contain all kinds of fish, but the sport is uncertain. The district is most interesting to the tourist, and the ride through Joyce's country one of the treats of the island. The circular tickets issued by the Midland Great Western Company are a *bonâ fide* boon, saving you trouble, ensuring you comfort, and in every way reducing the inconveniences of travelling to a minimum. Unless the waters are known to be in good order I should not, starting from Galway, advise an early halt for angling. The Spiddal, a river about ten miles from Galway, is a fair wet-weather stream, and trolling in the lakes thereabouts is not to be despised; but on the whole you had better let your rod lie undisturbed in the well of O'Brien's roomy car, and enjoy your ride through Connemara as an ordinary christian. Make *the most* of the Twelve Pins, envy Mr. Mitchell Henry his house

and fishing at Kylemore, and go into raptures with Killery Bay, for of its degree you will meet with nothing to surpass it. If you cannot make yourself at home at Westport, in the hotel with the river and trees before the door, your conscience must be in a parlous state. You may be tempted here by what you hear of the fishing in Lord Sligo's demesne, and the chances of obtaining permission, but don't unstrap your rods, or unlock the basket, until you find yourself in due course at Ballina.

The Moy, as an open salmon river, has no rival in Europe, and the only fault to be found with it is the general unhinging one suffers on reading every week a record of the fish taken. It is impossible to settle down to the duties of the day when, in the roaring Babel of London, you read how Captain A. killed his five, the Rev. B. his eight, and Sir John C. his ten fish, weighing so many pounds; and the most melancholy part of the business is, that you know it is certain to be true. After two visits to the Moy I am in a humour to believe almost any story of fisherman's luck there. The proprietors give you permission for the whole season, fettering you with conditions which are not only reasonable in themselves, but such as every real sportsman will rejoice to observe. You are not required, as at some places in Ireland, to take out your licence in the district—of course there is no such thing as salmon fishing without a licence — but you are requested carefully to return all fry to the river, and to give up all the salmon taken, with the exception of one fish, as soon as possible after the capture, to the fishery store. There are good seasons and bad seasons on the Moy, as at the West End of London, but it must be indeed a hopeless case if either in the upper or lower waters, with a cast of Pat Hearns's flies and a "cot" well handled, you cannot show trout or salmon as a reward for your labours. You may not be able, as Pat can, or rather could do, to pitch your fly forty yards across the stream, or kill your hundred fish in an easy month, as some anglers have done aforetime, but something you can hardly fail to do.

Lough Gill is the most lovely lake in the north of Ireland, and I doubt whether there is a lovelier in any part of the country. I passed that way four years ago, intending merely to sleep at Sligo and move on to Enniskillen in the morning, but three days had somehow gone before I called for my tavern bill. Too late for salmon, or trout in any quantity, I had some rare fun with the pike. The boatman who took me in charge was a famous fellow for a companion and "help," eager to please, glad at your success, and sympathetic with

your reverses — in short, a model boatman for a long day's work. I have no doubt in the world there are pike of 40lb. weight in Lough Gill. A minute account was given to me of a couple of young men who had killed one of these monsters and who had walked through the main street in triumph with an oar passed through his gills, and the handle and blade resting upon their respective shoulders, thus unconsciously imitating the spies sent out by Joshua, who, according to the ancient engravings which disfigure the pages of old-fashioned Bibles, returned with a huge bunch of grapes suspended in the same fashion as the great pike of Lough Gill.

They—that is, both the fishermen and the fish—are very fond of spoon bait on the lough, and a careful fishing of the river communicating with the lake will be no waste of time on your upward pull. Keep pretty close to the left bank and look out for pike; from one little bend I took four fish in five casts, and Pat, who, like all Irish fishermen, looks upon every fish but salmon as mere vermin, knocked them on the head and consigned them to a hole in the fore part of the boat as if they were so much lumber. The "jack pike," as he termed pickerel of a pound or so, he was more careful with, designing them for bait by-and-by when we reached the lake. Is there one amongst my readers who can remember his state of mind when on some occasion he has been surrounded by the evidence of fish yet been unable to obtain one? That was my hapless condition during one brief hour of midday sun on the Garrogue River. It had stormed right royally when just previously the pike in mad succession took the glittering spoon, and now large circles rose upon the water showing that the trout were on the move. Even in Ireland, however, where brown trout are not accounted of high rank, you cannot in conscience meddle with them at Michaelmas. Pat pointed to me the direction of a deep pool where in the spring, he said, many a salmon was surprised, and where now he knew there was a shoal of perch of the genus "whopper." He had seen them the day before, "yer honner, shoining loike bars of gowld tied up with black ribbon, upon my sowl, sorr."

A phantom minnow should be in every angler's case, and I should as soon think of going to Ireland without one as without my pipe. The phantom, however, carelessly handled played me a trick which did not raise me in the boatman's estimation. A good perch was hooked, brought to within a couple of yards of the boat, and clumsily missed. I permitted him to approach the surface of the water before his time; there was a pull-baker, pull-devil, then a flounder, a broadside flashing, and a sudden disappearance. Pat had one or tw

provoking little ways with him. He had watched the whole business with positive eagerness, but the moment the misfortune happened he appeared unconscious of it, as, looking quite in another direction, he gazed musingly at the sky, softly whistling.

"Bad business that, Patrick?" I suggested shamefacedly.

"Och, and did ye miss that same, yer honner?" he asked with a magnificently assumed expression of surprise.

The salmon of Loch Gill are not as a rule large. The lake trout, which take the fly well up to the end of June and July, are both large and numerous; perch of about half a pound weight the boys and girls catch by the bushel, by fishing over the boat with a simple piece of string and hook, weighted with a pebble. The pike also are abundant, much too abundant to please the keepers, who in the spawning season shoot them without mercy. There were two parties of pike fishermen out on the day of my visit. I would not care to commit myself to details, but I should think each boat had not less than a dozen rods sticking over its gunwales, elevated into the air so as to allow of all the lines trailing without fouling. Every now and then we could hear the whizz of the winch, and would pause to see the pike hauled in hand over hand. We had a nice heap in the bottom of our own boat when we landed at Pat's cabin that night, but what was one rod amongst so many? Pat seemed to think I took too low a view of life. He wished me to try for a big fish, and nothing but a big one. He persisted in the wish. Now, I have one invariable theory on this head, and I gave him the benefit of it.

"Pat," I said Johnsonianly, "I fish for sport, not gross weight. I would rather any day catch half a dozen moderately sized fish than one large one."

The man, it was plain, considered me an ass, but he merely looked up in his provoking way at the sky, and whistled again softly. At length, however, he was propitiated, for I proposed we should take a nip of "the crathur" for luck, fill our pipes for heart, and go in for the biggest fish in the lake. Then the good-humoured Patrick overhauled my spinning flights, selected one that would hold a whale, and adjusted it through and round about a "jack pike" of quite a pound weight. The plan was to trail it say forty yards at the tail of the boat, and I must confess that although it wobbled a good deal, and made a tremendous commotion in the water, it looked a most attractive mouthful for any pike-ish "Sir Roger" that might be lurking near. It so happens that Lough Gill is charged with glorious scenery, and while the pickerel was wobbling steadily after our boat I forgot the

chances of sport, and became lost in poetical contemplation of one of the sweet wooded islets that bestud the water.

The moralist tells you truly indeed that in beauty there is fatality. Had this been a mere Dagenham pond who knows what a contribution would not have been made to the South Kensington Museum? My knowledge on this point is vague, but shall I ever forget that ponderous pull which brought the top of my rod like a dart into the water, or that mighty swirl far away in our wake when the giant, snapping my thickly plaited silk as though it were cotton, went off with hooks, trace, and twenty yards of line, leaving me lamenting, and Pat a third time making astronomical investigations and screwing up his lips? It would have gratified me to have received a little consolation from my humble companion, but he was not going to belie his conscience for any one just then. And that was what came of admiring the beauties of nature, and not perceiving that the line was twisted round the handle of the winch.

Let us now change the scene to another lough across the country, the largest lake in the three kingdoms, and one of the first four largest in Europe. In considering the angler's opportunities in North Ireland it were almost a sin to deal slightingly with the splendid lakes and rivers of Donegal and Londonderry, but there is such a thing as space to be thought of when your notions are to be put in type, and that thought will intrude itself at this moment. As a skeleton guide to angling in Ireland I can with a very clear conscience recommend the inquirer to the chapter devoted to that subject in Murray's Guide; and this is a tribute one all the more gladly pays, as a set-off against some hard words provoked by the vices of such literature on other occasions. The compiler of this guide to the angling waters in Ireland had the good common sense to aim at nothing more fantastic than the imparting of reliable information, and this he has certainly succeeded in getting and giving. Shifting my responsibility to those unknown shoulders, I therefore turn to the waters of which I have had recent experience.

It has been the aim of these Waterside Sketches, in a plain fashion, to hint to the angler the sport most suitable for each month, and that aim is not at this moment forgotten. By October, on almost all waters, fly-fishing has become very scarce. There are to be sure sewin in Wales, and peel in Devonshire, and sea-trout in various places; but the ordinary trout season is gone, and none but late salmon rivers remain. Pike fishing and all the coarser fish are now in their prime; but I shall conclude this sketch for the special benefit of any reader who would care to know where to obtain,

without much trouble or expense, and with some reasonable chance of success, heavy trout and salmon fishing in October. If asked where such a spot is to be found, I reply—"Randalstown, near Lough Neagh."

There is a choice of routes from England to Belfast, and Belfast is well worth spending a day or two in for its own sake. Ulster is not only a flourishing province, but is interesting in its picturesqueness and rich in historical associations. After the rapid railway travelling to which we have been used at home, the Irish lines are apt to be tedious; and the short journey from Belfast to Randalstown is one of the most wearisome of any. It is safest to purchase your flies at Belfast, for they are of a particular pattern, and the tackle makers there understand precisely what kinds are suitable for existing circumstances. A salmon licence may be obtained either at Belfast or Randalstown, but by all manner of means do not forget to include your wading stockings and brogues in your kit, else a beautiful piece of the river which, by stopping at the O'Neill Arms, you are at liberty to fish in the grounds of Shane's Castle, will be altogether beyond your reach. The O'Neills have been literally kings in Ulster, and their emblem, the red hand, will often meet the eye in Antrim. There are two inns well known to anglers visiting this part of Ireland, and they are both O'Neill Arms, the one being at Randalstown, the other at Toome Bridge; and the angler who cannot make himself at home at either ought to be kept on short commons until he come to his proper senses. There is a delicious sense of freedom and coming pleasure on entering the passage of an angler's resort, and being greeted, not by bagmen's trunks and sample boxes, but salmon and trout rods neatly ranged on the rack, and landing nets occupying every spare corner. What a thrill of anticipation passes through one when the landing net is damp from recent use, and bugled with the silver scales of the last captive! There is no inn in the world so comfortable as an honest angling house—a statement which holds equally good in the Highlands, by the waters of Ireland, among the mountains of Wales, or on the banks of the English rivers.

The fishing in Lough Neagh is mostly a matter of nets. I heard a few sly whispers of what was done sometimes on windy days by cross fishing, and saw evidences (of which no more) which rather set at nought the fishermen's dictum that little, if anything, can be done with a fly on that one hundred and fifty-four square miles of fresh water. At the O'Neill Arms at Toome Bridge I saw, with my own individual eyes, a magnificent lake trout of 16 lb. taken that

morning by net from the lake, and in the recess of one of the coffee room windows there lies under a glass case a stuffed specimen of the same family, labelled "26 lb." Trolling and spinning are the best methods of angling. The fishermen do a great deal with night lines baited with scraps of pullan, the fresh-water herring which abounds here, and which one boatman told me was often found on the cross lines. This must be a very exceptional circumstance, seeing that the flies used in this poacher's contrivance are almost as large as salmon flies. The lake is famous for delicious eels, and hundredweights of them are despatched to England by an English lessee who has purchased the fishery.

At Antrim a river known as the Six Mile Water runs into the lough. Other streams feed it, but only the River Bann, a capital salmon river, carries its waters to the sea. I made my first bow to Lough Neagh from the Antrim end, and in that same Six Mile Water there should be, unless the shrewd lad who witnessed my loss has since recovered it, a derelict Canadian spoon-bait which caught a snag instead of a fish. The fishermen use a stiff open boat that carries a good press of sail, and if you can catch a mild breeze a trip across to the opposite shore should be unfortunate for the pike and an occasional trout. The Six Mile Water used to be an excellent salmon and trout stream, but it has been poisoned time after time by mills and factories, and is now scarcely worth the trouble of fishing. An idle day—that is to say, a day in a boat on Lough Neagh, with a couple of spinning baits to take care of themselves, the glamour of sunshine over the woods and shores, and a sweet bell-like voice reading softly to you (as the incense of the meerschaum slowly ascends into the clear atmosphere) about the legend of Shane's Castle, and the traditions of the lake and land, is a penance one would risk not a little to suffer. After three days' conscientious whipping and wading at Randalstown or Toome Bridge a right-minded man should find it quite bearable to be petted and read to for a few hours while reclining lazily in the roomy stern-sheets of a Lough Neagh fishing boat.

The Main is a river after the angler's own heart, especially in September and October. Visit it in August, and your execrations are likely to be as deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee. It will be years before I shall reconcile myself to Irish linen, so deadly is my hatred of the flax water, of which I had painful experience. All Ulster anglers curse the flax water if they curse nothing else, and if they do not speak their condemnation they think it. The flax is placed in water pits to soak, and the filthy trenches are drained off when the

soaking is complete. The rivers become blackened, the air is polluted with a stench to which a tanyard is otto of roses, and the fish are sickened to death's door. Luckily they do not die under the infliction, but they never rise, and the experienced angler at once puts his rod on the rack. The only fish that affect unconcern at the appearance of flax water is the impudent little samlet, which bolts a fly as big as its own head, and worries you incessantly at all times.

The Main river is noted for heavy trout. When I crossed the bridge on my way from the railway station my heart gave a bound at what I saw. A lad was sauntering homewards dangling, with his fingers thrust into the gills, a trout of some four or five pounds; a young working man drifting with the stream in a boat checked by a boulder slung over the bow was taking trout on an average at every third cast; further up on the meadow banks I saw the well balanced figure of the trout fisher. Eager as the traditional war horse is said to be for the battle, I hastened to the river side, sniffing carnage as I ran. It was at the close of a day's rain, the first that had fallen for a month, and the river, though slightly coloured, was in superb order. It ran by in stately measure, broke out like a Christmas chorus upon the scours, tussled and fought round the big boulders, and eddied like an artist round the curve of the pools. And how the fish rose for one little hour! Old Tim in the potato garden over the way, young Mick knee deep in water, Squire Brown in the rushes, the doctor under the weir, the captain in the quiet part of the stream—one and all kept up a pretty hoorooing while the game lasted. The stranger, latest arrived, although his flies were all wrong, and he had in his blind haste got in the teeth of the wind, shared in the general good fortune, and wet, muddy, and tired returned to the inn at dark with the strap of his creel cutting into his shoulder. It was a carnival of trout, large and small, brown and yellow.

On the following morning it must have been highly amusing to see the blank countenances of the expectant sportsmen who at daybreak went down to the waterside. A turbid yellow flood had arisen during the night, and, too vexed to speak, they returned without taking the rod out of the case. Allowing a week of fine weather to interpose, I again went to Randalstown expecting naturally to find the flood abated. So it was, but there was a dark umber stain in the water which I could not understand until I was informed that this was the flax water, and that I might as well attempt to fish in a water butt. The warning was amply justified, for after nine hours' severe labour I was the richer by about three ounces of trout. On my next visit I was more fortunate. Rumours of half a hundredweight of

salmon in one day caught by one rod, exaggerated though no doubt they were, might still be true, and for salmon I tried heart and hand. About two miles up the river the Fates whispered me good omens. The stream, running sharply across from a pretty coppice, swept in a long deep semi-circular pool under a steep bank, and feathered away in a foamy tail. A cloud went across the sun, the wind ruffled the dark water, and the favourite claret fly dropped in the precise square inch that would bear it in natural motion into the current.

> Let the proud salmon gorge the feather'd hook,
> Then strike, and then you have him—He will wince:
> Spin out your line that it shall whistle from you
> Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have him—
> Marry! you must have patience—the stout rock
> Which is his trust hath edges something sharp;
> And the deep pool hath ooze and sludge enough
> To mar your fishing—'less you are more careful.

Doubtless! But we *are* careful, though twice twenty yards are run out in one glorious fanfare from the click reel before there is time to think of patience, or sharp edges, or anything else but the pleasant tingling which the taut line has communicated to every nerve. The gallant fish evidently loves the shade, for he has galloped up to the plantation's edge, cleaving the water as he took the narrowest part of the channel. He is partial to gymnastic exercises too, for into the air he purls, sending one's heart into one's mouth for fear. But he is too well hooked, and following him up, he returns back again to the pool, to yield up the ghost perhaps in sight of a comrade who may by his fate take a salutary warning. I don't say an eight pound fish was much to brag about, but with only a twelve feet trout rod and a landing net which you must perforce use yourself, it did not come amiss to the angler. It is, however, as I have before said, in September and October that the best sport is obtained in the Main river. Great trout up to twelve and fifteen pounds then run out of Lough Neagh, and salmon also; and there is a numerous congregation of anglers from all parts of the country so long as the sport lasts. But the Main is not what it was, and a bare-legged peasant woman confidentially told me why: a few years since a gentleman from London came and took out certain fish, from which he extracted spawn, and returned them again to the stream. For a couple of days, she said, there were strange disturbances in the pools, as if the fish were sitting in conference on the business. The end of it was that on the evening of the second day, as she was leading her goat to new pasture, she observed a movement on the surface as if an orderly

procession were passing down the middle of the river. It was not for her to judge, she concluded, but her private belief was that the fish so summarily deprived of their spawn had in dignified resentment retreated into the lake, never more to return.

At Toome Bridge there is a beautiful stretch of trouting water. The waters of the lough, broad and clear here, tumble over a weir forming the River Bann. Not only can you take fish close under the fall, but by bringing your boat to within a foot of the uproar you may cast your flies into the lake itself and frequently hook a blithe two-pounder within a yard of the edge. This river must be fished from a boat, and it literally swarms with trout. Using fine tackle and small flies in favourable weather you may easily take three or four dozen of fish ranging between half a pound and a pound, with once now and then larger fish. This is a distinct fish from the lake trout which cuts as red as a salmon and has a salmon flavour; these yellow river fish are neither so well coloured nor flavoured. On my last evening at Toome I saw a most wonderful sight. In the west, over the mountains, looking almost ethereal in the fading light, the sun was sinking into a world of golden cloud-architecture, at which one looked with a feeling akin to awe. Turrets were piled upon turrets, their tops gilded with a reddish hue; there were seas and mountains and forests in that mystic land of shadows, and they all melted into thin air like a dream. Directly eastward, on turning from this glorious pageantry, I found the moon rising full and weird out of a bank of dark clouds that brooded over that portion of the lake. The moon-rising was as wonderful in its way as the sunset, and appeared, indeed, to be in sympathy with it. It seemed as if the Queen of Night had resolved to emulate the God of Day and carve out another such city as that which had faded in the western sky, but the attempt was not successful, and her majesty, as if observing it, gave up the contest, and broke into a genial smile which was reflected in ripples of silver on the lough.

RED SPINNER.

# GREAT TOWNS AND THEIR PUBLIC INFLUENCE.

## IV.—LIVERPOOL.

COMPARED with Bristol, Liverpool is a town of yesterday It was late in taking a start, but a time came when the advantages of its position and the energy of its people quickly placed it in the front rank of English towns. Not even Birmingham surpasses it in the prodigious rapidity of its growth and the largeness of its development. Very old men can remember it as a comparatively small place, and can trace its marvellous increase in wealth, population, and splendour, emerging from a small fishing village and growing into the second seaport of England. Old citizens still narrate with a glow of pride how rapidly the magnificent docks extended from mile to mile along the side of the noble Mersey, how streets of mighty warehouses seemed to arise; how,

> As by the wave of an enchanter's wand,

in quick succession Exchange, Town Hall, Corporate buildings, hospitals, churches, and shops rivalling those of London were erected to meet the never ceasing demands of this wonderfully increasing town; and how, after having covered the Lancashire side of the river with evidences of growing wealth, active industry, and civic prosperity, the never sleeping energy of its merchant princes and great ship-builders crossed the watery barrier, and how a mighty town, with similar proofs of riches, rose on the Chester side of these waters crowded with shipping. Liverpool is one of the crowning illustrations of the commercial and industrial capacities of the English nation.

A very brief glance at the past will suffice to bring us to the Liverpool of our own day. "Gentle dullness," as Mr. Carlyle calls it, has found an interminable field for the employment of harmless ingenuity in tracing the etymology of Liverpool. A few words on this not uninteresting subject are all I can spare. Of the many ways of spelling the word I may instance Litherpoole, Lithepoole, Liferpoole, Liderpoole, Lyrpole, Lyverpole, and Liverpool. Some

authorities inform us that these were all "probably taken either from the old Gothic word Lithe or Lide, signifying 'the sea,' or from its derivatives Liter and Lid, signifying 'a ship,' or Lithe, signifying 'a fleete of ships.'" But how a place which had scarcely a ship of its own would be thus named from a word meaning a fleet of ships is a thing which no fellow but an etymologist in search of a derivation can make out. Another authority brings it out of the family name of Lever, of great antiquity in the county of Lancashire; a third hazards the statement that it comes from two Welsh words, Ller-pwll, which mean, "the place on the pool"; and he boldly avers that the "entire Mersey estuary was anciently called Lyrpul, Lyrpoole, or Litherpoole;" and alleges that "the vulgar pronunciation of the name by the country people in the vicinity, Lerpool, represents the true and ancient form of the name." Still another traces it to the plant called liver-wort, which wonderful phenomenon is found there as in numerous other localities. The most popular of its many derivations is that which traces it to a mythological sort of a bird called lever or liver. The most pathetic part of this supposed origin is that no such bird has ever been known to exist. What of that? Is it not in this respect placed in the same category as the classical phœnix; and as this creature of ancient imagination has become the sign or symbol of so many modern fire-offices, may not a bird created by modern imagination have the merit of giving a name to a modern town? Besides, in confirmation of this theory, is not the crest of the borough arms to this day the figure of this identical bird? Historic scepticism should not be carried too far.

Anyhow it is beyond question that in early times Liverpool was very small and insignificant. In the time of Edward III., 1328-77, it consisted only of five streets. Some 170 years later, in Henry VIII.'s reign, Leland thus described it: "Lyrpole, *alias* Lyverpole, a proud town, hath but a chapel. Walton, *four miles off, not far from the sea, is the parish church.* The King hath a castelet there, and the Earl of Derby hath a stone house. Irish merchants come much thither, as to a good haven. At Lyrpole is small custom paid; that causeth merchants to resort. Good merchandise at Lyrpole; and much Irish yarn, that Manchester men do buy there."

In Elizabeth's reign the town made some progress, but not much; although Camden relates that it was then the "most commodious and the most frequented route to Ireland." He adds that it was more remarkable for elegance and populousness than for antiquity. In this and the succeeding reign the number of its freemen nearly doubled. There was, however, little promise of its present greatness;

and Liverpool was in the reign of Charles I. a very poor place indeed. This is shown in the ratal for ship-money. When these unhappy and mischievous councils prevailed, and the King issued his writs for this levy, while Chester was charged with £100, and Bristol at the then very large sum of £1,000, Liverpool was rated at only £15. And the High Sheriff of Lancashire wrote to the authorities, "If you shall tax and assess men according to their estate, then Liverpole being poor, and now goes, as it were, a begging, must pay very little."

At the beginning of the Civil War Liverpool was seized by the Royalists. It was then besieged by the forces of the Parliament, who after a severe contest won it, driving the Royalists out with considerable loss. The fact that this port was the direct route to Ireland rendered its possession of great importance to both parties, and accordingly Prince Rupert again laid siege to the place. He brought with him 10,000 men who had recently been victorious in other contests, and with the contempt and insolence of a conqueror began his work. He termed the fortifications which the Parliamentarians had erected a crow's nest which might readily be taken by boys. This boasting was not quite warranted, for it cost him and his army eighteen days, a hundred barrels of gunpowder, and the loss of some 1,500 men before the crow's nest was taken. Sir Edward More, a contemporary writer, says that Rupert "tooke Liverpoole Whetsontid 1644, putting all to ye sword for many hours, giving noe quarter; where Carrill yt is now Lord Mullinex killed seven or eight men wth his owne hands; good Lord deliver us from ye cruelty of bloodthirsty Papest." In November of the same year it was surrendered again to the Parliament, after a siege of fifty-five days both by sea and land.

During the eighteenth century the progress of Liverpool was enormous. In 1700 the population was 5,714; in 1800 it had risen to 75,000. Mr. Leone Levi states that in 1773 "the population of Liverpool was ascertained to be 34,000. She possessed only three floating docks, a tolerably-sized basin, and three graving docks. The gross receipts of customs in 1775 was £274,000; and in that year eighty-one ships of 9,200 tons cleared from Liverpool for the African or slave trade. In 1775 there was only one letter-carrier for all Liverpool, and the mail bags were carried in and out of the town on horseback." This was the period during which the slave trade flourished and was a source of untold riches to Liverpool, which shared with London and Bristol the profits and the shame of this *iniquitous* traffic. When Clarkson went on his merciful mission of

inquiry, he found that while eighteen vessels engaged in this trade sailed from Bristol, no fewer than eighty left Liverpool. He heard "horrible facts" from everybody; the people were more hardened, and talked on the subject with more cool indifference than in any other seaport. This he assigns to their greater familiarity with the cruelties incidental to the traffic. The Liverpool people, too, were exceptionally bitter and furious in their opposition. More than once the apostle of abolition was threatened with personal violence, and on one occasion only narrowly escaped from being thrown into a dock to drown; and drowned he would have been immediately, for no one would have attempted his rescue. Liverpool was thoroughly roused in the defence of what she considered the most important source of her wealth and the most valuable of her vested interests. The earliest attempts to legislate on this subject were rigorously opposed by the members for Liverpool, who in this only obeyed the all but unanimous wishes—nay, indeed, the commands of their constituents. Mr. Gascoyne declared abolition to be "unnecessary, visionary, and impracticable." Petition on petition was poured into the House of Commons opposing all steps towards abolition, and proclaiming that utter ruin would follow such pernicious and injurious legislation. Through the twenty years' agitation by which the abolition of the slave trade was preceded the influence of Liverpool in opposing the measure was second only, if even it were second, to that of London.

An anecdote is told of the great tragic actor George Frederick Cooke which deserves to be repeated. He was announced to play Richard III., but during the day, as was only too often the case, the tragedian had been indulging in "potations pottle deep," and when he appeared on the stage was scarcely able to articulate. Then at once arose from the audience the cry "Apology! apology!" But the actor staggered to the foot-lights, and in his most tragically indignant tones exclaimed: "Apology, from *me* to *you!* Why there isn't a brick in your whole city that is not cemented with the blood of a slave." And with this inconsequential utterance he scrambled off the stage.

Liverpool was not ruined by the abolition of the slave trade, as its opponents gloomily prophesied. On the contrary, the town took a wider, a nobler, and a more rapid course in progressive prosperity. During the present century her career has been one of extraordinary growth and development. A writer who is fully informed on the subject says:—

Rapid as was the progress of the commerce of Liverpool in the last century it is more than equalled in the present day. From the large share the merchants

possessed in the African slave trade it might have been apprehended that the cessation of that traffic would have seriously affected their interests. But it was not so. A succession of causes continually tended to open up fresh channels for enterprise and to give increased facility to mercantile operations. The most powerful of these was the warehousing system, which gave all the advantages of a free port to one possessing so many natural and artificial advantages. It was followed by the partial opening of the trade to the East Indies; next by the introduction of steam navigation; and, during late years, by the complete abolition of the East India Company's monopoly. In addition to these causes the rapid advance of our original descendants in the New World in wealth and population has called into operation the intercourse chiefly carried on through this port. Lastly, with her skilful engineers and fortunate position as the outport of a country abounding in mineral fuel, she holds the sinews of that mighty power which is extending its conquests over the wide world; walking the waters through storm and calm, and bridging the Atlantic itself; gliding over the peopled plains of the Old World, through the eternal forests of the New, and as it passes along scattering in its train civilised man, his energies guided by Christian knowledge and by his expanding wants and national desires.

In proof of this marvellous accretion it is only necessary to mention the increase of population since 1800. It was then, as I have already stated, about 75,000; in 1861 it was 443,938, and at the last census in 1871 it was 493,346—thus in seventy years showing the enormous increase of 418,346 persons. Figures are not always interesting reading, but in most cases it is only by figures that we can obtain anything like a comprehensible and accurate idea of the extraordinary development of our great towns during the present century.

The political influence of Liverpool has generally been exercised in the Conservative interest, but in the great Reform agitation a large and influential Union was founded, which co-operated with that at Birmingham in its active support of the Bill. Petitions very numerously signed in favour of the measure were sent to Parliament, and a vast amount of Liberal enthusiasm prevailed. This was, however, of short duration, and in less than three years after the passing of the Bill the burgesses returned to their favourite political side. The second general election after the passing of the Act was in January 1835, and then, notwithstanding the extension of the suffrage and the enlarged register produced by the addition of the ten pound householders to the number of voters, the Conservatives headed the poll. Since that time the public influence of Liverpool has almost uniformly been Conservative. This state of opinion in such an active community, added to the great change which within a few years has taken place at Manchester, will afford some explanation of the general Conservative reaction by which nearly the whole

county of Lancashire was so signally distinguished at the last election.

During the American civil war Liverpool ardently sympathised with the Southern States, and all her influence was exerted in that direction. A large number of privateers were fitted out in, and sailed from, her docks in their hazardous and illegal enterprises. Persistent but unsuccessful efforts were made to induce the English Government to recognise the Southern States. At Birkenhead, a place which bears the same relation to Liverpool as Gateshead does to Newcastle-on-Tyne, Salford to Manchester, and Aston to Birmingham—in fact for political purposes the two places may be considered as one—at Birkenhead the Messrs. Laird built for the Confederates the vessel which, under the name *Alabama*, won such a notoriety as a privateer, and drew this kingdom into a series of difficulties which at any moment might have led to war, and which ended in inflicting a heavy penalty on the nation. Beyond question, Liverpool must be credited with the chief of those acts which after ten years of mutual recrimination led up to judgment against us in the Court of Arbitration at Geneva.

Liverpool is the birth-place of an association which is slowly growing in importance, and which promises at no very distant date to exercise a great influence on public opinion. To various large towns has been given the accomplishment of some particular public work as the crowning glory of its public life and history: to Birmingham the first Reform Bill, to Manchester the repeal of the Corn Laws, and it appears all but certain that to Liverpool will be given the no less important labour of systematising and reforming our national finances. In April 1848 the Financial Reform Association was founded. Its objects briefly stated are "economical government, just taxation, and perfect freedom of trade." Its method is to create an educated public opinion on all subjects connected with taxation, national expenditure, and the influence of imports and duties on trade and commerce. To effect this end tracts on every part of our financial system, on taxation in all its branches, aspects, and bearings, its incidence and its application, are printed and widely circulated. Lectures on similar subjects are delivered by thoroughly well informed gentlemen in the different towns throughout the country. Leaflets on how the public money came and went in each past year, and how it is coming and going in the current year are published in large numbers, giving in the briefest possible manner the amount raised from the various sources of revenue and the way in which it is expended; the cause and origin of the National Debt, and the way in which the public burdens have been transferred from the land to

the Excise and other taxes; while the advantages of a system of direct taxation over that of Customs and Excise are displayed in the simplest manner. At the end of each year is issued the *Financial Reform Almanack*, in which is presented a vast amount of "tabulated fiscal, commercial, social, and political information," all relating to the objects of the association, and furnishing in a clear and lucid manner a complete history of taxation as it affects the life and industry of the nation. Since July 1858 the association has published a monthly paper entitled the *Financial Reformer*, the recognised advocate of its objects, which are:—"1. To use all lawful and constitutional means of inducing the most rigid economy in the expenditure of the Government, consistent with due efficiency in the several departments of the public service. 2. To advocate the adoption of a simple and equitable system of direct taxation, fairly levied upon property and income, in lieu of the present unequal, complicated, and expensively-collected duties upon commodities." In this work "political partisanship is distinctly disowned, the association being composed of men of all political parties."

In illustration of the influence already exercised by this association we have only to read a speech delivered by Mr. Bright at a large meeting which it held in Liverpool in December 1859, the views which he advocated being adopted as those of the association. The speaker proposed the repeal of taxes which pressed on the bulk of the people and on precarious incomes, and the substitution of others on property producing fixed incomes; the abolition of the income tax, the assessed taxes (except the house tax), taxes on marine insurances, fire insurances, and the duty on paper; the remission of all duties from the Customs tariff, except on foreign wines (and that these should be reduced from 5s. 6d. to 1s. on the gallon), foreign spirits, and tobacco. These proposals would have reduced the revenue by more than £26,000,000; to meet this loss he suggested a tax of 8s. per cent. on all persons whose property was more than £100, which would produce £27,000,000, or an excess of £1,000,000. As to the wisdom or justice of these proposals I am not now called upon to express an opinion; I give the statement to show the influence which the Reform Association has had on the subject of taxation. Since this speech in 1859 the assessed taxes have been lessened, the duties on marine and fire insurances taken off, the paper duty abolished, and the income tax made small by degrees and beautifully less. This epitome of the gradual change which is taking place in the public mind on the subject of taxation is a sufficient proof of the influence which this non-political association of Liverpool

has exercised during its existence, and is, doubtless, a prophecy of still greater fiscal reforms which it will effect. Mr. Cobden gave his full adhesion to its objects and pronounced a very emphatic eulogy on its proposals :—

"I believe," he said, "your principles to be sound, entirely sound—as sound as those of the Anti-Corn Law League—and I congratulate you, gentlemen, on having for years kept this lamp burning in the midst of external darkness. You are very much to be honoured for having, although in a small minority, kept up the advocacy of principles which you believe to be true, which I believe to be true, and which the people generally will more and more believe to be true."

In all that concerns their local life and institutions the public spirit of Liverpool is rivalled by few large towns, and surpassed by none. In its public expenditure the corporation, which is very rich, rarely counts the cost if it is necessary that a great work should be done. Over £900,000 has been expended in constructing the splendid system of sewerage, in perfecting which "no expense or care seems to have been spared." The Town Hall cost upwards of £110,000, and the Exchange more than £360,000, while some £400,000 was expended in the erection of St. George's Hall and the Assize Courts. All the public buildings are on a similar scale of magnificence, the charities are numerous and munificently supported, the docks are the admiration of strangers from all parts of the world. For some time past Liverpool has run a neck-and-neck race with Bristol as to which place should be the most heavily rated in the kingdom.

The munificence of many of her wealthy citizens is princely. A Free Library has been established for twenty-one years, and in 1857 Sir William Brown, Bart., began the building of a fitting receptacle for the literary treasures of the town. This was finished in 1860, at a total cost of £40,000, the whole of which was borne by the generous donor. The Report for 1873 is now before me. I find that at the end of that year the Reference Library contained 56,828 volumes, and during the year there had been 489,270 issues. There are also two branch lending libraries called the North and South : the former contains 20,031 volumes, and the latter 20,799, making a total of 40,830. The united issues of books in 1873 were 422,531. During the same period 428,501 persons visited the Museum. A Free Art Gallery has been greatly needed in the town, and, to quote from the last report of the Free Libraries Committee, "an attempt was made without success during the past year to gain the aid of the Council towards the erection of such a building, and subsequently offers of contributions were made by private individuals to the extent of £7,000

for the same purpose. The public, however, did not come forward in response, and the whole project was on the eve of a collapse when the Mayor, Mr. A. B. Walker, nobly came to the rescue, and immediately after his election to the chair on the 10th of November announced his intention of devoting the sum of £20,000 to the erection of a building for an Art Gallery." Thus two citizens alone will have devoted the sum of £60,000 for the proper location of works of literature and art. The new building is to be called "The Walker Art Gallery."

It is a fact full of healthy promise and rich in encouraging example that so many of our large towns have been remarkable, not only for having organised and carried to a successful issue some one great public question, but having exercised a co-operative influence in moulding and forming public opinion on all questions that affect the general well-being of the nation. This distribution of power and this influence shared with so many other places render it sometimes a little difficult to trace accurately what has been the particular influence which this or that town has exercised on questions of public policy, and still more difficult to point out its exact bearing and to show its precise extent. In cases of broad political changes, such as the effect of Birmingham on the Reform Bill of 1832, of Manchester on the repeal of the Corn Laws, and of both places on the question of national education, the lines are very clear and distinct. Liverpool has exercised an enormous public influence in various ways during the present century, but not in carrying any particular law or in repealing any old statute by which her name has been imperishably associated and in which her influence was paramountly displayed. In the discussion and settlement of most modern questions she has had a "voice potential," but it has been a voice united with other voices, and not so much a distinct and separate power which, acting alone, would have decided the fate of a measure or created and destroyed Governments. In producing the great Conservative reaction which dethroned Mr. Gladstone and placed Mr. Disraeli in power the influence of Liverpool has been very great. It was mainly through this influence that Mr. Gladstone lost South Lancashire in 1868, and since that year the county has been one of the most active forces in giving a Conservative turn to the electoral power of the country. The eight members returned for the four divisions of the county of Lancashire were all Conservatives. In Liverpool the two Conservative candidates headed the poll by large majorities, Mr. John Torr, the junior member, having upwards of 3,000 votes more than Mr. W. Rathbone, the elected Liberal

candidate; and but for the operation of the provision in the last Reform Bill by which no elector in a constituency returning three members can vote for more than two, three Conservatives would in all probability have been returned. As an indication of the growing influence of the Financial Reform Association it may be stated that Mr. Torr declared himself "in favour of a reduction of the public expenditure." At Manchester the two Conservatives were also returned at the head of the poll, and one of the rejected candidates was Mr. Jacob Bright. Liverpool and the county generally is well represented in the Government: Lord Derby being the Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Viscount Sandon, one of the members for Liverpool, Vice-President of the Council; and the Right Hon. R. Assheton Cross, one of the members of the south-western division of the county, Secretary of State for the Home Department; the Hon. Algernon F. Egerton, member of the south-eastern division, is Secretary to the Admiralty; and the Hon. Frederick A. Stanley, member for the northern division, is one of the Under-Secretaries of War. This is pretty well for one county. But the appointments in their relation to the county have been well deserved, owing to the great influence which Liverpool in particular and Lancashire in general have had in producing that state of affairs which has made them possible.

At the present time Liverpool is engaged in a public work of such magnitude as to partake more of the character of an imperial than a provincial undertaking. The extent of her docks is enormous, but the existing system, great as it is, is not sufficient for the accommodation of her ever-increasing maritime requirements, and it is now being extended in a manner characteristic alike of the enterprise and wealth of this great town. The extension of the docks now in course of construction is for the accommodation of the steam trade. The new docks will occupy the space reclaimed from the foreshore of the Mersey between the north quay of the Canada basin and the Seaforth shore. The area of this space is nearly 1,365,000 square yards, the length about 6,200 feet, and the breadth 2,000 feet. It will be fronted by a wall of enormous strength, which will be faced with granite. At the back of the wall a public promenade will be laid out, which will, doubtless, form one of the most pleasant and attractive places of summer resort in or near the town. The cost will be very great, and the whole work will be one more monument added to the many already existing of the honourable public spirit of the people of Liverpool.

Visitors to Liverpool at intervals of only a few years are habitually

astonished at the rapid changes in the town and the tokens of marvellous growth. Again and again have I been struck with amazement at the new streets, new buildings, mighty warehouses, and palatial-looking structures which have sprung up, seemingly by magic, during my comparatively brief absence from the town. This wonderful material progress of Liverpool—these manifest proofs of restless energy united with exhaustless wealth—produced a marked impression on the mind of Lord Erskine. Writing of a visit to Liverpool he says :—

> I had before often been at the principal seaports in this island; and, believing that, having seen Bristol and those other towns that deservedly pass for great ones, I had seen everything in this great nation of navigators on which a subject should pride himself, I own I was astonished and astounded when, after passing a different ferry and ascending a hill, I was told by my guide, "All you see spread out beneath you—that immense plain, which stands like another Venice upon the water—which is intersected by those numerous docks—which glitters with those cheerful habitations of well-protected men—which is the busy seat of trade, and the gay scene of elegant amusements, growing out of its prosperity—where there is the most cheerful face of industry—where there are riches overflowing, and everything that can delight a man who wishes to see the prosperity of a great community and a great empire—all this has been created by the industry and well-disciplined management of a handful of men since you were a boy." I must have been a stick or a stone not to be affected by such a picture.

These feelings must have been experienced by all who, like the present writer, have stood many, many times during the last half-century, and traced the continual growth and mighty expansion of this queen of English seaports.

SEXAGENARIAN.

# A Pic-Nic at Vaucluse.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

THE idea was suggested in the coffee-room of the Hôtel du Luxembourg, Avignon. It was after three days of devotion to the memory of Petrarch, and the ex-Papal city, notwithstanding the efforts of its inhabitants to keep *en fête* for a little while longer, was relapsing into its habitual gloom. The torrid heat was baking the Roman and Ecclesiastical ruins, peeling off the colour from the few remaining fragments of hypœtheral painted wall, and evolving from a hundred gutters those myriad fragrances which have given a kindred and conflicting renown to Cologne. Under such circumstances even gurgoyles and flamboyant turrets are apt to tire; and thus it came to pass that four idle Parisians, as many young naval officers from Marseilles, two or three sons of Provençal families in the neighbourhood, and a solitary Englishman—now writing these lines in an apocryphal Petrarch's cottage—found themselves at a loss for amusement. The Englishman suggested a pic-nic within sight of the classic fountain—as it is called—of Vaucluse.

The Englishman immediately repented him of his rashness; for, albeit that the notion of a "peek-neek" was declared charming, nobody knew what it meant, and it was not until after an adjournment to a café, with a course of *café frappé*, vermouth, absinthe, and native bitter beer, that the plan was fairly laid, the day but one following being fixed, with a rendezvous at the railway station. As I expected, nothing had been provided. No foreigner understands a pic-nic in the Epping Forest sense of the term. We were not worth a pork-pie or a sandwich amongst us; but one of the Provençal gentlemen had despatched a messenger, ordering a breakfast *al fresco* from the Hôtel Petrarque et Laure, with special injunctions that La Sorga should be fished for our pleasure. This, after all, was a relief, since baskets and knapsacks, bottles and crockery, would have been deplorable impedimenta. Thus we twelve started, arranging to miss a train at each station, and finally, if necessary, to walk. The first halt was at Morieva, a spot wildly beautiful, whence, through a gap in a double ridge of rocks, the eye ranged over an immense

and magnificent landscape. Next, a ferry-boat, breasting the rapid and sparkling Sorgue, crossed to the islet on which stands Thor, venerable and picturesque, rich in Byzantine relics, but not equal to de L'Isle, with its antique tower and church, and not so inviting as Saumanes, where the gorge of Vaucluse commences. Here towers Bandelon, the Parnassus of Petrarch; here, in a hollow of the rock, green with pines and olives, shines the white villa of Baume; in front, the Bishops of Cavaillon have left a few fractured arches and cloisters of a military type; and at this point—beyond which the railway does not go—the guide triumphantly waves his cap, and indicates a house which was *not* Petrarch's. A little cottage, nestled at the foot of a tremendous rock at the farthest end of the village, and close to the stream, has much better claims to be regarded as the poet's habitation—though cottages are not greatly in the habit of lasting five hundred years for the sake of amateur sketch-books. A rough and climbing walk of four miles had exasperated all our appetites, and breakfast was anticipated with zeal, when the guide came moodily down to say it would not be ready for two hours. A waiter followed him, however, with a basket of wine and cakes, wherewith we were fain to be content, though our marine friends had come prepared to dispense, also, from large flat case-bottles of cognac. A word, however, is due to the said waiter, in his neatly cut white jacket and bell-mouthed trousers, broad crimson silk sash and canvas slippers, whose talk was incessantly of the fountain and the grotto—both misnomers, since the latter is an enormous cavern, and the former an impetuous cascade.

But this was the moment for a glance around and for receiving those first impressions which never wear away. I confess to being overpowered by the sentiment, by the charm, by the magic, of the place. So this was Vaucluse! It seemed to have a soul. I had seen the laurelled head in bronze borne triumphantly through the narrow streets of Avignon; but here arose a vision of the half shrouded face that more than five centuries ago haunted these rocks and waters. No solitude, though cities, towns, and villages lay so near, could be more complete. High above all rose Monte Ventosa; winding through several channels, separated by islets resembling flower-baskets, the Sorga danced and bubbled, as if glad to escape, as it does in foam and thunder, from its dark prison of stone, where all is quietude and silence. Overlooking the exulting and abounding torrent swells a cliff of gigantic height, the grim and sterile sides of which cast a perpetual shadow. Passing within the mighty hollow the idea of grandeur is in no way diminished. You are in a double

cavern, arch within arch, the outer one being sixty feet high; and though the roar of the falling stream is so near, all is still. From the unplumbed depths of the earth rise incessant volumes of water, and not a ripple breaks the black surface. Of course you drink. The water is exquisitely clear, but acrid to the taste, and well adapted to its unromantic use in tanning and dyeing. Beyond, a second arch, half the height of the first, opens into a huge cell wherein darkness is visible indeed. Yet in this darkness the poet composed that trio of sonnets, "most musical, most melancholy," known as The Three Graces; and in that simple cottage, with white walls, gently-sloping roofs, lulled by the deep murmur of the Sorgue, he lived on brown bread, figs, raisins, nuts, and almonds, and filled the portrait-gallery of his imagination with her face and form—her golden hair, snowy skin, starry eyes, and voice of music, even her dress of embroidered purple.

It was impossible not to fall into a reverie over these visions, notwithstanding that my companions were trying the echoes, joking, swearing slightly at the non-appearance of breakfast—which now, however, began to appear and made one of the little islets look more fascinating than ever. And there was a Petrarchian character in the banquet itself—the brown bread and dry fruit being religiously added to our less ascetic fare, with copious minglings of wine to enrich the pure flow of the Vaucluse fountains. Speedily the novelty of the sight brought forth inquisitive groups to behold the strangers feasting: tawny old women, young girls with eyes

Black as moonless midnights—

some with wreaths of blossoms on their heads—most, however, wearing the quaint Vauclusian head-dress, scanty skirts trailing on the ground, white kerchiefs folded modestly and gracefully over the bosom. Why, there was small necessity in this changeless nook of Europe for masquerading in order to bring back the thirteenth century. Even among the men, not a few, in their enormous blue-lined hats and scarlet jackets, were of singularly Old World aspect. No one looked at the cavern, at the cataract, at the monumental column, at the fragments of ancient architecture; but all, not less than ourselves, were delighted when, along the miniature coasts, the maidens of the valley began to dance the dainty Farandole—a kind of lady's chain—an exclusively Provençal measure, and to sing the songs of the Provençal Felibres, partly traditional, partly improvised, the language of which, coming down uncorrupted through ages, seems the very mould for poetical ideas. Yet the Parisians call it *patois!* It is, at all events, the language of the earliest and most

precious literature they possess, and sounded with inexpressible melody among the mountains.

Even a pic-nic in an enchanted valley must come to an end. Therefore, after I am ashamed to say how long, our pastoral banquet came to its close, with a good deal of singing *not* from the Provençal repertory, and the party broke up in a frame of mind quite prepared by this time for raptures. Was it that the inspiration of the spot had at length begun to work? Possibly; but a pyramid of empty bottles had been erected, at which, to the speechless amazement of the natives, well-aimed pebbles were hurled until there was not an unbroken neck among them. This duty accomplished, we went at it like a learned association, brought out a Pliny, made sure about the Roman origin of two pillars and a monolithic sarcophagus in the church, tottered from stone to stone of the ruins of the Roman Aqueduct, walked through a curious tunnel which has been converted into a street, and saw the celebrated fig tree which indicates the rise and fall of the water. If this touches the trunk something remarkable, the people think, is sure to happen. It had not so risen on the Arcadian day I am celebrating: but something remarkable happened, nevertheless; that is to say, the "golden youth" scratched their names beneath silly verses on the idyllic walls. And then, on the natural terraces of grass outside, worse than all, snoring was heard. Let these hours be passed over, until the dim religious light of the southern evening softens even those towers of rock, and brings them out, purple and solemn, when it is obvious that our pic-nic is not yet over. Little pale torches flit among the recesses of the hills; wizard gleams of light are visible from fifty or sixty small caves, natural or artificial, in the mountains; the sun sinks rapidly, as is usual here, leaving a sky, rose-tinted above, copper coloured below; human beings appear as if dyed in this double light; the darkness deepens; and a sudden flush, though not from sun, or moon, or stars, but as if from all commingled, reddens the snowy-walled convent, the dilapidated cottage with its steps of stone, the water as it falls and foams, the high-perched ruins of the castle once inhabited by the Bishops of Cavaillon, the hotel façade lower down, the little church, the fragment of a monastery, and all the fantastic scenery around them. Only one effect was yet to come—the illumination of the caverns by torches with coloured flames, and the picture then recalled the wildest scenes in "Vathek"; a harsh double flageolet playing frantically and inconsonantly all the time. Enough of the valley for one day. The hotel coffee-room, ices and draughts, a merry supper, and a sound sleep, were welcome even after these *Virgilian* hours.

# A Rambling Story.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Iron Cousin," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.

## PART V.

NOW I passed that night, or the next few days, I can hardly now recall; I believe I had a sharp attack of illness that subsided into low fever, and I remained prostrate, lost to all sense of life. The kind-hearted merchant came to see me, hearing I was ill; but declared that I ailed nothing, that I was only moping or home-sick, and that all I wanted to make me quite myself again was to come into society and raise my spirits amongst fair ladies and good fellowship.

"Don't tell me, Hamilton; I know that you're only fanciful and blue-devil-ridden, a malady most incident to Englishmen; I shouldn't wonder if you're pining after some blue-eyed sweetheart you've left yonder at home, and are thinking of returning already. Take heart of grace, man; cheer up! Come and see some of our Venetian beauties and compare their dark starry eyes with your charmer's shy turquoise glances, and either confess that the bright diamonds outshine them, or remain true, if you will, to the soft forget-me-nots; but at any rate look and judge for yourself."

I smiled at his hearty cheerfulness, but shook my head.

"Pshaw, Hamilton, be persuaded; there's to be a grand masked ball at the Marchesa Palmadoro's to-morrow evening; I must have you go. All the most lovely women of Venice will be present, for there is a kind of boast current that the city can produce quite as beautiful creatures among her ladies as this 'Bella Inglese,' who is turning the heads of the young gallants just now; the 'Bella Inglese' is to be at this ball, and the Marchesa vows she will collect as many of her countrywomen to meet the fair stranger as shall surpass her in beauty, each in their several persons. That this may be openly proved, the Marchesa has intimated that she expects all the ladies at her ball to appear *unmasked* and all the gentlemen *masked*. The only person not in the secret of this arrangement, as

regards its purport, is 'La Bella Inglese' herself; but all the Venetian fair ones have been whispered to shine out at their very best, for the honour of Italian charms; so you will see an assemblage of beauty rarely beheld, Hamilton; an opportunity not to be neglected by you, as man or artist. Come, promise me you will be there; I shall leave this card of invitation on your table, and shall expect to meet you."

At first, when he left, I believed nothing could have induced me voluntarily to go and once more look upon that face which, since I had found whose it really was, had become a thought of anguish and insupportable regret to me; I could not bear to behold that being who had been so long an exclusive memory to me, a blest source of treasured delight and hoarded contemplation, as something tenderly cherished and possessed by myself alone,—now known to be self-dedicated to another man's image; to see that face, pale and saddened by a secret preference elsewhere, when I had so long remembered it lighted by the glow of a grateful impulse towards myself, seemed a torment akin to witnessing her infidelity. I knew that I had no remotest claim, no slenderest right upon her, and yet I had so long made her my own by faithful worship and adoring constancy, that I felt as though to discover her affections already gone were to be bereft of joy, of light, of hope; I knew that it had been a vague joy, a fallacious light, a mad hope, and yet to have them all at once destroyed was bitterness inexpressible.

I paced my room for hours, with an aching, jealous resentment at the heart-subdued expression her sweet face bore, and feeling that I could not endure to see it thus again, when all at once a powerful reaction of impulse took place in me, and I was seized with as intense a desire to look upon her once more as I had before felt it to be impossible; I told myself that I would feast my eyes upon her gentle beauty and teach my soul patience in its bereavement; or, if not that, it should gather strength of endurance from its very conviction of hopelessness. I had hitherto indulged my memory in the image of that countenance bright with youthful promise and graceful cordiality;—now I would force myself to behold it softened into mournfulness—a mournfulness inspired by a sentiment in which I had no share; and I would steel myself into courage from that thought itself. I now longed as eagerly for the time of repairing to the Marchesa Palmadoro's ball as I had before shrunk from the idea of going. I furnished myself with an antique German costume which would serve my present purpose excellently for observing without *being* observed, in my re-awakened thirst to behold her.

I took my station in a retired corner of one of the spacious range of reception-rooms, and awaited the arrival of "La Bella Inglese" with beating heart and anxious eyes. From the persons around me I heard many an admiring anticipation, many a wonder expressed of whether she would indeed prove so matchless a beauty as was reported, and many a defiant belief that the Venetian sisterhood would come out victresses from the approaching competition.

"What are you wasting your sight and speech here for, gallants?" asked a young mask who joined a group of others standing near to the spot where I had stationed myself. "I came to look for you, wondering where you could be, and fearing that you would miss the centre of all attraction; yonder, in the saloon adjoining the garden-grounds she is, with the Marchesa and some other ladies talking as calmly as though no such thing as rivalship, or beauty, or admiration, or any of the causes that drive men and women out of their senses, existed in the world. It is well that 'La Bella Inglese' knows nothing of to-night's question, for her island pride might have made her decline the contest, though her beauty might well inspire her with confidence in the result. Come, come, let us go! By Venus! Every moment we lose is a wrong to our own eyes."

I followed the group of maskers, and as we reached the apartment which formed the end of the suite we found the crowd thicken and grow denser each moment; I succeeded in making my way by degrees until I stood within the doorway, and when there I paused to collect my courage to gaze upon her whom I had come purposely to behold.

She was so surrounded by admiring observers that for some time I had no chance of obtaining sight of her; but gradually the room thinned, the concentrated interest waned, and the groups of maskers dispersed, attracted by other fair looks, those of the Italian beauties present, who cared little to remain in close vicinity to "La Bella Inglese."

Then I saw her; saw her seated in her sweet unconsciousness, her modest dignity, talking easily and quietly with the Marchesa Palmadoro, who had, with much tact and delicacy, carefully prevented a suspicion of the point at issue from reaching her guest. Behind Lady Gertrude's chair leaned a tall figure in a plain black domino, whose folded arms and air of haughty superciliousness told me plainly could be no other than her guardian uncle, Lord Haughtonhurst. He, like all the other gentlemen present, wore a mask, but in no other way did he seem to bear a part in the festal scene going forward; he coldly bowed his head, now and then, to a gentleman near him, who was talking rapidly to him, apparently endeavouring

to entertain him with conversation, and who I guessed to be Marchese Palmadoro.

They were joined by a portly mask in old English costume, whose unaffected bearing enabled me to discern him to be my friend Mr. Maynard, personating the British merchant-prince Sir Thomas Gresham. He did not recognise me in my masking dress, and this encouraged me to draw nearer to the spot, that I might hear the sound of that voice whose gentle tones thrilled my heart with tender remembrance of the moment when they had once fallen upon my ear, full of soft yet earnest thanks. A draperied window afforded me convenient lounging-place, and I could stand there, losing no accent from her lips, no look, no movement of her features or person; the rich yet simply-fashioned dress in which she was robed showed her perfect figure to advantage, and the few jewels she wore were even more tasteful than costly—though they were evidently of rare value; on one of her white arms was clasped a large emerald held by strings of pearls, and her magnificent hair was braided with a single circle of diamonds, while the bosom of the dress was fastened by a cluster of the same gems. The fair cheek, in the animation of speaking, and with the heat of the room, had lost some of its accustomed pallor, and was tinted with a delicate flush, giving the eyes a portion of that lustre which had lighted them when first I met their speaking glance.

Once, as she continued to converse with Madame Palmadoro, their beaming look chanced to rest upon the spot where I stood; and for the instant, while the soft eyes actually encountered mine, I felt my frame tremble and throb from head to foot, as though she had suddenly addressed me: but my friendly window-recess allowed me to remain unnoticed, a mere motionless figure, one of the surrounding bystanders.

Presently a masked cavalier, in the guise of Mephistophiles, approached the two ladies, and made a whispered appeal to the Marchesa, who smiled, and, turning to Lady Gertrude, said: "Here is a countryman of yours desirous of the honour of dancing with your fair ladyship; it requires the devil's impudence to ask so distinguishing a favour, but Mephistophiles is the most impudent of devils, so I think we must humour him. What say you?"

"I seldom dance," replied the sweet voice, with a timid referring glance of the gentle eyes towards the tall domino who leaned against the back of her chair.

"The gentleman is known to me," said the Marchesa, in a half-whisper to the tall domino; "he is an Englishman of birth and

station; your lordship may suffer your niece to honour him with her hand in the dance, upon my guarantee."

The domino bowed stiffly, and the Marchesa nodded smilingly to the cavalier, who led Lady Gertrude to a place amongst the dancers; as he took her hand in his, my heart bounded with a wild leap of grudging wrath, but the next moment I mastered my emotion and hastened to provide myself with a partner from among a bevy of fair young women near at hand. I succeeded in securing the position I had hoped for, opposite to the mistress of my adoring thought; actually face to face with her, engaging in the same dance, meeting her eyes with mine, touching her hand with my own. I could have almost fancied that the fire which burned in my heart and glowed in my veins must have been betrayed through the pulsing fingers'-ends which encountered hers with eager yet reverent touch, but I was careful to control my excitement and to shut within my own soul the rapture with which I thus found myself near her.

At the conclusion of the dance I saw the cavalier, instead of leading Lady Gertrude to her seat, contrive to open a conversation with her, gradually drawing her apart from the crowd, under plea of walking up and down in the cool of the verandah terrace which led into the garden grounds. I hurriedly rid myself of my partner and followed them, keeping somewhat aloof, but retaining them in sight.

I thought I could perceive visible reluctance in Lady Gertrude, while the cavalier persisted in leading her farther and farther away from the company; at length I heard her make some direct objection, as he attempted to draw her beyond the lighted terrace into the garden paths which lay in partial shadow; in reply, the masked cavalier spoke with a vehemence that surmounted the assumed voice in which he had hitherto spoken, and, upon the natural one striking her ear, Lady Gertrude exclaimed: "Sir Henry!"

The name, her startled tone of surprise and repugnance, both made the idea flash into my mind who this masked cavalier was—no other than her old persecutor, the libertine baronet.

He seized her hand, saying: "Nay, I cannot lose this opportunity—you must and shall hear me, now!"

I stepped forward and stood before them.

"'Must' and 'shall' are not words to address a lady with, Sir Fiend; Satan himself knows better manners than to use such a peremptory style. No harsher terms than 'resplendent Eve,' or 'liebenswürdiges Kind,' according to Milton and Goethe."

"And who the devil may you be, sir?" asked the mask fiercely.

"Do you conjure in your own name, Sir Lucifer? You have a choice of titles, you know, 'Modo' he's called, and 'Mahu.' But at any rate the Prince of Darkness should be a gentleman, and gentlemen deal not in 'must' and 'shall' with ladies."

"What nonsense is this?" he exclaimed. "Oh, ay, my masking character. If I am Mephistophiles, that antique German student-garb proclaims you my docile pupil Faustus, bound to do my bidding—therefore"——

"Softly, Sir Fiend," interrupted I. "Gutemberg, not Faustus, and the Father of Printing has gone far to subvert the dominion of the Father of Lies; therefore, Cavaliero Mephistophiles, give place to thy betters. Know thy master and submit. Avaunt! Depart! Begone from this place, Sir Evil Spirit, and at once!"

"A truce to this folly, sir," replied he haughtily. "I am in no mood for trifling and keeping up the humours of masquerade characters. I tell you plainly that I have words for this lady's ear alone, and we can dispense with your presence."

"Until I have confirmation from the lady herself, I shall take leave to think it not altogether unwelcome," I replied, looking towards Lady Gertrude, who, since I had spoken, had kept her eyes fastened upon my mask, as if they would have pierced its black surface.

"No, no," she murmured, in answer to my appeal.

"You tremble, madam; let me give you my support," I said, advancing to offer her my arm.

Sir Henry would have re-seized the hand she had withdrawn from his grasp, as he said: "You will not, surely, permit an impertinent—a stranger—thus to interfere between us!"

"He is no stranger; I accept his protection," said Lady Gertrude; and she clasped both her hands upon my arm, with a dignity at once womanly in its gentle reliance, and ladylike in its quiet decision; both the action and her manner thrilling to my heart with a proud joy I had never till then tasted.

"You know him!" exclaimed Sir Henry, his eyes flashing fire through his mask.

At this moment there was a sound of approaching footsteps, and Sir Henry drew back, muttering a deep curse, and ground through his teeth: "You shall repent this usage, madam! By heaven, I will yet have my revenge!" And with no farther word, he suddenly turned and disappeared among the trees of the garden grove.

I was too much lost in the transport of feeling that clasp upon my arm to take much note of Sir Henry's vanishing figure; all my senses

seemed absorbed in the one consciousness, until a soft voice fell upon my ear, musical in its breathing earnestness—

"I think I am not mistaken in believing that I once owed my life to your timely care; now, you have saved me from what is, to me, worse than death. My gratitude through life, my gratitude till death, are yours."

The Marchesa Palmadoro, whose approach we had heard, now came up, saying that in pity to Lord Haughtonhurst's anxiety to learn what had become of his niece she had herself come in search of her; and, begging Lady Gertrude to lose no time in returning to him, she hurried her way.

I remained for a few moments longer upon the terrace, wrapped in the delicious dream which the late occurrences had thrown me into; then, suddenly awakening to the recollection that I was losing sight of her while occasion still lasted for my preserving her in view, I re-entered the saloon and looked round eagerly, but fruitlessly; I passed through the whole suite of rooms, with the same unsuccess, until I overheard a young masker saying to another that "La Bella Inglese" had just left.

"I saw her dark guardian-spirit sweeping her off under his swart wing, down yonder staircase," laughed the young man; "he fears to have his white angel slip out of the bounds of his gloomy jurisdiction; but let him have a care; she will find her own snowy wings one of these fine days, and take flight from his dusk dominion."

I hastened towards the marble stairs he had indicated, and as I reached the base I caught sight of the tall black domino in one of the side rooms, assisting to shroud a slender white figure in a large mantle; as he drew the hood over the fair head, the eyes chanced to be raised for a moment, and encountered mine; I saw, by the slight start and rapid change of colour, that I had been recognised, and the knowledge sent a rush of exquisite delight to my heart, to console me for seeing her, the next minute, borne away under the convoy of her austere protector.

I leapt into my gondola, intending to keep theirs in view, but the delay occasioned by the crowd of boats waiting round the landing-place of the Palazzo Palmadoro prevented my effecting my purpose, and I could only return to my own dwelling to retrace, in joyful thought, the events of the night.

Bright above all shone the rapturous conviction that I dwelt in her memory; that she had recognised me; that through all this intervening period she had retained sufficient recollection of my voice and of the incidents of our meeting to enable her to identify

me beneath my disguise and my mask. To know even this much, after all my late despairing misery, seemed a surpassing gladness, but when I coupled it with her voluntary acceptance of my protection, with her spontaneous thanks, and with her cordial manner towards me, I was elated into proud happiness. Again I felt that trustful clinging upon my arm; again I heard those soft-breathed words of recognition and grateful acknowledgment; again I felt that earnest, womanly clasp of her hand, with which she showed how willingly she owed assistance and safety to me. And then came the passionate thought,—if she be thus fervent and capable of generous impulse towards one whom she knows merely as a man who had the good fortune to render her a passing service, what must be the ardour of that nature in a still dearer sentiment? I but too well knew, and,—oh, bitterness!—knew that it had not been my happy fate to inspire such sentiment. In that hour a fierce insane fury of hate and envy raged in my heart, as I thought of Maurice Darwin; but as the morning hours advanced, and the calm light of heavenly dawn broke upon my fevered impatience, I schooled it into a more temperate, more rational, more manly course of thought. I asked myself what right I had to grudge at the chance which had, unsought, and all unconsciously, befallen him, and what title I had to feel injured by a preference which, even had it not been bestowed upon him, might never, in all probability, have been yielded to me; I endeavoured to reason myself into contentment that I should have been so blest as to have won even such share of her esteem and liking as she bounteously allowed me, and I resolved that I would sedulously endeavour to render myself more worthy of it, as well as try and secure it by all means in my power.

I was casting about in my mind how I might improve the opportunity which fortune had granted me of meeting her again, when I received a note from my friend the English merchant, begging I would come to him at my earliest convenience, as he had something important to communicate to me.

I found Mr. Maynard in the midst of business, as usual; but also, as usual, kind, friendly, and most hearty. He despatched some of his immediate concerns, and then took me into his private room.

"My dear Hamilton," he said, "I am not a professing man, but I like you. I have long hoped to ask you to paint a picture for me, leaving the subject to your choice; but I have this morning obtained an order for one, which must occasion mine to wait. I the less regret this as the one in question will be a much more advantageous

opening, and an introduction to an excellent connection for you. Lord Haughtonhurst"—as he pronounced the name Mr. Maynard turned to look into the drawer of his library-table for something he wanted, so that the start with which I heard the name passed unnoticed—"Lord Haughtonhurst, that stilted personification of arrogant will, did me the honour, as he considers it, of sending me his card, and requesting me to call on him. He received me in his own lofty style, and informed me that he wished to have his niece's portrait taken in the dress she wore at the Marchesa Palmadoro's ball, as a commemoration of the triumph which he understood Lady Gertrude Vivian had unconsciously achieved when made the involuntary representative of her countrywomen's English beauty. He continued to say that he did not altogether approve of such foolish rivalships or of such public displays, but that as his friend the Marchesa had expressed a wish to have the painting he did not choose to refuse; accordingly he had sent for me that I might recommend some artist capable of executing the portrait, and if I could do so he would appoint an early day for his niece, Lady Gertrude Vivian, to give the first sitting."

I scarcely breathed as Mr. Maynard went on:—

"I answered that I fortunately knew a young English artist, now in Venice, for whose skill and excellence I could vouch, and who, I doubted not, would willingly undertake the commission. I noticed that at the mention of 'a young English artist' both uncle and niece were visibly moved. My lord hastily inquired the name of the artist, adding, in his usual cold, haughty way: 'As for skill and excellence, those are important points, of course; but what I would have Mr. Maynard's guarantee for is the man's respectability and propriety of conduct. These artists are often mere common people, with an infinity of presumption and forwardness perfectly intolerable.' I replied, with some warmth, that my friend was as complete a gentleman in heart and mind as he was gifted in his profession. My lord waved his hand with a lofty air and a slight sneer as he said: 'Oh, doubtless, doubtless, or he would not be favoured by Mr. Maynard's patronage and support. Still, I should be glad to be satisfied on this point by his passing his word of honour for his artist-friend being a person of decorum and staid behaviour, one whom a nobleman may suffer in his house with security; and above all, I shall feel obliged by being told this artist's name.' 'His name is Sydney Hamilton,' I answered; and as I pronounced your name a curious change came over both their countenances: his lordship seemed relieved, I fancied; her ladyship looked—but I can hardly

make out how she looked, for she bent her head over some little elegant needlework she held, and raised it no more while I stayed. Presently my lord said he should be glad if I would appoint Mr. Hamilton to-morrow for the first sitting. I took my leave, and the moment I returned home I sent for you, Hamilton, that we might talk over the matter."

Just then Mr. Maynard's confidential clerk entered the room and gave his master a letter, upon opening which the merchant begged me to excuse him, as it required his immediate attention; he shook me by the hand, bidding me be to-morrow at Lord Haughtonhurst's house, and was soon deep in the perusal of the letter.

In a tumult of expectation I returned home, and with still more agitation did I prepare to fulfil the following day's appointment; but I carefully schooled myself into external calmness and self-possession, remembering that I should be subjected to the constant and severe scrutiny of Lord Haughtonhurst's eye. This self-discipline was of great value to me, for had I not previously imposed upon myself the utmost composure of manner I should have been thrown off my guard by finding his lordship not with Lady Gertrude when I was ushered into her presence.

She rose to receive me with her own mingled dignity and benign womanly gentleness; she had a somewhat heightened colour as she advanced and gave me her hand; and then resumed her seat. There was a curious compound of cordiality and reserve perceptible in her manner which I could not precisely define, but which helped to confirm me in my own carefully maintained self-possession and calm respect. She was the first to speak.

"My uncle, Lord Haughtonhurst, hoped to have had the pleasure of meeting you, but a letter from Naples summoned him abruptly away and prevented him from being present to-day to receive you; he left it with me in charge to explain this for him, and to request that you will accept it as an apology for his unavoidable absence."

"I understood it was his lordship's wish that this morning I should commence the portrait he desired me to paint; is your ladyship inclined to give the sitting proposed?"

She bowed and smiled, pointing to the easel and canvas I had sent for the purpose, which were already prepared in painting order.

"These are all so deftly prepared," I said, "that I imagine your ladyship is not unacquainted with their use. You probably paint in oils yourself?"

"I have tried to sketch and copy a little," she answered, "but I fear I am too great an enthusiast in Art ever to be sufficiently satisfied

with my own attempts to persevere ; and without perseverance, what artist ever excelled? What amateur ever became an artist?"

"Yet you confess yourself an enthusiast, and enthusiasm does much to induce perseverance."

"My enthusiasm but serves to damp my inclination to persevere, since it exalts my admiration for Art itself while it humbles my opinion of my own endeavours in Art : had I not so high an admiration for painting, I might be more easily contented with the pictures I have tried to paint ; as it is, I have given up painting myself and bestow all my attention upon the paintings of others. Here, in Italy, there is a perpetual banquet for us lovers of Art."

I was so lost, for the moment, in the delight occasioned by the little word "us" in her mouth, addressed to myself, that I had no words for reply. Presently she said—

"I have forgotten to ask you what position you wish me to take for your picture, Mr.—Mr. Hamilton. An artist should have entirely his own way in the disposal of his sitter, in order that his picture may be quite to his mind. Will you tell me how I should place myself?"

"Remain as you are. It is precisely the attitude fitted for this picture, which is intended, I hear, to memorialise your triumph in honour of English beauty. It was thus you sat, easily, naturally, quietly unconscious, when you achieved your conquest on behalf of your countrywomen. Your ladyship cannot do better than preserve the same position."

Lady Gertrude laughed, blushingly: "Ah, that was a traitorous contrivance of Madame Palmadoro's to inveigle me into so vain-seeming a competition with her universally acknowledged peerless countrywomen ; but the Marchesa has promised she will everywhere proclaim that I was entirely innocent of any participation in the deed, while she takes the whole blame of the treachery ; she has, moreover, bribed me into forgiveness by a gift of one of the glorious Titians from her own gallery ; it is the portrait of a Venetian lady, and I tell her I shall hold it as a self-evident proof that Italian beauty is pre-eminent over every other in the world."

"And the portrait of the English lady which I have been entrusted to paint is to replace the portrait of the Venetian lady in Madame Palmadoro's gallery. The Marchesa manages to retain the representative of British beauty still enthroned. The hopeless task of competition reverts upon the unhappy artist, who has to replace Titian and to do justice to the supremacy of his countrywomen's charms. Your ladyship talked of vain-seeming in the attempt to

vie which was cast upon you unawares: what name shall be assigned to the voluntary assumption of the painter?"

"Bold attempts in Art are noble ambitions," smiled Lady Gertrude; "he who fears to treat a subject in which Titian has excelled or that Guido has immortalised will have to give up painting human heads altogether. He rather makes these masters his worshipped models, and gathers courage from modest yet ardent homage, instead of growing faint-hearted from despair at equalling them."

"Your ladyship knows how to supply moral inspiration for a picture, as well as to furnish personal material for one. Marchesa Palmadoro has shown her judgment throughout; she will receive fair exchange, even for her Venetian lady."

"The Marchesa herself forms a not inadequate impersonation of the graces that distinguish some of her countrywomen," observed Lady Gertrude; "she has the golden hair, pencilled brow, and clear complexion that we see in so many of Titian's and Giorgione's Venetian women, and which, when possessed by Italians, are so much esteemed by them. You, as an artist, allow that Madame Palmadoro is a very beautiful woman, do you not, Mr.—Mr. Hamilton?"

"Lineally, as far as features, shape, and outline go, very beautiful," I replied. "But she has precisely that lack of expression, or rather, perhaps I should say, that want of right expression, which is to me a defect in many of the pictured countenances you point out as resembling her; in few of Titian's portraits do I find loveliness of look as well as beauty of feature; his women's faces, to my mind, want the sentiment, the expression of refined womanhood which we find in Coreggio's, Guido's, and Guercino's; sensibility, modesty, soul-beauty, you seek in vain among the woman-portraits by Titian; and to my thinking Marchesa Palmadoro's face wants this charm to make it a really beautiful one."

I looked steadily upon my easel, not daring to let my eyes rest upon that face which, to me, formed the embodied ideal of consummate beauty in woman; and resolutely controlled the throbbings of my heart into quietude of look and manner.

"Your words are borne out by those pictures of the masters you name in the Tribune at Florence, Mr. Hamilton; the faces of the two Venuses by Titian have both that defect you speak of; while the Guercino's 'Sybil' and the Coreggio's 'Virgin,' in the same room, possess an expression most divine in their several delineated sentiment; the Mother's face, as it bends over her babe while she claps her hands for its delight, beams with joy and tenderness; and the

Sybil's countenance contains a rare combination of exquisite sensibility with noble intellect."

"You allude to treasures in the Florence Gallery which I know, as yet, only through the medium of engravings; but there is a St. Cecilia, in our own English Dulwich Gallery, which is one of the most seraphic heads ever painted: the face is saint-like in its abstracted look, and yet most womanly in its gentle beauty and charmed interest; the hands are placed on the organ-keys, and the whole expression of the head and countenance is that of a rapt attention and listening delight; it is indeed musical beatitude depicted upon canvas."

"I know the picture," said Lady Gertrude; "it has always been a favourite with me, and, I think, is the St. Cecilia of all the old masters which I best like. You have not yet visited Florence, you say, Mr. Hamilton?"

"This is my first visit to Italy, and I have not yet been farther south than Lombardy; Venice has had such powerful enchantment for me that I have not been able to quit her magic sphere."

"The admirers of Titian scarcely know his full merit until they see Venice," replied Lady Gertrude; "his most magnificent pictures are certainly here, and in richest abundance."

"Your ladyship's gallery at Ashdale boasts a very fine, though moderate-sized painting of this master; you are fortunate in being the mistress of so choice a gem."

"You know Ashdale?" said Lady Gertrude, her tone as well as her varying colour bespeaking her awakened interest.

"I was employed to paint a portrait of Sir John Lawler, and during my stay at Hazelshaw I was taken to see the picture-gallery at Ashdale. It is a valuable collection, and unusually large for a private one. It was your ladyship's boyish adorer, Jasper Lawler, who was my cicerone at Ashdale, and showed me with affectionate enthusiasm each haunt of the lady of his youthful fancy."

Lady Gertrude smiled, sighed, and said with a sweet tenderness in her eyes and voice—

"Poor lame child! Poor boy Jasper! He was a gentle-spirited lad, full of all good feeling." She fell into deep musing, and then said suddenly: "You met Miss Lawler, too, Mr.—Mr. Hamilton?" She had raised her eyes as she spoke, but the next moment dropped them, while a deep blush mounted to her temples. When she resumed the conversation it was with an additional tinge of that constraint and reserve which I said was perceptible amidst the kind courtesy of her manner. I had noticed that this constraint and

hesitation had especially accompanied the utterance of my name. Each time it more and more struck me, until at last I resolved the point in my own mind by believing that it possibly arose from addressing by name a man whom she had so long known merely as a stranger who had once rendered her a service, and that it came a little oddly and unaccustomedly to her tongue. Now, when I noticed her embarrassment upon the mention of Miss Lawler and of my having known her, I thought a dread might have crossed Lady Gertrude's mind lest the young lady should have alluded to some circumstances of the fever—of the betrayed attachment. I hastened to relieve this by speaking of the affectionate respect and esteem with which Miss Lawler always mentioned her name, and the evident pride she took in possessing the friendship of Lady Gertrude, as well as the animated warmth with which she attributed a beneficial effect to its influence upon herself. Again the gentle smile passed over the lady's countenance and the soft sigh was breathed as she said—

"They were kind-natured, genuine-hearted people, the Lawlers. Worthy Sir John! Is he the same irascible, good-humoured being he used to be?"

I told her the tale of the stolen match and the father's bluff pardon, which took us all so much by surprise. She showed a pleased interest in the story, and thanked me with gentle grace for so well beguiling the time of a sitting for a portrait, usually held to be so tedious.

Each morning, daily, those sittings now went on; I becoming more and more enamoured, yet more and more versed in hiding my secret emotions beneath an exterior calm, lulled into delicious peace and content by the present happiness of beholding her, hearing her, conversing with her, and painting that beauteous face and form with fondest, faithfullest truth; she kindly courteous, affable, and genial mannered. Insensibly the touch of restraint which I had at first observed in her demeanour towards me wore off and was succeeded by a winning ease of familiarity the most delightful. It seemed as though I had been known to her for years, so friendly, so undistant was her treatment of me. She had none of the *condescension* with which women of her rank frequently behave to artists and men of letters; but there was an equality, an air of free intercourse and good understanding such as might have subsisted between us had I been a kinsman or an esteemed relation. She seemed less the lady of title addressing the poor painter than the refined woman associating with her chosen companion. An old childhood friend, a

constant household intimate, could not have been upon a more pleasant footing with her. She conversed frankly, even playfully, while that look of open, ingenuous regard, so ineffably precious upon a beloved countenance, sat upon her sweet face each time it was turned upon me.

As the days glided on I had the unspeakable joy of beholding that shade of pallor, that air of sadness and soft melancholy, pass away, while the delicate tint of the cheek and the mild lustre of the eye once more resumed their old dominion, and beamed upon me with the beautiful warmth and animation of which I held so cherished a remembrance; there was even an expression of cheerful trust and confiding happiness in her manner now that filled my heart with glad tranquillity. I seemed to have exchanged solicitude and troublous thought for a serenity of satisfaction that had no place for anything else but the sole delight of being constantly with her. The hour for portrait painting lengthened into two, three, many hours, while neither sitter nor artist took heed of how time lapsed and melted.

One morning, in the eagerness of an animated conversation, I had left my canvas untouched for a full half-hour, when Lady Gertrude rose from her seat and came over to where I stood, that she might see what progress had been made with the picture. She gaily chid me for my idleness; and, taking the palette from off my thumb and the brush from out of my other hand, she began dabbing in a few touches, laughing at her own daring, but declaring she must make up for my lost time. So long as she trifled with the drapery I cared little to oppose her; but when she proceeded to approach the portrait-face, I made some vehement exclamation, which checked her hand.

She smilingly gave me back the brush and palette, but remained standing beside me, watching me as I tried to go on with my work. But her proximity, the feeling of the palette upon my hand, lying there after having so lately rested upon hers, the touch of the brush that had just left her fingers, a sudden sense altogether of her near presence crept upon my heart and overpowered my faculties. I could not paint a single line: I found my hand trembling, and I was fain to stop that I might not betray its unsteadiness. I held my breath, and stood quite still, as if pausing to contemplate the picture.

"No wonder that you are struck with your own slow progress, truant," she playfully exclaimed; "but I believe I must take my share of the blame this morning, Mr. Hamilton; for I fear it is I who have hindered you with my thoughtless talk. Can you pardon me?"

I could not at that moment trust my voice to speak, and I remained silent.

"You are not unforgiving, I hope," she said, smiling; then added, her voice becoming slightly tremulous, but gradually acquiring firmness, though very low, "I have forgiven you, and therefore have some claim to be forgiven in my turn. At first I had a little difficulty, because I was vexed that one I have so great a reason to be grateful to should be guilty of even a shadow of disingenuousness; but now that I have convinced myself you must have had good reason for what you did, and that I have no right to question your actions, I not only acquit you, but I tell you so, that there may be no reserve in my feeling of gratitude—that at least should be pure and perfect, and so it is."

As she concluded, Lady Gertrude gave me her hand, with that beautiful smile, full of womanly, bounteous feeling. I had no words, but I raised the benign hand to my lips; then I faltered—

"You forgave me? Tell me for what offence."

"Nay—offence it was not. Yet I felt hurt for your sake, for the sake of one I had so much reason to thank—therefore was so eager to believe entirely right—that you should have travelled under a false name, should have allowed Mr. Maynard to introduce you here under another name than your own. But I will believe that you had some powerful motive, and that what you thought good and fit to do must be good and fit to be done. You will not resent my candour?"

"A false name! another name than my own! It is Sydney Hamilton. Could you for an instant imagine—does not your ladyship believe that to be my real name?"

"I *know* that it is not," she replied, with the touch of coldness and constraint which had before marked her manner. "You may have had private reasons for assuming it when you came abroad, but I know that it is not yours."

Had I not been too deeply excited for smiling I could almost have smiled at the quiet conviction with which Lady Gertrude said this.

"Not mine, madam!—whose then?" I asked. Lady Gertrude's voice sank almost to a whisper, but it was very firm as she replied: "Your wife's—her maiden name. I remembered it, and guessed that you had adopted it, when Mr. Maynard mentioned it as yours."

"My wife's!" I repeated, in the utmost wonder; "my wife's! I have no wife—I am not married."

"Not married!" exclaimed Lady Gertrude, as a strange expression of mingled emotion flashed across her face, leaving it crimsoned from brow to chin. She laid her hand on the back of a chair, as if for

support, and remained, with a soft dignity qu te her own, silently looking down, her face a little averted.

"You do not believe that Hamilton is my name? What, then, do you suppose mine really to be?"

She hesitated, as if she had some difficulty in pronouncing the words. Then, as by a resolute effort at dispassionate tone and manner, she said, very low, but very distinctly: "Darwin—Maurice Darwin."

I sank at her feet, pressing my lips in raptured transport upon the folds of her dress, upon the light ends of her scarf, upon the very ribbon that floated from her waist. She—who could not know what the simple utterance of that name involved of revelation to my soul—drew back, alarmed and indignant at my sudden vehemence of wild, impassioned delight.

She trembled violently, then sat down in the chair and sought to resume that composure and self-command which forsook her as she stood. But her agitation could not speedily be controlled, and she leaned back, supporting her bent head with one hand, while I with gentle force retained the other within my own as I poured forth the rapid, eager, incoherent disclosure of my constant adoration—my faithful, silent worship—my treasured thoughts—my hoarded memories—my singular acquaintance with her own story—my curious encounter with ever-recurring traces of her presence—the strange, involuntary way in which I had become possessed of a clue to her thoughts, and even to the knowledge of her heart-secret.

The beautiful face, in its varying colour, its eloquent changes of look, bespoke her interest as she listened; then, with an enchanting modesty of candour, as if extenuating the feeling she could not and would not disavow, she faltered, amid smiling blushes—

"I owed you a life—and I thanked you—*with all my heart!*"

The expression of her eyes, raised half archly, half timidly to mine, gave exquisite pointed meaning to her words, and I folded my arms about her waist, as she sat, in speechless thanks. She leaned towards me as I knelt, letting her white arms rest upon my shoulders, and, inclining her gentle head, approached my forehead with her lips; but I drew them to mine, and Love's own vermilion seal was set upon our mute exchange of plighted troth.

*(To be continued.)*

# TABLE TALK.

## BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

MR. HENRY W. LUCY, who went up in the balloon the other day with M. Durouf, is quite charmed with his experience of aerial voyaging. He writes to me: "The progress of the car is the perfection of motion as compared with all other methods of getting from place to place that I have had occasion to try. You know you are traversing space only by watching the fields or towns over which the balloon passes, and observing how they glide away from under your feet. But, on the other hand, you have a decided conviction that you are not sitting still, the sensation of motion being altogether novel. From Sydenham to Highwood we travelled at the average rate of thirty miles an hour, which is good railway speed. But there was no rushing of the wind, the steady air current scarcely fanning our cheeks as it bore the balloon along. Two of the passengers, finding their hats in the way, took them off and hung them on the spikes of the grappling iron that overhung the side of the car. On starting we rose to the height of a thousand feet with arrow-like speed; but as far as sensation of motion was concerned, it seemed rather that the earth was gradually sinking from beneath us than that we were quitting it. On descending there was again the same absence of sense of motion, or at least of such sense as we feel when dropping down from a height, say in diving into the sea, in going down a coal pit, or in swooping downward with the return of a swing. We knew we were descending chiefly because we saw the earth coming up to us, and rapidly took in the visual phenomenon of brown and white specks among the green fields branching out in legs and heads and tails, and presently demonstrating themselves to be marketable horses and sheep. What seems to me very strange is that this new sensation of the earth's advancing and retiring as if it were dancing 'Sir Roger de Coverley' with the stars brought no sense of dizziness. I could not look over the tower of Notre Dame without becoming giddy and manifesting a disposition to tumble on to the pavement. But I could look down over the frail basket attached to the balloon, poised 3,000 feet above the ground, with as much personal comfort *as if I* were sitting at a drawing-room window overlooking St. James's

Park, and with considerably more satisfaction. In brief, it was the pleasantest journey I ever made, and since I was shot out into a ploughed field in Essex I have been constantly afflicted with a profound and poignant regret that I should have been born so soon. Fifty years hence balloons will probably be the regular means of intercommunication, and only rich amateur engine drivers will run railway trains, in the height of the season, just as stage coaches, drawn by thoroughbreds and driven by persons of quality, go to and from London to-day."

---

Some hint of the stupendous possibilities of future days not far removed from the present is suggested to my mind by a newspaper called *The Colonies*. There is a scheme for the construction of a railway across the new continent from Port Augusta to Port Darwin, and its projectors see no likelihood of getting the work done except by encouraging the immigration of some hundreds of thousands of Chinese, Malay, Japanese, Cingalese, Javanese and other Asiatic labourers. Upon this arises the question of the probable influence of such importation upon Australia as the seat of great nations in coming times. At present there are less than two millions of inhabitants in Australia, and it is thought that a dozen years would easily bring a million of Chinese workers into the country. "In none of the colonial dominions of the empire," says the journalist, "are the inhabitants so purely British as in the Australian colonies," and a dread seems to exist touching the consequences of swamping the Anglo-Saxon with the Asiatic element. The inhabitants of China number nearly half the human race, and China is next door neighbour to Australia. So a difference of opinion exists in the colony as to the policy of beginning a system of Chinese immigration the results of which no man can predict. Well now, upon this problem, which is discussed with no little anxiety by our antipodean brethren, does there not come into view a vast field of speculation relating not at all exclusively to the destiny of the last discovered world of the Southern Seas? Hard-bound customs, traditions, and prejudices have so acted upon the Chinese nation these last few thousand years as to keep them at home and in a stationary condition as to civilisation, and the result is that we forget the intrinsic importance involved in the fact of their enormous numbers. But there is really no good reason to expect that the Chinese prejudices and notions of a few thousand years' standing will exist a few thousand years longer, or even a few hundreds or a few decades. The breaking down of those conditions would be a feat the like of which has been accomplished

many times in the last few hundred years. Looking at the remarkable things that have happened unexpectedly since the turn of what is called modern history, it is not too wonderful to believe that in these fast-going times a quarter of a century would suffice to open the eyes of the Chinese to the fact that, considering their numbers, they are entitled to pretty nearly half the surface of this planet. I do not for a moment imagine them playing over again the game of the Goths, the Visigoths, the Huns, &c., but by quite other and more modern methods they might very materially alter the character of the whole history of the world during the next hundred years.

---

THE great uncertainties of the future of the civilised world seem to me to be increasing rather than diminishing. The next hundred years may see more gigantic changes, affecting the life of the leading races, than any other century, perhaps, since that which witnessed the fall of the Roman Empire of the West. I am not speculating upon revolutions to be brought about by new and unforeseen wars. I have long been losing my respect for wars as the arbiters of our destiny. There was a time when the decision of the sword was accepted as final until it could be reversed by the sword. The losers bewailed their evil fortune, but they did not question the arbitrement until they were strong enough to try conclusions over again. Greece and Carthage never grew strong enough to turn the tables upon their conquerors, and they succumbed; and by-and-by Italy itself became almost a *tabula rasa*. But that sort of phenomena has ceased, and neither Napoleon the Great nor Frederick the Second, the Duke of Marlborough nor the Count von Moltke, makes very much permanent difference in the aspect of the world. Glance for a moment at what men are doing on the face of the earth now different from the doings of a few hundred years ago, and try to trace some of the changes to their causes. Here are a few of the causes at random. Columbus, George Stephenson, Captain Cook, Wilberforce, Rousseau, Adam Smith, Martin Luther, William Caxton. Now a hundred years is not a long period—not much longer than an ordinary single life-time —but so many changes have come over the face of the world since September 1774 that the continents and islands of that day would not know themselves now. Louis XVI. had just ascended the throne of the Capets; there was no American Republic; the colonisation of Australia had not begun; there were fifty years more to wait for the first railway. These items suggest the whole wonderful

story of the changes covered by the lives of the fathers of many of us now living. Is there any reason to expect that the coming hundred years will be less remarkable?

---

"THANK God for this war!" said a disciple of Malthus when we were all putting our hands into our pockets for the relief of the sick and wounded in the Seven Months' War. "There will be so much less to pauperise people at home." That is one view taken of charity. Money in the hands of people who do not know what to do with it and walk about the streets dropping shillings and sixpences and sovereigns and £5 notes out of their pockets, is believed to be the root of half our social evils. But we are not all able to lay our hands upon our breasts and to thank God that we have never yielded to the temptation to give a beggar in the street a three-penny bit, and perhaps it is as well that we are not, for although there might be less poverty in the world — less imposture—less idleness, and less vice—humanity without those three-penny-bit weaknesses would not be what humanity is. Poverty, and the sentiments which poverty calls forth, are part of the education of the world, and I know a wealthy manufacturer in the north, a man distinguished by his quiet and reserved benevolence, who fosters what he calls the art of giving as a necessary part of his moral culture. I wonder how many of us subscribe to charities and societies from the same motive, as distinguished from the motive of giving because to subscribe to this and that is one of the unwritten obligations of respectability. The name of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the head of a subscription list guarantees £1,000 or £2,000 the day after the fact is published in the *Times*. But there is at least one man of wealth in London who does not part with his cash in this spirit. I refer to the anonymous donor whose gifts of £1,000 are acknowledged every now and then in the *Times*. Who is it? And what is his pet motive? Is it with him, as with my friend the manufacturer in the north, a matter of "culture"? If so, it is in his case intellectual as well as moral culture; for his discrimination and care in the bestowal of his gifts are equal to his munificence. What is the Malthusian view of these splendid donations? Where is the difference in principle between a thousand pounds to a hospital and a shilling to a beggar? The pauperising influence is the same in either case. It is a question only of safeguard against imposture, and it is quite possible that as much discrimination may be exercised in the giving of the shilling as in the dispensation of the funds of the hospital. Both forms of

relief are subject to abuse, and if the hospital bed has been in many a case a saving incident, so sometimes has been the chance shilling in the street. We have not learned yet to guard against the evil in either case.

---

RETURNING to Tennyson's habit of touching and retouching his finished work, to which I devoted a few minutes' gossip last month, I note that the "Morte d'Arthur" has undergone many changes since its first appearance. There are few among the poet's readers probably who do not regret the substitution of one quite common-place line for its poetical forerunner. In the early rendering we were told that—

> The day
> Was slowly westering to his bower.

In the late rendering the poet writes—

> The day
> Was sloping toward his western bower.

"Westering" might surely have been allowed to stand. But this is only one instance out of many. The aptest illustration may be found in "Sea Dreams," in which one of the finest couplets has been in this same carping vein reduced to the region of common-place. Mr. Tennyson is his own unkindest critic; and, unhappily, no man can dispute his right to meddle with some of the loveliest verses in the language. This is the passage in its two forms. The first is surprising and bold; the second cautious and afraid. First rendering—

> It is not true that second thoughts are best,
> But first, and third, which are a riper first.

Second rendering—

> Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
> Not first, and third, which are a riper first?

The Laureate may possibly ask himself these questions some day, and may recur to his old readings.

---

THROUGH fifteen or sixteen editions of his "Study of Words" Dr. Trench has asked his countrymen to believe that "saunter" is derived from the "sainte terre," whence and hence pious palmers sauntered, or made pilgrimages. My polyglot correspondent insists that the philologist is wrong. There is not, he says, any historical corroboration of the derivation, and a little inquiry into old English district *patois* reveals a far more likely origin of the word.

"In a collection of north country words," he says, "I find 'anters' for 'mishaps,' and 'anter' is no doubt a contraction of 'adventure,' as is 'uncle' of 'avunculus.' The Dutch of the present day say we will 'adventure' it, as we say we will 'risk' it, and in one of Chaucer's tales two gentlemen are made to say they will 'aunter' it, in a similar sense. Now, the 's' before a verb has a peculiar intensive, active, personal force, and as 'smelt' is to 'melt,' as 'sneeze' is to the 'neeze' of certain provincialisms, as 'smash' is to 'mash,' so I venture to say is 'saunter' to 'aunter,' and the word originally meant to go out personally on an adventure. The old northern meaning of 'anters' was *mis*adventures; but there are numerous instances of words moving to and fro between the favourable and the unfavourable, the good and evil side of the scale. To-day, for example, 'fortune' has almost invariably a pleasant and welcome meaning, but in old wills the common phrase runs, 'if it fortune that my wife die before me,' and I do not think that it was intended that any sardonic significance should attach to the uses of fortune in that sense. To fortune was to happen, for good or for evil."

---

CAN there be such a thing as an unconscious plagiarist? I do not mean a case like that of Wycherley, who spent his mornings in listening to a play, and then sat down at his table in the evening with the ideas of the morning floating in his mind, and reproduced them without the slightest suspicion that those ideas were not his own and that he had not generated them by a natural process in the afternoon under the apple trees. That was a peculiar example. Wycherley was in his dotage. All his faculties were gone except his memory, and his memory worked mechanically. I mean is it possible for a man in the full possession of his faculties to reproduce the thoughts—the illustrations, the epigrams—of another believing them to be his own? It must be so, unless we are to credit a great many authors with a defective moral sense. But I am not going to quote instances. They are constantly occurring to every man of extensive reading. What set my mind in a train of reflection upon unconscious plagiarism was a passage in a speech made by Lord Rosebery in the City a few weeks ago. His lordship was on the subject of the respective merits of commercial and classical education, and he said he could walk up to a map in the dark and put his finger on the site of Cicero's villa, but if any one asked him where San Francisco was he should have to think twice. I dare say Lord Rosebery had not thought of Mr. Cobden that day

or remembered anything in any one of his speeches, but he must have heard of the great Free Trader's sarcasm: "These men," said Cobden, speaking of our ambassadors and of the necessity of turning them into commercial travellers—"these men know where the Ilissus is; but they know nothing of the Mississippi. (It was twenty years ago.) Yet the Mississippi could float all the navies of Europe upon its bosom, and it took me half a day to find the Ilissus when I was in Athens, and then I only found the bed of the river. Half a dozen washerwomen had dammed up the Ilissus to wash their clothes." Thus Lord Rosebery allowed his mind to be caught in the meshes of a picturesque stroke of criticism. We all do it in turn. A terse and picturesque description lives in the memory like a proverb. A couple of years ago M. Gambetta called the Germans the Mohawks of civilisation, and the phrase apparently hit the Teutonic fancy so well that the Prussian journalists have refeathered the shaft, and are passing on the compliment by calling the Carlists the Ashantees of Europe.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER, 1874.

# OLYMPIA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "EARL'S DENE," "PEARL AND EMERALD," "ZELDA'S FORTUNE," &c.

## PART II.—LACHESIS.

## BOOK IV.

### KING CROOKED-CHIN.

### CHAPTER I.

'Tis thou may'st mount thy bonny black mare
And lightly ride away—
'Tis thou may'st seek thy Falcon fair
And none shall say thee nay.

And 'tis I must sourly wander on
In dark and doleful weed—
But 'tis I must find thy fair Falcón,
Though no man bid me speed.

IT was in a very different studio from that of Olympia that Forsyth was sitting one morning soon after the return of his patron from Beckfield to London. He was not working: he was trying to reconcile himself to himself, and failing ignominiously.

Of course he knew, being a more or less reasonable man, that no man has a right to bestow upon himself the title of martyr. He had never done so hitherto, and was not going to begin now. And yet it was very hard indeed not to cry out and complain. He did not for an instant regret the act of self-sacrifice by which he had condemned himself to a more than hermit-like solitude: knowing all the bitterness of its results, he would not have hesitated if he had had to make

the same choice over again. As he had done before, he would do now. Nor had he earned any overt claim to gratitude for what he had done. But still it was not in human nature not to feel cut to the heart by the unconscious ingratitude of him for whose sake he had given up not only the right to live a frank and open life, but even the right to hold up his head among honest men. It was only with the help of one who believed him to be a felon that he had been able to pass himself off upon the world as a man with a stainless name. But his burden of having to act a double part was nothing in comparison with the estrangement from Lord Wendale that had grown up noiselessly, but not the less palpably, ever since the Earl had accused the painter of being unable to comprehend the instincts of a gentleman. His nephew represented to him the sole link that bound him to human life, and he had eagerly bestowed upon him all the gratitude that he was unable to claim, content to find his reward in the greater blessedness of giving than receiving. And now, because he could not bring himself to pander to his patron's whim, he was nothing more than the interesting felon who had been picked up for a caprice and then thrown down again, with something like a rebuke for presuming to dream that there could be any relation except that of generous patron and servile *protégé* between the forger and the Earl. He wondered at himself that habit had enabled him, in spite of indignant disappointment, to keep his secret at the moment of so sore a trial.

It had not been very hard to keep silence for the sake of one in whom he was determined to find nothing less than every good and generous quality under the sun: but it was hard indeed to have to bear his self-imposed burdens simply for the sake of what he doubtfully thought was abstract right and of one whose boasted virtues seemed to evaporate in sophistry as soon as the first real temptation fell across his way. It was for one who now appeared to be unworthy of the sacrifice that he had given up, not only the good things of the world, but his good name, and even the right, if it had been in his power, to make domestic happiness compensate for all. All things had been lost but honour, and even that had been lost in the estimation of men. It was always on the cards that some unlucky accident might identify the famous painter with the convict of Weyport: and still he, who loved honour more dearly than life, must accept public dishonour in order that his honour might be concealed more closely than if it had been shame—and this without the sympathetic touch of a single human hand.

And all this burden could, at will, be thrown off by the magic

of a single word. The tempter stood at hand, and argued well. First, he said, quoting the scripture of Honour herself, right is right, and wrong is wrong: you are a living lie: tell the truth and shame me. It is due to one of your name that no dishonour should be associated with it even when the name is unknown. Your head is more worthy to wear your father's coronet and your hands to dispense his wealth than your nephew's head and hands—you do wrong to thousands in not doing your duty in the state of life to which you have been called. Your nephew is always wishing to be freed from the station that drags him down—he will have no right to complain. You, as his kinsman and as the head of his house, will be able to use your influence for his good, instead of letting him, for want of control, drift into the self-deception of selfishness that can only end in harm to him and to hundreds more. Your own happiness is a trust, and you are its unfaithful steward. Finally, who are you that dare to set up your own standard of what is right, and, for the sake of a scruple that common sense would laugh at, presume to place yourself on a pinnacle of self-martyrdom above the rules of right that are good enough for men who are wiser and better than you?

The cup of temptation seemed full; but there was yet more to come.

You love Olympia, the tempter went on: whatever you tell yourself, whatever you may say to others, in the depth of your soul you cannot force yourself to think that she, in heart, is not true and pure. Her name to you means the lost chance of peace, and rest, and human sympathy, and renewed hope—of somebody to make better and wiser and of finding a soul to meet your own half way. Even now you hold aloof from her and let her go because you are afraid: because you know that your heart adopted her without asking leave of your will. You threw away your youth once: will you let it come back to you in this wonderful way and still let it go? Think what must have happened if you had recognised all this when you were with her and if you had found that, strange as it might seem, you were loved again. Would you have sacrificed such a reality as this for a dream of honour? Would you have robbed her of her claims, and perhaps your unborn children of theirs, for the sake of this young man who would throw you over to satisfy a whim? Girls, before now, have loved men far older and plainer and more cross-grained than you. Even if you were willing to rob your wife and children of their rights to satisfy your own selfish conscience you would not be so cruel to them as to run the risk of their learning some day that their father was a

convicted felon. No—the secret would have been out then: and now you are calling a sacrifice of honour what is, in truth, a feeble submission to the despair of finding the happiness for which in your heart you long. Find Olympia: learn that you do not wrong her: discover if she loves you. If she does not, then yield, and toil on like a slave till you die. But, if she does, then let the right be done.

It is impossible to explain in a word what the whole history of Forsyth, from beginning to end, is needed to explain—how utterly, in spite of her innumerable faults and of his full knowledge of them, the dead love for Olympia Sanchez had revived in Olympia Westwood. I, who tell that history, have tried hard to do so, and if I have failed, I have failed. It is too late any longer to throw fresh colour upon the facts as they stand. From the moment in which it received its first blow, the whole youth of this man stood still. He left his youth where he laid it, and, as he thought, had buried it, and then devoted himself to the well-nigh impossible task of being himself no more. From a warm-blooded man he transformed himself into a scarcely animated mask, and lived the life of a shadow. His name was well known, but even that was false, and to none, except to Lord Wendale, was he anything more than a name. For the best part of his life he had acted a part without a moment's relief or repose. For fear of being tempted to make a friend he had been driven to treat mankind as his foe: he had been a misanthrope because he craved for friendship, and had lived like a miser because he had no use or taste for gold. He had changed his character by force: but nature he could not kill. And then, when all at once friendship, relief, repose, nay Love itself, were tasted in one full and unlooked-for draught, how could he fail to take into his deepest heart her who had given him all that was worth having in the whole world? And now this was gone—unless, as he thought with bitter, mistrusting fear—he wooed them back again with a coronet on his head and fortune in his hand.

But, supposing Olympia to be still free and still pure, supposing her still to be discoverable somewhere in the world, what would be the gain of all these good things if he had to buy them? He might love as Walter Forsyth: but marriage was denied him except as the Earl of Wendale. Love was the name of the tempter now. All other things had tempted him in their turn and failed—hunger, home-sickness, the love of liberty, the fear of infamy, solitude, pride, indignation, reason, weariness, all things in turn but Love: and now Love had come in his turn. He was not so deaf and blind as not to recognise the voice of that tempter for all his sophistical disguise.

"Thank God I lost her—that she is gone anywhere!" at last he said fiercely—no longer the Forsyth whom none had ever seen betray a sign of his being anything but the cold, impassive mask that he seemed to be. "She would have tempted me to do for her sake what otherwise I found it impossibly base to do. The whole purpose of a man's life would have been swept away by a woman's word. What have I to do with love?—It is rank temptation, and nothing more. Yes: Right is right and Wrong is wrong, but Right does not mean rights, and Wrong does not mean wrongs. And to resume my rights for the sake of a possible wife and children, indeed—Bah! It is always for his children's sake that a man acts when he particularly wants to do something mean or dishonourable for his own: it is the excuse of greediness and selfishness all over the world. How could I look that poor lad in the face, after letting him think himself one of the greatest men in England all these years, and then, just when it suited me, calmly telling him that he is an impostor, and must henceforth depend upon me? I think it would kill him: he has never been taught to bear all things, as I have been—pray God he never may.—I suppose I have borne the worst now. These are the dregs of the cup, I suppose: bitter enough they are.—What shall I do with the rest of my days? Work?—Well, I suppose so: go on daubing colour upon canvas in order to cover other people's blank walls. It is a noble life, indeed, to follow Art in order to kill as many hours as one can: almost as sublime as staring out of a club window. —As for my own blank, black, staring walls—but never mind them. —At my time of life every step of the road makes one feel nearer the end.—I suppose I must have asked, when I was a child, what I was made for? And I suppose they told me, 'You will know when you are a man.' Heaven forgive them the lie! unless I am right in thinking that I was made to be an old fool.—All things, they say, have their uses: so why not old fools?—Good God, I can bear my own burden, but I should kill myself if I could think in my heart that She is not as true as her voice and as pure as her eyes!—Could she not feel that she was my daughter, at least, even if she could be nothing more? Even if she did not feel that I was idiot enough to be the rival of young men?—What is it that draws to her all who know her—her, without a virtue upon which I could place the point of a needle, except her voice, and an open heart, and a pure mind, and generous impulses, and her mother's eyes?—And what are such things as these to that pair of boys?—What a different room this might have been—how she, just because she is herself, faults and all, could have made me work in another way, have made me work with

hope, and ambition, and sympathy, and have made me mix heart with my colours instead of brains!—No: I will not work: I will not be such a triple impostor. I will be one incarnate secret, and when death lifts the mask they may say, if they like, he was a vile painter and an old fool—but one thing they shall say, and that is, he was a Calmont and a gentleman, and knew how to hold his tongue."

He went up to his easel, and lifted the cloth that covered it and had not been removed since his return. He shrugged his shoulders contemptuously as he let the cover fall again. "That magnificent painter Forsyth, or whatever it is they call me, won't be represented in the Exhibition this year—I believe that is the usual form. No, nor next year, nor the next, if I have any gift of prophecy. Let me see—what is the next best part of the world to lose oneself in? If I were a few years younger I might shoulder a musket again, but I'm afraid Don Miguel Flores y Matamoras would stare a little if I offered myself as a recruit in these latter days. South African lion-hunting is the traditional resource for broken-down romance heroes—but then I'm not a hero: and, if I were, what harm have South African lions done to me that I should punish them for my own follies? Come—I can't stay here asking myself riddles, any way. I must not sit down and think, and I will not—I must do something, and I will. If I am not a hero, neither am I broken down."

His self-mockery was sorry enough, but he was one of those men who use jests for stabs when they turn upon themselves. The utter desolation to which he must henceforth look forward was not to be looked upon save with half-closed and mocking eyes: and it is the bitterest, harshest suffering of all that is wept with forced jests instead of natural tears. He went out into the streets because, as he had said, he could not sit and brood. The shadow of the doubly-lost Olympia—his miserable nightmare of impossible hope and peace—was sitting there, and suggesting all that might have been and could never be. If he had painted no picture for the world, he had painted one for himself, and had put his whole heart into the colours that faded away under his hand.

He had merely gone out into the streets, without any purpose beyond that of reducing himself so far as he could to the condition of a drop in the sea. The atmosphere of a crowd was the breath of life to one who might not mix with mankind save in the mass: observation was his sorry substitute for sympathy. Not that he was now in an observant mood; but it was some paltry sort of philosophic consolation to feel that, after all, he was only bearing his share of the common burden, and that his life was only one out of

a million of lives. He had come out to fortify himself with deliberate thought upon his present and future; and had instinctively escaped from himself to find what he sought among the hurry of active life and the suggestive roar of wheels. While his mind was unconsciously at work his body drifted along the strongest currents of the human river. In a crowd the burden of each is in some degree borne by all, just as a rivulet, when it has entered the sea, will bear a weight that its own strength would not suffice to keep from sinking down. Suddenly he was roused from his reverie by feeling a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder. Looking up, he found, to his annoyance, that he was face to face with one of those genial men who are the curse and horror of all who sometimes wish to be alone —who translate No into Yes, and against whom the most scornful reserve is no shield. To lay a familiar hand upon the reputed misanthrope who had not a familiar acquaintance in the world was a feat which only one man in the world was capable of achieving; and this was he.

"Hulloa, Forsyth!" he said in a jolly voice, "where have you been? All the fellows have been swearing that you are dead and buried. Here's a disappointment for some of them! Been down at that Earl's of yours, I suppose? Hope you've enjoyed yourself—though you don't look it, I must say. How is it you haven't a picture this year? You've seen mine, of course. What do you think of it? Come, none of your cold water this time"——

"I would give you scalding water with pleasure: but it so happens that I can neither blow hot nor cold. I haven't seen it at all. I'm rather in a hurry, if you'll excuse me"——

"What—not seen my picture? No wonder you're in a hurry, then—why everybody's been talking about it these ten days. How could you have missed it?"

"Very easily—I have not seen yours because I have not seen anybody's."

"What?—Ah, I suppose you've only just come to town. You're on your way now, of course. I'm going too, so I'll just get your first impression. But how is it there's nothing of yours?"

"How should I know? Perhaps it has been rejected"——

"Hang it all, Forsyth, what a close fellow you are! One wants a tongue made like an oyster-knife to talk to you. By the way, there are a lot of new men this year—not likely to set the Thames on fire, though, any of them. One fellow, though, hasn't done a bad thing —any way, you won't think so."

"And why not I?"

"Because imitation's the sincerest form of flattery. I wasn't taken in myself, but I've heard a dozen men, at the first blush of the thing, say 'That's a Forsyth,' before they thought of looking at their catalogues. Perhaps you know the name?"

"What name?"

"Didn't I tell you? Seaward."

"No."

"Then there's my last hope gone—I've asked all the fellows, and nobody knows. What do you think of somebody going in for your mantle, and doing it so cleverly that half the fellows think you've got something after all."

"He is quite welcome. I hope it will fit him better than it fits me. But I'm keeping you"——

"You haven't been going in under a *nom de guerre*, have you? By Jove! it would be just like you—I wonder I never thought of that before. Here we are. No—you're coming in: I must get your first impression of my picture: surely you were on your way here? No? Well, of all the closest old files—if you don't come in, I'll hang on to you till you do."

Forsyth, knowing his man, knew that the only chance of getting rid of him was to yield, give him his dose of praise, and then escape in the crowd: or else to yield, abuse his picture, and make an enemy of him for an hour, which might be a better way still. So he gave way and followed.

He escaped more easily than he expected. His acquaintance did all the praise for himself, and left his critic no part to play but that of assenting silence. When at last he pleaded a pressing engagement, the self-trumpeter, having caught hold of another listener, let him go willingly. He was on his way to the entrance, letting his eyes wander idly and incuriously from wall to wall, when he was suddenly brought to a stand.

He was a haunted man. He had been followed by the face of a ghost from La Plata to Gressford, and now from Gressford to London —and its face, no longer vague and shadowy like that of a phantom, but complete in all the life of form and colour, gazed down upon him from the wall.

If he was in his sober senses—which he doubted—it was a miracle. The type of beauty to which Olympia Sanchez had belonged was common and national. But this was no typical portrait—this was she, her own self and no other. Had he himself dared to place on canvas the face that he had striven to forget, and had his hand worked in unison with his memory, this is what he himself would

have done. He looked into the picture long and earnestly, trying to convince himself that either some chance resemblance had produced an illusion of sense and memory or that he was in a dream. If it were a coincidence, that would be the greatest miracle of all.

There was but one living painter besides himself who could paint that face. Apart from sorcery, if it was not the unconscious work of Forsyth, it was the work of Olympia. Could it be possible that she had really carried out her wild scheme of setting up as a painter in London, and that her mysterious elopement could be thus accounted for—that she, with her utter ignorance of the paths to success, had not only carried out her scheme, but had made it succeed? But, impossible as all this might seem, it was nothing to the impossibility of ascribing the portrait of Olympia Sanchez to any hands but those of Olympia Westwood.

So long did he stand absorbed in contemplation that he forgot the possibility of his falling once more into the clutches of his genial companion. But his genial companion did not forget him. Once more the hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Aha, I thought I should catch you here. Come—tell me honestly, there's a good fellow—is it you or is it not you?"

It was the very question that he was asking himself, and to which he could find no answer.

"Who is it?" he asked suddenly. "What did you say was the name?"

"By Jove! you've got a touch of human jealousy after all. Seaward's the name. Here's the catalogue — Charles Seaward, No. 14, Little Minster Street, Westminster. Never heard of the place any more than the name. Genius under water I should say. Then I was right, and it isn't you?"

"The picture is sold, I see. Do you know"——

"Know? Of course I know. That was another thing made me think that, perhaps, you knew more"——

"I know nothing. Who bought that picture?"

"Why your own man, Lord Wendale. Do you really mean to say you don't know? I thought that misguided young man was your Charles the Fifth, and that you were his Titian. The idea of his buying that thing, when there's"——

But Forsyth heard no more. Olympia, with his nephew for her patron; it was clear enough now. He had fulfilled his threat, then, and had discovered her: he was making the most of his new toy. "I must save her from this," he thought. "I would save any girl—even if it obliges me to see her again." How he was to save her he

did not think; for once, the floodgates by which for years he had restrained the impulses of the instant were broken through. Even the new bolts and bars, wherewith he had strengthened them in that very morning's solitude, were shattered as if they had been mere cobwebs —as, perhaps, they were. He said not a word; but turned his back upon the gallery, and was gone.

"Do you see that?" laughed the genial painter to another friend who stood by his side.

"See what?"

"What? Why Lord Wendale's boot-painter in ordinary, to be sure. He's lost his place, my boy—he's gone mad with jealousy—and I'm glad of it, by Jupiter! That's what comes of your private patronage; and there goes an exploded impostor. We'll have our innings now—you and I. Didn't he turn green when he heard that lord of his had bought a picture that wasn't his, and without consulting him!"

"No, no," said the other; "Forsyth's a miserly fellow, with a bad heart and a bad tongue; but we won't hit a man when he's down. Who's Seaward?"

"Ah, that's just what I want to know. We mustn't let *him* get his head turned by those lord fellows. We mustn't let any more shoeblacks into the concern. I'll find out Little Minster Street, and drop him a card. One might come across Lord Wendale there oneself—who knows?"

Meanwhile Forsyth, the supposed dying lion, was hurrying to Westminster as fast as a coach could carry him. He guessed only too well what such a relation between his nephew and Olympia must at last come to mean; and, cost what it might, even the betrayal of his life's secret, she must be saved. Love himself had not proved to be the final temptation of all. He sought to realise nothing. There was no need to speculate upon what might be, or what might not be, when he was on the eve of knowing all things. He had no course of action—that must come.

It was not, however, without considerable difficulty that the address of Charles Seaward was discovered. But it was found at last; and Forsyth hurried up the court, until he reached the dingy door on which the number "14" was barely legible. What a place in which to light upon Olympia, if it were really she! He knocked, and asked

"Does Miss Westwood live here?"

"I don't know the name, sir," answered the maid-of-all-work, who had been so carefully instructed to deny all visitors to Mr. Seaward.

"No? Perhaps I am wrong in the name. Some young lady lodges here?"

"Oh, yes, sir—if you want to see Miss Drouzil"——

"Of course she would change her name," he thought. "Yes, that is very likely the name. Is Miss Drouzil in? Can I see her?"

"Yes, sir—you'll find her in Mr. Seaward's painting room, if you'll come this way."

He followed the girl up the close and narrow staircase, and tapped at the door that was pointed out to him.

"Come in!" called out a man's voice that was not unfamiliar to him. He entered—and a strange group met his eyes. He was in the depths of Westminster, and yet was standing on the village green of Gressford St. Mary, leaning against the blacksmith's door.

There was the bear-leader, still with his Pan-pipes and side-drum, his bronzed face, his blue chin, his sallow cheeks, and his red nose. There, also, was the bear, standing upon his hind legs, with his pointed nose in the air, as if in the act to perform; there, also, instead of the fairy-like child, with blue eyes and golden hair, was a girl scarcely less like a fairy, with hair no less golden and eyes no less blue. They formed an artistically arranged group: and in front of them, with his back to the door, stood a young man at an easel, painting them all. In the corner, the part of the audience was played by another Gressford acquaintance—the inevitable Major Sullivan, looking on at the performance, with admiration shining in his stony blue eyes. Except for the want of the bracing air, and of the bright October sunshine, it was the whole scene of the village green once more.

The vagrant, now the famous painter, stood still upon the threshold, thinking, if he thought anything, that he had really become crazed. The young artist was too absorbed in his work to turn round; but Sullivan saw the visitor: and the golden-haired girl, suddenly throwing herself out of her pose, glanced at him for a single instant, darted forward, and caught his hand.

"*Mon Dieu!—C'est lui!*—It is he to whom I gave some pennies, and who gave me the gold!"

Monsieur Drouzil looked up slowly and heavily, blinked at him with his blear eyes, and then nodded solemnly—and then the young painter turned round—let fall his brush—and saw him with Olympia's eyes.

## CHAPTER II.

*Prince Maurice.*—A crown?—a bauble! Gold?—the dust of pride!
I heed them not, more than the inmost sun
Heeds the red robe that makes him seen of men.
I'ld barter them for ease, for just a draught
Of water when I thirst; for Esau's mess
When I am hungry; for one silver coin
That hangs in Lena's ear——
*Andreas.*— For *one*, my lord?
'Twas thirty used to be the traitor's wage.
*Prince Maurice.*—How, villain?
*Andreas.*— Nay, I was but marvelling
That, while all else grows dearer, friends alone
Are something cheaper than they used to be.

MEANWHILE it must not be forgotten that the Earl of Wendale has some claim to have matters considered a little from his point of view. He had shown himself so just a judge when called upon to decide between the forger and the landlord of the Black Prince that he should reap the full benefit of his excellent intentions at our hands. If he is to be set down off-hand as the villain, a terrible act of injustice will have been committed at the expense of half the well-meaning people whom this complex world contains. He always meant exceedingly well; and if his good intentions invariably happened to square with his own personal wishes he could not help that: he was simply a very lucky young man. He never wished to do what was wrong for the very excellent reason that he never wished to do anything that he did not wish to do. This summary of his character is not the less accurate for being a little obscure.

He also was at home in his town house on the day of Forsyth's temptation. It was now late in the afternoon, and he was amusing himself in no common-place, frivolous way, but in puffing dreams of philanthropic glory from a cigar. Even cigars were not common-place things in those days, or one may be sure he would not have smoked them. If he is still alive, he does not smoke at all. People took snuff in those days, therefore he smoked; in all probability he now carries a snuff-box, just because snuff-boxes are now seldom seen. He was very happy and very proud. The glory of turning a convict into a famous painter had long ago begun to pall: it belonged to years ago; and even if it had been still fresh it would have faded into dull insignificance before the discovery of a girl like Olympia Westwood. She was a new and grand sensation. She was *beautiful*, and she went about in men's clothes; what more could so

passionate an amateur of the unconventional desire? If he had only not been trammelled and tied hand and foot by the coronet that he was always bewailing as the badge of his slavery, he could have made her his wife; he did not wish to go so far as to make so eccentric a young lady his countess, and therefore that would be wrong. "If I could only rid myself of my earldom!" he thought, in all the luxurious safety of knowing his wish to be impossible of fulfilment. "If I could only cease to be a slave!" But, earl or no earl, it would be the part of a craven not to follow out such an adventure to the end. If there was one *rôle* he affected more than another it was that of the knight errant, and now he had a splendid opportunity of turning his championship of Olympia to good purpose. He had quite insight enough to know that he had the best chance with her who came before her in the light of one who risked life and limb in the service of honour and his lady-love; and this weapon of assault chance had now wonderfully delivered into his hands. As soon as he had finished his cigar, he went to his writing-table and wrote as follows:—

"Sir,—You are under a misapprehension, which it is my duty as a gentleman to set right at once. I alone am responsible for the chastisement to which you submitted, and of which you now choose to complain. A friend of mine will deliver you this, who has definite instructions to offer no apology. Of course, if after this explanation on my part you still feel aggrieved, you may ask for what further satisfaction you please; if it is that which a gentleman is justified in giving it shall not be refused.—Yours obediently,

"Wendale.

"To Gerald Westwood, Esq."

He never paused for a word as he wrote: he was a different sort of clerk from Gerald, whose attempt to combine dignity with grammar and orthography had no doubt cost him much more than one hour's labour of hand and brain.

"That will bring him to his bearings," said the Earl to himself. "He is a boy and a sailor, and won't hold back when there's fighting in the wind; and he won't be the less pleased and flattered to find who it is that he will have to change shots with. This is being a true knight of romance, if ever there was one. I have found an adventure at last such as I may feel quite sure never happened to anybody before; and to take care of that glorious girl and fight her battles for her is a duty besides. What strange things antipathies

are, to be sure! From the first moment I saw that sailor-cousin I felt that we should stand up at twenty paces in good time, even if it ends in a couple of shots in the air. I suppose my shot will have to be wide, unless my hand feels steady enough to fire to wing."

It did not strike him that an angry young man like Gerald might not choose to fire wide. But if it had it would have made little difference. His wishes and deeds were at the mercy of all the winds that blow excepting that of fear.

It may be new to many readers to be told that once upon a time, not longer ago than the by no means far-off days of Lord Wendale and Gerald Westwood, men occasionally indulged in a curious combination of murder and suicide without by any means ceasing to be gentlemen in the truest and highest sense of the word. It is true the fashion was even then dying out, and was yielding to a public opinion which holds that human life is something so inestimably sacred as to be privileged from all but the most scientific and wholesale destruction. The reign of the pistol was rapidly giving way before that of the torpedo and the mitrailleuse. But not as yet had an affair of honour between a couple of shopmen brought down upon the Duel the contemptuous laughter of public opinion. The duel was sufficiently unfashionable to be stamped with the approval of Lord Wendale without obliging him to run the risk of incurring ridicule, and the very words "an affair of honour" were music in Gerald's ear. Apart from the Earl's way of regarding things there was quite enough ill blood between these two young men to recommend the good old way of letting it out as the most satisfactory that could be found. It was not very noble, perhaps, to think with pleasure of having a shot at the young sailor who had been guilty of nothing but standing in his way; but—so he told himself—he was noble, therefore it was noble, and it was his duty, and therefore must be done. He had never fought a duel yet, and the novelty of the experience was in itself a temptation. A man, according to his theory, should prove all things, and hold fast that which is good in his own eyes.

That little matter having been despatched, he lighted another cigar and sat down to wait for the arrival of the friend whom he chose to honour with the office of his ambassador. He amused himself by letting his fancy play with his love affair, and congratulated himself upon having had the excitement of a siege to give zest to his coming victory. He had not long to wait before he was told that a gentleman wished to see Lord Wendale upon most important business that would admit of no delay. He was not, as a rule, very

accessible, for his reputation for general philanthropy had obliged him to keep the majority of his fellow creatures at a distance, but he was so deeply engaged in expecting one visitor that it never occurred to him that the caller on important business, thus announced without a name, could be any other.

He was therefore not a little disappointed when his visitor proved to be, in all appearance, one of those very traders upon a reputation for philanthropy from whom he so carefully tried to keep himself clear. He recognised at once the elaborately shabby clothes, the imposing solemnity of the bald head, and the air of bluff servility. His eye looked at once for the ample pockets out of which the petition or the testimonials would presently appear. He was half vexed, half amused, to think how cleverly he had been caught at last, and promised himself a certain amount of pleasure in cross-examining one who looked, every inch of him, the type of a respectable rogue. He settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair, bowed slightly, and waited for his visitor to begin.

"I have the honour of addressin' me Lord Wendle?" asked the latter.

"I am he. What is your business? If it is something that cannot be stated in writing, may I ask you to say what you want as quickly and shortly as possible? You probably know that I have many calls upon my time, and "——

"Sure I'm proud and happy to make your acquaintance, me lord. I didn't give in me name to your fellow—your valley, I'ld say—because I thought I'ld just introjuice meself—I don't hold with them ceremonious fashions between men o' the world, like you and I. Me name's Soollivan, me lord—Mejor Dionysius Soollivan: that's who I am: of Castle Soollivan in Ireland that ought to be."

"Sullivan? Why that's the name—do you mean to say you are the Irish gentleman that I have heard so much about in Gressford St. Mary?"

"Ah, ye've heard o' th' owld cahmpeener, then? Ye haven't heard any bad of 'm, anyhow."

"And this is the fellow," he thought, "that they accused of running off with Olympia!—He looks much more likely to have walked off with their silver spoons.—By Jove—an idea—just the fellow that's likely to be young Westwood's second!—But that would never do. If he hasn't got a more presentable friend I must lend him one of my own.—You are in the army, then? May I ask to what regiment you belong?"

"Oh, to scores of 'm—Spahnish ones, mostly. I'm a fightin'

major, I am, and not one of your gyardsmen that's only kep' up for show. But may be your lordship's waitin' to know what I'm come for?"

"That is exactly what I am doing. I should like to know at once, if it is all the same to you."

"Faith, then, ye shall. Sure 'tis all one to me if ye know it now or if ye wait for a wake—but may be now'll be best for you. I hate batin' about the bush, and I never do."

"I can give you all my attention, but pray remember that I cannot give you all my time."

"Sure I wouldn't be so onrespectful. Time's money—no doubt of that, anyhow."

"Ah, you mean that my time is worth taking? Since you are so determined to come to the point at once—am I right in thinking that your visit is in some way connected with five pounds?"

"Sure 'tis your lordship's the boy for jokin'! Not that five pound is a thing to be snayzed at by a owld cahmpeener, that's known the ups and downs. Faith, I've known the time when I'ld have given a fifty pound note for just half-a-crown. 'Twas in Chili that was, when"——

"I really am not interested in Chili. Perhaps, then, as you are a fighting major, you have come about an affair"——

"A jool? Not this time, though your lordship's not far out in thinkin' of fightin' when ye're in the same counthry with Denis Soollivan."

"Then," said Lord Wendale, getting really impatient, "what have you come for? I'll give you one minute by my watch, and then"——

"Sure, me lord, half a second'll do. I've found your uncle—that's all."

"My uncle? I'm sure I'm much obliged to you. You talk as if I carried a few uncles and aunts on my bunch of keys, and had let one of them drop about somewhere. No—I have not missed any uncle. Perhaps it belongs to somebody else? Indeed I never had an uncle—except one, that's past anybody's finding but the sexton's. There—the minute is up now, and my time is no longer my own."

"Sure, 'tis your lordship's the boy for takin' things easy! But 'tis true. I've found'm, and a mighty queer fish he is too."

"I should think so! If he is in either of those great pockets of yours, have him out, by all means." He rang the bell. "I really must ask you to excuse me now, Mr. Sullivan—if you have nothing more to say"——

"Wait a bit, me lord—I'm a owlder man than you, and a trifle more

slow. I've come to ye out of friendship, I may say, like as if I were the father to the whole lot of ye. 'Tis fact, on the oath of an Irish gentleman, that's seen queerer fish than any he's got to show ye now. If ye won't listen, I'll have to go to the uncle, and then ye'll be sorry may be."

"Mr. Sullivan, I don't understand a word, except that you must have been dining uncommonly well. If you have found an uncle, pray keep him—he is of no use to me."

"Me dining? Div'l a bit have I ate but a steak since breakfast time. Now there's many a owld cahmpeener 'ld have called out a duke for tellin' him he'd been dinin'; but I'm not one o' them fellows that get their backs up at a word. Sure a joke's a joke"——

"You may think it strange, but I have the greatest dislike to jokes."

"And who's givin'm ye? Not me. Wait a bit—did ye ever hear tell of a little owld schoolmastherin' sort of chap they call Forsyth? That's him."

"That's *who*, you old—rascal? You have either found a mare's nest or you are trying to frighten me into buying you. Forsyth my uncle, indeed—why"——

"Ah, ye see ye can't give a reason why he wouldn't be, anyhow—and I'll give ye a dozen why he would be, if ye wouldn't be in such a hurry to misname them as are friends to ye."

Lord Wendale became suddenly grave. His wits were quick, and the very wildness of the idea was not without effect. The Major, no doubt seeing that his words at last had told, resumed the placid air which had been a little disturbed.

"Will I go," he asked, "or will I go on?"

"Go on. What reasons have you for even pretending to suspect such an absurdity as that Forsyth and my father's elder brother are one and the same?"

"Ah, now ye're more speakable. I'll tell ye. Well, ye see, this is how. I've got it all straight in me head as I came along, and I'll tell just as if it were out of a newspaper. Ye see me Lord Calmont, as was then, went to Buenos Ayres, where I have been myself scores and scores of times. I needn't tell ye he was never heard of after the first day he got there, except when he sent to an hotel for a portmanteau that was took to the care of a old fellow well known for a money-lending old blagyard they called Sanchez, that when he was asked knew nothing at all about nobody, and whose daughter had run away with—we'll say nobody knows who."

"Well? I know all that better than you—that was all found out at the time."

"Well, as ye say, me lord, there was an end of them findings. I've told ye the story of your uncle that all the world knows, and now I'll tell ye the story of Forsyth, as ye call'm. Does your lordship know where he comes from—who was his father an' mother, and all his relations and friends?"

"I? No."

"Nor nobody. But I'll tell ye one thing—he's been in all them South American places"——

"He? I never heard him speak of it."

"Your lordship knows a young woman of the name of Miss Olympia Westwood, I b'lieve? Well, he told her, and she told me."

"*She* told you? What has she to do with you?"

"Wait a bit, me lord—you'll b'lieve what she says, anyhow, and ye may ask her yourself if you think I'm lyin'. Well, anyhow he came from there, and the first time I set eyes on'm was at Payter Pigot's in Gressford—the little drinkin' shop that your lordship'll know well. So, me lord, ye see there's a bit of business that takes me down to Gressford once a quarter, when the Captain's money comes in—to see me friend and brother-in-arrums I should say, four times a year, and he's just a sort of a leaky bottle, ye know, that it's no credit to do a bit of pumping on. Well, me lord, this Master Forsyth, to give'm his *ahliahs*, as the lawyers say, was mighty took with a bit of a picture in a scrap book"——

"I was there. Pray get on."

"Sure, I'm gettin' on like gahlopin', to what's to come. So the long and the short of it was, what does Forsyth do, to give'm his *nong de ploom*, but go and lave all his savings on the little girl that drew the picture"——

"What—Forsyth leave his money to Olympia—Miss Westwood?"

"Ye may ask me friend the Captain, or Mr. King, the lawyer in Lincoln's Inn Faylds, if ye think it's a lie. Ye must know me friend and brother-in-arrums the Captain has been in Buenos Ayres too, and he'd seen your lordship's uncle there the first day he came, and had good reason to remember it too. So we put this and that together, me and him, and he looked at Forsyth, to give'm his *nong de gare*, a bit more 'cute after that money affair, and 'By George!' says he, 'I'm blessed if that isn't a owld friend of mine got owld!' 'Who?' says I: and he wouldn't tell at first, but I pumped'm and pumped'm till, faith, the leaky owld bottle was as dry as I am with talkin'. And ye must know the little girl's the daughter of a owld

flame of Forsyth—your uncle, I mean. The mother's name was just Olympia Sanchez, daughter of the money-dealin' blagyard, and that's her picture that's in the Academy this very day. That Captain knows a sight more than ye'd think to look at'm, I can tell ye: and if he was to say all he knows—*Caramba*, there'ld be the div'l and a half to pay. But that's tellin's—and I won't say more than I need."

"Is that all? It comes to this, then, that my uncle and Forsyth have both been in Buenos Ayres—that the trace of one was lost where the trace of the other was found—that Forsyth recognised the face of a girl whom my uncle was in love with, and left money to her daughter—and that Captain Westwood saw, or fancied, a likeness between the two men?"

"Put in a nutshell—like an attorney!"

"Then I can't say much for your knowledge of the laws of evidence, if you think a string of mere coincidences is sufficient to prove a glaring absurdity. Wait a minute—Captain Westwood is Miss Westwood's uncle—how comes that, since you are so intimately acquainted with other people's family affairs? How is it that Captain Westwood, by having been at Buenos Ayres, becomes the uncle of a girl whose mother lived there? If you had said the father"——

"The Captain was there and his brother Charley too. Ye may ask'm, and the gray mare too, if Charley Westwood, as they call'm, wasn't the name o' the father o' the little gurl. I know'm, Jack an' Charley, an' all, and nice boys they are."

"And so that is all?"

"Wait a bit—there's a little bit more to the back of 'm. So it comes out. You know the way o' them gossupin' village places, as how me friend Payter heard from a young man at Beckfield how your lordship's own valley heard from your lordship's housekeeper, Mrs. What-ye-call'm, as how she thought, when she first saw Forsyth, to give'm the name he goes by, as 'twas your lordship's own blessed grandfather stepped out from his grave"——

Lord Wendale started—he knew the opinion of Mrs. Davies on better authority than that given by the Major, and the resemblance noticed by Lady Anne Calmont came with very different force into his mind. He remembered also how Forsyth had tried to turn the talk aside, and had received the news of the resemblance as if it were a serious accusation that he was bound to disprove.

"Go on," he said, "never mind the chatter of servants. If there is still anything more, come to the end."

"As your lordship'll see, there's just a missin' link to join your

lordship's uncle and Forsyth—and sure the missin' link is the very uncle I've found! 'Twas but this morning it came: and though it's only me that knows the middle an' the end—and may be the Captain—there's lots that knows the middle besides him and me. Ye must know, and the Captain knows—ye may ask'm if ye won't take my word for'm—that when your lordship's uncle was swate on Miss Sanchez, 'twas John Francis he called himself, and not Lord Calmont, nor yet Walter Forsyth, at all."

"Good God!—John Francis?"

"Sure why wouldn't he? 'Tis a very good name."

It was the discovery of a missing link indeed. Moral conviction was beginning to take the place of disbelief, and he who was always longing to lay down his coronet trembled to feel it slipping involuntarily from his brows. But if Sullivan had really told him all he knew, there was still one needful link in the chain of evidence that was unsupplied. Sullivan had said all that was necessary, combined with a thousand little things that now crowded into his mind, to convince Lord Wendale, but he had not said quite enough to convince the world. Sullivan and Captain Westwood had connected John Francis with his uncle, but the connection between John Francis and Walter Forsyth was the secret of the two whom it most concerned.

"Then now it comes to this, in addition to what I said before," he said, in a cold and quiet voice, though the perspiration was beginning to stand upon his brow. "My uncle lived in Buenos Ayres under an assumed name—John Francis or John Jones, it comes to the same thing. What then?"

"If I could show ye that John Francis is Walter Forsyth 'twould be clear as twelve o'clock and an hour over."

"Show it—and we will see."

"Then—me lord—if I may call ye so—there was a friend of mine, Joe Drouzil, that saw Forsyth this very morning, and knew him dead for John Francis the Forger, that they wanted to duck that day at Gressford when your lordship gave him a pound—and Joe's little gurl, Miss Firefly of the Phaynix, knew'm, and good reason she had too. I wasn't there myself, but they were. And so I've found out what puzzled 'em why John Francis wrote your lordship's name—good reason he had, seein' 'twas his own. And now the murder's out, and I've done: and I think your lordship'll feel obliged."

The recognition of Forsyth by Monsieur Drouzil and his daughter was nothing to Lord Wendale, who knew the connection between *the painter* and the forger better than they. He could not doubt the

truth of Sullivan's story in the main, for it tallied certainly with what he himself knew to be true. That a man like Forsyth could ever have been a real criminal had always been an impenetrable mystery to him. The family likeness, though valueless standing alone, was all important now that it was combined with so many other matters: he himself was a witness of Forsyth's strange friendship for Olympia, and he remembered every incident connected with the discovery of the face in Marian's scrap-book as if it were yesterday. The chain was complicated and involved, but all its links were strong. He had achieved his wish—he was plain Arthur Calmont after all, with his own way to make in the world.

There still, however, remained unsolved the grand riddle of all—if Forsyth were Lord Wendale, why had he not taken up his rights—why had he deliberately preferred the punishment of a felon to recognition not only as a great Earl, but as an honest man? This, it must be confessed, Lord Wendale, with all his subtlety of mind, failed ignominiously to solve. It was simply incomprehensible—it could only be that his uncle was bound to submit for want of evidence to make good his claim: more probably still, there might be some stain upon his early career abroad that he wished to hide in obscurity. And now what might happen, when all the diverging threads of the skein were collected together and held in one pair of unscrupulous hands?

Lord Wendale turned sick at the prospect that lay before him. The title of plain Arthur Calmont, landless, poor, and dethroned, had by no means so attractive a sound as when it was merely a flight of fancy. He would no longer have the satisfaction of grumbling at a burden because he had the still greater satisfaction of being unable to lay it down. Such a downfall as this would be too terrible to bear—till he was called upon to throw himself from his pinnacle he had never realised that he could breathe no lower air. No—it was impossible: and reason, as usual, came to his aid.

Why should he forcibly interfere with the life that his uncle had deliberately chosen, and perhaps drag forth some shameful secret to the light of day? If he had not forged, he had very likely done worse; he would not have borne to be punished for what he had not done except for the purpose of concealing something that he had done. Then, again, England must be considered. The loss would be England's, perhaps the world's, if a young man of high aims and lofty genius should yield up his influence for good into the hands of a man past the prime of life, with no chivalry of soul, no genius, no lofty aims, with a soul crushed by poverty and disgrace, and with

hands perhaps stained by crime—who had so little ambition that he preferred plodding for his daily bread to making a fight for an earldom, and of whose degraded life in London, under the name of Francis, hundreds had been aware. It was his duty to let things remain as they were—and he would do his duty, even if it cost him the keep of his coronet. But he felt himself on the brink of a precipice, and shuddered still.

He took a rapid review of the whole perilous position, while Sullivan stood before him in wooden and patient solemnity.

"This is a strange tale," he said, slowly, "a very strange tale. Some men would have had you thrown out of window for trying to extort money by threatening them with lies. I will not—I will believe that you believe in your own tale. How much of it does Captain Westwood believe?"

"Faith, ye take it cool! I thought meself was the coolest hand I ever knew, but ye beat me. How much does the Captain know? Why as much as I let him, to be sure."

"Does he know that Forsyth and Francis the Forger are one and the same?"

"Deuce a bit. D'ye think I'ld let him know the saycret of the whole saycret before givin' ye a bit of a friendly warnin'? He keeps a gray mare, me boy—me lord, I mean: and what he knows she knows, and what she knows the pahrish knows too. Faith, the knack that Captain has of tellin' things is something wonderful."

"Thank you for the warning, Major. Gossip is all the worse when it is made up of lies. One can never disprove a lie. I suppose if Captain Westwood were to be told—say by yourself—that Forsyth is, so far from being a possible earl, only an actual felon, he would suspect no more?"

"I'ld like to see'm, that's all—and as for the gray mare, she'ld no more believe a real lord could have been in gaol than she'ld think a gaol bird could turn out to be a real lord. Sure if a pickpocket was to swear to her he was the King of Spene an' th' Injies, she wouldn't believe: if he showed her his gowlden crown she'ld say 'twas stole."

"It seems to me, then, that by shutting the mouth of the Westwoods we should shut the mouth of the world."

"Faith, not quite—'twould be known that Master Forsyth was a felon out of Weyport from Cork to Cuba: I cahlculate if he was put on his oath he wouldn't get many but fools to b'lieve'm then."

"That is what I mean." He paused: for he was on the brink of a temptation to which that of Forsyth had been child's play. The

man who had no common sense had meditated only what he held to be the betrayal of a self-imposed vow: the man of reason and conscience was meditating a sin.

It was not a crime, however: he was quite justified in letting all whom it concerned or might concern know that Forsyth the Painter was a man who had been convicted of forgery on his own confession. He might say that, and keep within the letter of truth. It only happened that he now knew the convict to be an innocent man. While he thought him guilty, abstract philanthropy had led him to impose Forsyth on the world as innocent: now that he knew him to be innocent, the charity which begins at home tempted to impose him upon the world as guilty. If it had not been for his singular power of adapting reason to circumstance even Lord Wendale must have suspected that he was tempted to do what was wrong.

"You must think me very inhospitable, Major Sullivan—and I have kept you standing all this while; pray sit down. I will ring for some wine."

"Thank ye, me lord—I won't say no. I guess the liquor'll be good here, anyhow."

"You are a gentleman, and a soldier, Major Sullivan, and I do not think for a moment you are saying what you don't believe, although I happen to know that you have made a most extraordinary blunder. I know all about Francis the Forger—he is no more my uncle, or related to me except through Adam, than you are. Still fools will talk, and he may be tempted to take advantage of their folly—a man who has committed one crime will not stick at another—and the mouths of fools must be closed. I am sorry that you said so much to Captain Westwood, but that can't be helped now. I am sorry—very sorry—to be obliged to say what I know of a man in Forsyth's position—but"——

"Nades must, of course, when the div'l drives—faith, that's true, anyhow."

"Of course you understand that I don't admit a word of your story?"

"Of course, of course, me lord—I wouldn't be so presumin' as to expect ye."

"That's over, then. And now I am afraid I can really give you no more time. I have an engagement that is now over-due"——

"Sure your lordship'll want to know what makes me so friendly to ye before I go?"

"Well then, why?"

"Well, ye see, me lord, cahmpeenin's but poor work—plenty of

glory I've got, but oncommon little of the gilding. So, thinks I"——

"What—do you mean you expect to be paid for telling me a parcel of lies?"

"Faith, then, that's just what I do."

Lord Wendale shrugged his shoulders. "I never allow myself to be imposed upon. I wish you a very good evening."

"All right, me lord. May be you're right and I'm wrong. But I'ld just like to know first, for me own satisfaction. I'll just talk things over again with me friend the Captain, and if I find out I'm as right as I b'lieve I am, it isn't the Major that'll see a innocent uncle done out of his pickin's and him not interfere. Faith, if your lordship's ongrateful, his other lordship won't be—and I guess, if he's wantin' evidence, he'll give good value for what I can put 'm up to—and if he doesn't, the Captain'll just leak it out—and 't 'll be too late to cork 'm then."

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Wendale, humiliated to find himself so completely in the power of such a man. "I did forget, I own, that to give something for nothing is not the way of the world. If your information belongs to the highest bidder—I mean if you expect to be paid for the service you are desirous of rendering me—I suppose it's but fair you should not lose by your time and trouble. You know the way to Gressford—go there, and let Captain Westwood at once know the true character of this man Forsyth: that he is nothing more than a discharged convict, a forger—that is to say, a professional impostor. If he doubts, it can easily be proved. What will pay your expenses there and back? What I pay you will be your expenses in my service—you understand?"

"'Twill be a long journey, me lord. There'll be the coach there an' back—and me bed an' bit of breakfast at the Black Prince—'tis a dear place for a country inn—and there'll be refreshments by the way, and me tip to the guard—faith, I wouldn't undertake to do it under a thousand pound, and I'll be doin' it mighty chape too."

"Very well—you shall have five hundred at once and five hundred more as soon as the first rumour informs me that Forsyth's true character is exposed. You will excuse me for treating this as a matter of simple business and wishing to make sure that the money has been earned. I hope you are satisfied."

The Major paused—probably he had not expected to make his terms so easily, and had not comprehended that Lord Wendale might stoop to bribe, but could not condescend to haggle about the amount of the bribe. And then his putting abroad Lord

Wendale's version of the story would put it out of his power to make any further market of his own. It was necessary to make hay while the sun shone.

"Say another thousand for me loss of time"——

"Well?"

"And a thousand for interest on the five hundred that's to be paid after"——

"I see—I must name a sum. Two thousand now and three thousand afterwards, and if you ask for a penny more you shall go out of the window."

"Faith, me lord, ye're a gentleman—'tis easy to see with half an eye that 'tis yourself's the real Earl of Wendle. And ye'll never repent of it—ye'll never be troubled again."

"If I am, I shall know how to protect myself, you may be quite sure. You will go to Gressford this very night, and let Captain Westwood know all that need be known."

"Better let the gray mare know at once—everybody'll know then before ye can twinkle your oye, and me friend the Captain won't dare to say his soul's his own."

"Tell her, then."

"And there's no nade, now I think of it, to waste the money on coaches and hotels. They've come to town."

So the old campaigner carried off his cheque for two thousand pounds, leaving the Reason and Conscience of Lord Wendale as best they might to fight out the whole matter between them. They must have succeeded in coming to terms somehow, but their reconciliation did not make him look forward to the visit of his expected friend with quite so much eagerness as he had shown an hour ago, and his championship of Olympia had turned cold.

## CHAPTER III.

I think, with those who thought of old
  In rather rougher weather,
That courage is the thing to hold
  A Gentleman together:
That so it cannot always sleep,
  Though short its gleam and rare is,
And in his heart lies thrice as deep
  As Calais in Queen Mary's.

"FIVE sharp to-morrow, Tom—don't fail."

"Not I, Westwood—you trust to me. Keep up your spirits, old fellow, and don't take any—go to bed early, and you'll be as fresh as a herring."

"Dead as one, perhaps, Tom?"

"Well, if you are, you'll be killed in style. I wish I was mixed up in a duel every day—fancy a set-to with an earl! And don't forget about ordering the kidneys over night"——

"All right, Tom—I'll be ready. You know all you have to do if anything goes wrong?"

"You never mind that—trust to me."

"You'll see my people, you know, and you won't forget about"——

"The little ballet girl at the Phœnix? I know—your love and all that sort of thing."

"I've written them all some letters—you'll find them in my pocket—you won't forget to look there, will you?"

"You trust to me. Good night, old boy."

"Good night, Tom."

After all that had passed between them it may not be divined at once and by instinct that Tom was Tom Harris and that Westwood was Gerald. But so it was, nevertheless. Quarrels are not mortal at twenty-one: Gerald was incapable of bearing malice, and Tom was blessed with a thick skin and a nature that made it very easy for him to forgive all whom he had offended and to forget that he had ever offended them. The first chance meeting since Gerald's restoration to prosperity was enough to bring him back under the influence to which he had been accustomed ever since he had first gone to sea, without so whole and undoubting a heart, perhaps, but still willingly. As a matter of course it was to the worldly-wise Tom Harris that he appealed when he needed a "friend" in the technical sense of the word.

The proudest heart in all London was that of Gerald Westwood when he found himself engaged in a real duel with a real earl. He did not try to understand why Lord Wendale should take upon himself the quarrels of another man, but so much the better: it gave his first affair all the greater prestige. He longed to say good-bye to Firefly before he stood fire, in spite of her behaviour towards him: it was but a poor makeshift for a loving parting to write her a long letter that he hoped might touch her to the heart in case it was really written that he should die for her. She would be sorry then.

He did not in his heart think he should be killed, any more than if he had been going to play in a cricket match. But still, though under legal age, he had always heard that people made their wills before "going out," so he asked for a large sheet of paper and wrote as follows:—

"I, Gerald Westwood, of The Laurels, Gressford St. Mary, late midshipman aboard of H.M.S. *Lapwing*, I leave to my father, Captain John Westwood, Esquire, my old cutlass and dirk, and to my mother, Mrs. Caroline Westwood, all my other things, except my desk to my sister Miss Julia Pender, and my books to my sister Miss Caroline Pender, and my studs to my sister Miss Marian Pender. Mr. Thomas Harris, lieutenant in the Royal Navy, is to have my new pair of pistols, and you will please send my gold watch and my ring to Miss Miséricorde Drouzil of the Phœnix Theatre, who I hope will wear them. When my cousin, Miss Olympia Westwood, is found, let her have my pencil-case. Tom Harris has got a letter for everybody. Pay my hotel bill, and if I have any money about me you can give it to the servants. Good-bye, and God bless you all.

"Gerald Westwood, late R.N."

"Codicil: If you"——

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed, hurriedly turning his last will and testament over upon the blotting-paper, "Father—you here?"

It was the Captain, who had walked down the long coffee-room until he had reached the table where he was writing.

"Yes, my boy, I'm in town, and your mother too."

"My mother—in town? What has brought her here? Where are you staying?"

"Put on your hat, and come with me. We've got lodgings not far off here, and she sent me to fetch you. Any news?"

"About Olympia, you mean? Not a word."

He did not think it necessary to explain how unlikely it was there should be any news to tell, considering how he had been misspending his time and energies. He put on his hat, folded up and pocketed his document, and left the hotel with the Captain.

On entering the street they brushed against a girl who stood on the pavement in the half darkness close to the door. The adventure was slight enough, but Gerald felt himself drawn to look twice at the figure that hurried off before he had time to beg the girl's pardon for running against her. She seemed to have vanished, so suddenly had she disappeared.

On the way the Captain explained, as well as he could, why they had come to town, and his facts were clear, though his explanations were vaguer even than they usually were. For the present, it is enough to know that Mrs. Westwood was there. The Captain tried to explain that she had come up for the season, and though the news that his mother had gone up to the moon would have been less

surprising Gerald could hardly doubt what his own father told him.

But we are by no means bound to take even Captain Westwood's word. The loss of the custody of a heiress was not to be put up with lightly, or the loss of her inheritance to an Irish major. When she came to think over matters in cold blood, she was seized with remorse for over haste in her judgment: and one day startled the Captain by saying suddenly—

"John, I never knew such a man as you. You let your niece go as if she was a charity girl."

"My dear, Gerald's looking for her as hard as he can."

"What can Gerald do? If you were half a man you'ld put your friendship with that major-man to some use, instead of sitting staring there."

"Il'd do anything, my dear, if I only knew what to do."

"Do? Why go to London yourself, to be sure. That's where they are, you may depend, or we should have heard of them long ago, unless they've gone abroad. That he's at the bottom of it I'm as sure as I'm sitting here. You know his address in town I suppose? You're intimate enough to know it, I'm sure, and if he's left it's a case for the police to take in hand. Your own brother's child—I declare it's a shame. What would you do if anybody went off with Marian? Less still, I suppose—though you couldn't do less than nothing, I'm sure." And so, by the practice of all the diplomatic arts she knew, she not only succeeded in discovering that her husband knew the address at which letters would reach the Major, but goaded him until he undertook to act like a man of energy. It need not be added that she did not trust him to go alone.

Gerald, in spite of his manly courage, would have given much to have been spared that family meeting. He knew how his mother worshipped him with all the soul she had, and the thought of meeting her on the eve of a duel made him realise that he was playing at pitch and toss with something more important than his own brains. His death might be worse than death to others, if it was sport to him. However, there was nothing to be done but put a cheerful face on the good night that might mean good-bye, and to be more cheerful than usual in order to hide what he seemed to bear written on his brow—"I am going to fight a duel to-morrow with Lord Wendale."

They reached the Captain's lodgings in one of the semi-fashionable neighbourhoods to which Mrs. Westwood was drawn by natural affinity, expecting to find her waiting for them in chill solitude.

What they did find was Major Dionysius Sullivan quietly holding out a tea-cup which Mrs. Westwood was replenishing with her sweetest and most beaming smile.

It was the oddest combination ever brought about by that so-called chance which can bring about all things. The Major and Mrs. Westwood taking tea! It was the meeting of the North with the South Pole.

"Ah, here is Captain Westwood," said the lady. "John, I will never forgive you as long as I live for not having introduced Major Sullivan. I assure you, Major, you have quite the character of an ogre. Where is Gerald? Oh there—you see we came to find *you*, my dear. This is my son, Major Sullivan—the little boy whose life you saved, you know."

"Sure, madam, ye won't tell me that fine young man's your son—'tis your brother, ye mean. Faith, ye're a fine family, all of ye: and I don't wonder the Captain doesn't care to expose you to the admirin' eyes of a owld cahmpeener. I hope ye're well, Captain—and you too, Mister Ger'l. May be ye wonder, now, to see me here? I wanted to see ye, and Mrs. Westwood was so kind as to ask me to stay to tay."

Mrs. Westwood was lacquered, the old campaigner was unlacquered: but there was more than one touch of good vulgar nature about them to make their spirits kin. Blind, perhaps, must have been the eyes that took the Major for a bluff and honest gentleman; but he came from the same forge in which her ladyship was made. At any rate Major Sullivan of Castle Sullivan had made a good impression upon one whom it was very hard to please.

"John," she said, "you never told me Major Sullivan is intimate with our dear friend the Earl of Wendale! I declare I feel positively ashamed that Major Sullivan has been so often at Gressford and that we allowed him to put up at a common public-house—for that's what the Black Prince is—it is downright inhospitable. The next time you come to Gressford, Major Sullivan, you must come to The Laurels, unless you are obliged to go to Beckfield. You must think us very inhospitable people at Gressford, Major Sullivan, but Captain Westwood is so thoughtless sometimes."

"Faith, then, I will, ma'am; good quarthers isn't to be refused."

"What will you take, Major?" asked the Captain, feebly feeling about for something to say. "I dare say the Major would like some whisky, my dear"——

"Whisky? Not for me, if ye please. Sure a cup of your good lady's tay is worth all the whisky that ever was 'stilled. I never

take them things, and I've been havin' champagne at me Lord Wendle's."

"John!" said Mrs. Westwood, "how can you think of such things? I wish everybody thought about spirits as you do, Major Sullivan: I hope Gerald will follow your example. Pray let me pour you out another cup of tea."

"As you're so pressin', I will. Them spirits is the curse of the country, as I've said to me friend me Lord Wendle scores an' scores of times. Talkin' of me Lord Wendle puts me in mind that there's a thing ye ought to know—a mighty delicate thing it is, but tell the truth and shame the div'l, say I. I wouldn't be thankful myself, anyhow, if a man saw me nursin' a viper and didn't tell me I was runnin' me head against a brick wall. So I'll just give ye a bit of a friendly warnin' that may be ye'll be thankful for."

Gerald had his private reasons for distrusting the Major, and what he had now seen and heard did not tend to make him more trustfully inclined.

"I suppose, mother," he said, "you are convinced I was right, and that Major Sullivan knows nothing about Olympia?"

"That *you* were right? Who ever thought of such a thing? Not me, I'm sure. Do you think Major Sullivan would be here at this moment if he had not given me his word as a gentleman that he knows no more about Olympia than the man in the moon? Why he has promised to help find her, which is more than you can do, or your father. But then Major Sullivan is a real soldier, and they're obliged to know what to do."

"Mother! Why you would have it"——

"Never, Gerald. It was your father, and Mr. Forsyth, that clamoured me down. None of you would let me say a word."

"That's it, ma'am—'tis Forsyth, as ye call'm, that's at the bottom of it, I'll be bound. It's of him that I've come to warn ye. He's got a sort of a footing in your house, the owld fox in shape's clothin'! Ye wouldn't think it now to look at'm, the owld schoolmasthering rascal, but it's come out that he's a discharged convict out of Weyport Gaol. Ah, I thought I'ld make ye stare."

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Westwood. "Well of all the"——

"Ye may say that, ma'am, anyhow. He was in for forgery, the cheatin' blagyard, and got his three years, or his seven, for aught I know. And his name's no more Forsyth than it's Westwood or Soollivan."

"The wretch—the impudent creature, to palm himself off for a

painter indeed—and Captain Westwood a magistrate too! And to think how intimate—I declare I shall never hold up my head again. Well, I always did think there was something strange about him—I never could abide him myself, and I always said so, only nobody ever listens to me. Perhaps they will another time. But it's one comfort to think the Earl was deceived as well as me. Ah, Major Sullivan, this is indeed a wicked world!"

"You say—that—Mr. Forsyth is a convict from Weyport?" asked the Captain.

"Faith, that's what I do."

"But what's his real name, then? What did he do?"

The Major looked him full in the face, and said boldly—

"His name's Francis, if ye want to know—him as tried to cheat me Lord Wendle once before. And ye'll not doubt that, if ye—plaze."

"Francis? you say it's been proved, then?"

"Up to the handle, Captain."

"But then—surely, by George, Major, you don't mean to say you've forgotten—Francis, don't you know? Well, of all the wonderful"——

"'Tis true, though: ye may ask'm at the gaol. You ask Forsyth or Francis to go over Weyport with ye when you're inspectin', and see if he'll go."

"And—but—why, by George, if Forsyth is Francis, and he's like the—the—and if Francis was"——

"Forsyth's Francis, and Francis is Francis, Captain. That'll be enough, I reckon, for Mrs. Westwood and you. 'Tis enough for me."

"Enough!" said Mrs. Westwood. "What more can you want indeed?—and we've had a common prisoner at our table eating and drinking, I'm sure, as if he was a lord."

"But does Lord Wendale know?"

"Ye don't think I'ld let me Lord Wendle go about with a forger? Of course I told'm, just as I tell you. So you've nothing to do but just let things slide, and send the blagyard packing."

The Captain's mind was not hard to bewilder, but, though he seldom succeeded in his endeavours, he liked to puzzle out everything till it was clear to his slow but honest mind. He had tried hard about the question of the coaches, and he was trying hard now. Gerald's interest in the character of Forsyth was languid, but he listened, not being by nature of an absent mind. Mrs. Westwood was too much accustomed to the workings of her husband's intellect to take much note of his ramblings in search of light, and the Major did not come to his aid.

"Major," he said at last, "I should like to know more about this, please. Perhaps you will stay and smoke a pipe with me?"

"Thank ye, Captain—but early to bed and early to rise: that's what I go on."

"Don't let Captain Westwood lead you into dissipation," said the lady. "I'm sure if there's anything to be said it may be said before me. It's new to hear that I'm in the way."

"Faith, I'ld think so, ma'am! What is it, Captain?"

"If I was you, Sullivan, I'ld just tell Lord Wendale what you know. That's all, my dear."

"P'raps I have, may be."

"Ah—and what did he say?"

"Just 'Thank ye, major,' and had in the champagne."

"Then—then, by Jove, I believe you forgot half the story. This is an important thing, major—a deuced important thing—and, by George, if you told him all I know"——

"Faith, ye're too much for a plain owld cahmpeener like I. What is it ye know?"

"Why—don't you know?—Why that I'ld bet a thousand pounds Forsyth's the Francis I knew in America—that's all."

"Pr'aps he is, may be. Ye meet with mighty queer specimens there. And what Francis did ye meet in America? Tell me that, me boy—Captain, I mean."

"John! you knew that wretch in America—and you never told me?"

"I never knew at first, my dear. It—it came into my head—and then I got sure—and there's the name. And by Jupiter, as sure as my name's John Westwood, if Forsyth's Francis, Forsyth's Lord Wendale, that's all."

"Gerald, my dear," said Mrs. Westwood, "don't you think you'd better see your father into bed? Oh dear, oh dear—to think—and before strangers too"——

"Carry, my dear," said the Captain with unaccustomed sharpness, "I'm no more tipsy than you. It's muddle enough, but if Forsyth's Francis, Forsyth's Lord Wendale, and that's the long and short of it, by Jove."

The Major lifted his eyebrows. "Faith, it's a queer end of the stick ye've got hold of, anyhow! P'raps ye'll explain, for madam's in a fog, and me too."

"Everybody knows I went to America when I was a young man. You know that, Caroline. And there I saw the man that's now called Forsyth as sure as I'm born—though he was a young man then, I've good reason—by Jove, Major"——

"This is a sarious affair, Captain. Maybe you'll let Mrs. Westwood here, and Ger'l too, know what your good rason may be. 'Tis nothing to me, ye know, anyhow."

"And he was Lord Calmont—that's Lord Wendale—as sure as I stand here."

"Pooh! you're dreamin'. 'Tis ridiculous that a man that was a Earl 'ld be a convict too. Isn't it, ma'am? I'll advise ye, Captain, to keep them nonsenses to yourself—I'll advise ye as a friend. A nod's as good as a wink, ye know"——

"Look here, Major, I may be right or I may be wrong—I don't know—but this must be looked into. I'm not a lawyer, but I'm a Justice, and I won't think a man a rogue till he's proved. We never do at sessions, and I won't here."

"But it *is* proved," said Mrs. Westwood. "A forger must be a rogue—and my father *was* a lawyer, and poor Sir Samuel was a magistrate as much as you."

"And what'll ye do, Captain, if a owld cahmpeener may be so bowld as to ask ye?"

"I'll—I'll see Lord Wendale to-morrow"——

"Ye will? Then I'll go with ye, and see'm too. He's a beak too, ye know, and as you're another ye can have it out between ye. P'raps ye'd better take your own attorney. No—I didn't tell'm ye'd seen Francis, the blagyard, in Buenos Ayres, but may be ye're right, and it's better he'll know the long an' short, as well as you an' I. If ye just think a bit may be ye'll think twice before telling a cock and a bull story that'll make ye look like a fool."

Gerald clenched one of his fists instinctively. Why did not his father get up and knock the fellow down? There was something in the Major's tone that sounded like a threat, which might escape his mother, but did not escape him.

The Captain did rise from his seat, but, so far from assaulting his visitor, fell to pacing up and down the room. His hands were clasped behind him, and Gerald, whose attention was aroused, saw that the fingers were working nervously. Whatever the Major knew or did not know, he knew what he was about—that was clear.

"Better look like a fool than be a rogue," the Captain said at last in a voice of misery.

"Faith, though, 'tis better to look like a rogue than be a fool; and ye'll do both, I warn ye as a friend, if ye don't mind your Pays-and-Kews. Ye'll excuse me, ma'am, for bein' so free, but I'm a owld cahmpeener, and neither ate me words nor mince 'em."

"Major, I won't see an innocent man hounded down. It can't be forgery for a man to sign his own name?"

"As ye plaze, Captain. And I won't see a guilty man hounded up—that's flat, and ye know what that manes. *C'ramba!* There's worse things going than forgin', and if ye don't—I mane—I'll just ask ye to turn owver in your mind if ye haven't mistook a young man for a owld. I'll just *ask* ye, Captain—'twill be worth while."

"You blackguard!" cried out the Captain. "Do you think me such a blackguard myself as to sell an innocent man to save my neck from hanging? I'm d——d if I am, by George!"

The Major was a clever man, but he had left out one important factor from his calculation—that Captain Jack Westwood, though as stupid a moral coward as ever breathed, was a Gentleman. Perhaps, however, it was not so much from inadvertence as from ignorance of the term that the Major erred.

What this impulsive outburst meant he and the Major alone could tell. It was the second time since his wedding day that he had been heard to swear roundly; and the amazement caused by his first oath was nothing to the amazement now. Gerald started, and Mrs. Westwood was struck dumb.

"Sure you're mad!" said the Major, as soon as he recovered his senses. "P'raps, ma'am, you'ld like to know"——

"I have been, but I'm not now. You've put on the last straw, Major Sullivan. You think because I've spent all my substance in paying you hush-money—that's the word, by jingo—that I'ld throw you my immortal soul in as if it were another penny at quarter day. Caroline, my dear—Gerald, my poor boy"——

He threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"What is it, John?—tell me this instant," cried out Mrs. Westwood, turning pale.

"What is it, father?" asked Gerald, laying his hand on the Captain's shoulder. "*I* won't believe that you've done what's wrong."

"Caroline—Olympia is my daughter. I—I was married—I had a wife living when I married you."

Gerald ran to his mother—she would have fainted if she had not been too much surprised.

"I didn't know it though, by George! I thought she died—anyhow I never thought she didn't, don't you know. I had to leave her when my father was dying, and I never heard of her again. You remember that day I told you poor Charley died? Poor old Charley—*he's* alive now for aught I know. That was the day that scoundrel

there found me out and brought me the child, and told me if I wouldn't take her and pay him to hold his tongue he'ld tell you all—and I couldn't have that, don't you know. So I paid him once, and once meant always. I never told my brother George. Oh, it was all true about my wife and Olympia—I saw my own letters and other things besides. There, it's out now, Caroline, and I'll go off to America to-morrow, and go under water like poor Charley, and I'll never trouble you again."

Mrs. Westwood still sat speechless. She was not one of those tender-hearted women that would have remembered in the moment of their own disgrace that the relation of a wife does not necessarily depend upon the name. But Gerald spoke both for himself and for her.

"Father," he said, "if you thought Olympia's mother was dead when you married mine, you did no wrong. Why did you not say all this before?"

"Because I couldn't break your poor mother's heart, my poor boy, after you were born. That's why."

He meant what he said, but if his speech had been "Because I was afraid of domestic squalls and wanted a quiet life," it would have been quite as true. To buy peace of mind he had paid away his peace of mind—a bargain which, though illogical, is by no means uncommon. It had been the old story—those who remember the now far-off youth of Jack Westwood will have no difficulty in understanding how it was that he married a second time before assuring himself that his first wife was safe underground. There was he, and there was his tailor's bill—there was a rich widow who was determined to marry him, and there stood he. *Sicut in principio, in sæcula sæculorum.*

Meanwhile the Major, without waiting to say good night, stole off. He had been so brilliantly clever as to spoil his market with the Captain and had not earned his wages from Lord Wendale with all the skill of which he had boasted beforehand. He could not yet understand what could have made Captain Westwood blurt out in a moment what he had been paying heavily for many years to conceal. Still he had not done a bad day's work—he had made two thousand pounds, though of the three more he was not quite so sure.

It was a bitter ending to Mrs. Westwood's tea party. She still sat frozen into silence, while the Captain still leaned his face upon the table. Gerald felt like a criminal to think that he was pledged to run the risk of deserting the ship of The Laurels when on the very eve of wrecking. In half a dozen more hours Tom Harris would

come to fetch him, and he would be standing up at twenty paces distance from the very Lord Wendale of whom his ears were full. He dared not place his arm round the neck of either father or mother with a pretence of protection when he felt like a deserter. But his heart was not wholly absorbed in this domestic calamity. If only his father had spoken out at once, if only he had been frankly told the relation in which he stood to Olympia, what anguish of the heart would have been spared to him!—and it was too late now. All these wretched mysteries might end in costing him his life; and this was no coward's thought, for life to him now meant the poor girl from whom he had parted in jealous anger.

It was Mrs. Westwood who first broke this awful silence.

"Captain Westwood," she said slowly, "may I ask you what you mean to do?"

"Caroline"——

"I beg, sir, you will not Caroline me. I am Lady Pender now I suppose. And I want to know what you mean to do. Oh, it's horrible to have been so deceived—to have married a common bigamist—who may have twenty other wives for what I know"——

"Caroline, I'll kill myself if that'll be any comfort to you."

"I suppose the police will be coming next to take you off to gaol. What a scandal!—how shall I ever hold up my head again?"

"Good-bye, Gerald, my boy—I can't look you in the face, but I should like you to shake hands. I'm off to—to—America, like poor Charley."

"To your first wife, I suppose—that girl Olympia's mother. I always thought there was more in your fishing than you liked to say—and now I know. No, you won't go to America. Do you think I'm going to put up with the wrong and the scandal too? You will think a little of my good name, if you please, and what they'll say in Gressford if I have to go back alone. And what they'll say in Taunton—and—Clifton—and they'll be sure to know. Therefore, if everybody thinks I'm properly married they must think so still. That's the only right you can do now, and I'll have it done. And what's more, I won't be put aside for any first wives, whoever they may be. First or second, I've got my rights, and I'll have them too. I've got my position, and that, as I've heard my father say hundreds of times, is nineteenths of the law."

"My dear Caroline, I'ld just cut off my head if you asked me. Stay or go, it's all one to me. It isn't the police I'm afraid of now—Sullivan won't tell if it's made worth his while to hold his tongue. But it'll be dear now. If he thinks you want to keep it dark he'll be

down on you. It was to keep it from you I paid him, and not from the lawyers, God knows. If it had been only for them I'ld have been off to America between quarter day and quarter day long ago"——

"America! John—Captain Westwood, if you mention America again I shall think you want to go there. I suppose, then," she said with a deep groan, "that Major Sullivan must be paid then. I won't be driven to die of shame—I should go mad if ever Clifton knew. My poor boy—my poor girls—to have their mother's fortune spent in saving a base deceiver from gaol"——

"Father—mother!" broke in Gerald, "I can't stand this. You know what's right to be done, of course, but I know what I should do."

"And what would you do, pray?"

"Don't think of me, that's all. It's unlucky, but I don't care so long as father did nothing wrong—and he didn't, that's clear. Tom Harris says it isn't bigamy any way if you don't know your wife to be alive for seven years—you don't know that for more than the last seven years, anyhow; so if I was you two I'ld get quietly married again in London. And if that fellow Sullivan threatens you about the first marriage tell him to go about his business. He won't tell, you may be sure, if you put on a bold face, considering the part he's played; and if he did, I'ld thrash him till he couldn't stand. And then I'ld tell Lord Wendale the whole story. He'ld be too much a gentleman to betray you, I'm sure; and we mustn't forget, father, that you spoke out to shield an innocent man. Lord Wendale will thank you for saving him from doing what's unjust, and if Forsyth is really what you think him it's our duty not to leave Lord Wendale in the dark and to let no wrong be done."

"By Jove, my boy," said the Captain, at last looking up, "if that isn't a grey head on green shoulders I'm a Dutchman! There, Caroline, what do you say to that, my dear? You should have been bred up a lawyer, by George!"

"Captain Westwood, I won't have a word said to Lord Wendale. What would he think of me? What is it to you, pray, what Mr. Forsyth may be? I should have thought, after all that's happened, you'ld think of me first and not go meddling in other people's concerns that's nothing to you."

"But mother!" Gerald began. "Just think"——

"I have thought. And I won't have it done. All the rest you say is just what I'd thought of myself if you had given me a chance of saying it, but I won't be shamed before Lord Wendale. John, I'll never forgive you if you do any such thing. I won't be righted if it's

only to be shamed before the aristocracy and talked about behind my back to all Lord Wendale's friends. No—I won't have it. Where there's smoke there's fire, and it doesn't follow that Major Sullivan's wrong about Forsyth because he was right about you. What's Forsyth to me? And therefore, if he's nothing to me, he's nothing to you."

"There, Gerald," said the Captain, who scented the sweet savour of reconciliation, "don't vex your poor mother now. We'll find some way of letting Lord Wendale know about Forsyth, never fear—all in good time."

Gerald shook his head—he knew what was meant by his father's good time. If anything went wrong to-morrow he suspected that, under his mother's influence, the good time would fall somewhere about the Greek Kalends.

"I'll see about that, father, and I'll take care that nothing shall be known about you, if my mother won't have it so. Good night, father—good night, mother." He kissed his mother and grasped his father's hand. "All will be well, never fear," he said bravely, though he felt the tears in his eyes. "God bless you both, and all of you."

"God bless *you*, my boy," said the Captain. "Say you forgive me—that's all."

Gerald felt that it was himself who needed pardon. But he could not trust himself to say more, and hurried off to see after Tom Harris's breakfast next morning, and to write Firefly yet one more farewell.

Poor Olympia seemed being forgotten by all—as completely as that unknown girl against whom Gerald had brushed at the door of his hotel.

## CHAPTER IV.

> Though on the anvil of thy wrath 'twas laid,
> On no rebellious steel thy hammer played:
> My heart's pure gold, by furnace fires set free,
> Was beaten to a saving shield for thee.

LORD WENDALE was first in the field—not because Gerald Westwood was recreant, but because Tom Harris, unused to rising at four in the morning, was a little lazy.

It was to a large tract of waste ground, far enough beyond the far west of London to be scattered with furze and broom, that the Earl had come to fire his pistol in the air. So far from feeling any rancour towards his opponent, he would have gladly washed his hands of the whole business, which had now become merely a

troublesome duty. He had almost forgotten the cause in the fright of yesterday, and did not carry with him to the ground the light heart which had led him into the affair.

He was first, but Gerald and Tom Harris were not very long after time. After the usual courtesies proper to such ceremonious occasions had been duly exchanged, Gerald said—

"My lord, I have something to say to you privately before we begin. No, Tom, it has nothing to do with what we've come for, and it won't take five minutes—we shall both be ready by the time you've measured the ground."

"It's very irregular," said Mr. Harris, who stood upon his dignity as a second. "What you have to say to the Earl of Wendale ought to go through me."

"Nonsense—didn't I tell you it has nothing to do with this affair? Will your lordship let me have a minute's talk with you about a very private matter indeed?"

"By all means, Mr. Westwood," said Lord Wendale. "And if it ends in a settlement of this foolish business I shan't be sorry, I assure you. We will walk to that furze bush and back, and you can tell me as we go along. Am I right in supposing it is about your cousin, Miss Westwood?"

"No, my lord. But there's something you ought to know, and I couldn't let anything happen to me without relieving my mind. I hear that Mr. Forsyth is reported to be a forger. I happen to know—quite on my own account—that it is very likely there is something about Mr. Forsyth that will surprise you."

Lord Wendale turned pale. "You are quite right—Mr. Forsyth is Francis the Forger. Thank you for telling me, Mr. Westwood, if it is meant as a warning, but I knew it before, and I cannot tell you how it has vexed me that such a discovery has been made about a man of his position and—and—my own friend."

It was clear that Sullivan had earned his three thousand pounds.

"Then your lordship will be all the more pleased if it should turn out—that—in short"—Gerald was never good at a long story—"people seem to think Mr. Forsyth may be the Lord Calmont who was lost in America come back in disguise."

"People? What people? Are you serious, Mr. Westwood? Forsyth the lost Lord Calmont!—well, that would be something like a fairy tale. I know that when any distinguished man gets lost there are always plenty of people to believe in his return. It may be so at Beckfield for aught I know—indeed, I believe there is some gossip of the kind. You will remember, no doubt, that, in legendary history,

Frederick Barbarossa, Sebastian of Portugal, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, William Tell—nay, even King Arthur, are supposed never to have died, and that at any moment they may reappear in the world. But that Forsyth of all men should be identified with my lost uncle—I shall write an essay on the development of the greater myth for the purpose of bringing in so singular an illustration. It is highly interesting, and I thank you, Mr. Westwood, once more, for adding so curious a specimen of mythology to my collection. With a view to tracing the myth to its source, may I ask you who are the 'people' from whom you heard such a tale?"

"Well, my lord, I should have said I got my notion from putting things together, that's all."

"Oh, then you tell me this on your own responsibility?"

"Altogether, my lord."

"It is very ingenious of you, Mr. Westwood," said the Earl, still assuming the same light tone. "What things have you put together? This is more curious still."

"Only that hearing my father once knew a man named Francis in South America, where Lord Calmont went to, and this Forsyth being Francis and being punished for writing Lord Calmont's name, I thought your lordship might like to inquire into it, that's all."

"Really, Mr. Westwood, I don't know how to express my gratitude for the interest you are pleased to take in my concerns. Does your father, Captain Westwood, know of your ingenuity, or of your giving me the benefit of it?"

"No, my lord. It is my own suspicion. My father could tell nothing more."

Lord Wendale gave a sigh of relief. Sullivan had decidedly earned his three thousand pounds.

"Seriously, Mr. Westwood, I am obliged to you. You have shown more than common chivalry in thinking of the affairs of your opponent on an occasion when most men have enough to do to think of their own. You are in the navy, I believe? In that case, if we both come out of this mess with whole skins—and I have a very strong idea that you will—I may be of some use to you. I have the highest respect for Captain Westwood, and I now extend the same respect to you. I trust that such enemies as we may end in becoming good friends."

"Then, if anything should happen to me—or in any case—your lordship will inquire into the matter? Mr. Forsyth may not care for the title, but it would be terrible to give a bad name to an innocent man and your own father's brother besides."

"My dear sir! Certainly not. I tell you the story is simply absurd. I should be ashamed to look into such an old woman's tale. Just as though the fellow wouldn't have told his story long ago if he had anything to tell—and a convict too. Come—I see the ground is measured—they will think we are trying to shirk if we don't get it over."

"Your lordship will not inquire, then?"

"Bah! Come. This is folly and waste of time. I should not think of such a thing."

"I dare say you are right, my lord, but I can't feel sure I'm wrong. I dare say it seems absurd to you, but you would be sorry if it some day turned out that it isn't absurd. It ought to be looked into—it would be awful to think of if one ran the chance of letting an innocent man lose his good name. I'll look into the matter myself, and let your lordship know, just to make sure that justice is done."

"What? You mean that if I do not inquire into this folly you will?"

"I must, my lord. If you think it's such nonsense that you won't inquire it's the only thing I can do."

Lord Wendale smiled strangely; he felt, though falsely, as if the honest eyes of the young man were reading him through.

"And what will you do?"

"I must find out all my father knows. I must get to the bottom of that fellow Sullivan, whom I advise your lordship not to trust too far. I must find out all I can about Forsyth. That's all I can do."

"And enough too," thought the Earl, feeling himself lost if this energetic young sailor, the only honest man who knew too much, put his shoulder to the wheel. The Captain was safe if left alone and kept from knowing the missing link, and Sullivan had been made secure. He saw that no bribes or threats or mystification would avail here. Gerald, in fact, was simply trying to save his feeble-hearted father from committing a wrong without drawing his name into the affair.

"You are sure that your father has nothing to do with this tale?" asked Lord Wendale in a voice as strange as his smile.

"Nothing but what I have told you."

"Mr. Westwood," said the Earl after a pause, "your good will shall not be thrown away. I will inquire."

"You will? Then I have done my duty. I am ready now."

The two were placed: and while Gerald's nerves grew calm a paleness that looked like livid fear came over the face of the Earl.

He was one of the deadest shots in England, and he found himself, with a loaded pistol in his hand, standing only twenty paces in front of the only man of whom he felt afraid. If Gerald lived, he was in the power of an honest man.

His mind was a tempest of temptation. It was a fair duel, and he had a right in honour to kill. There was no need to make an effort to be calm—he might safely leave it to the tempter who stood beside him to direct his eyes and to steady his hand. He and Gerald were to fire together. Tom Harris counted "One—two—three," and the signal fell. Gerald's pistol was pointed carelessly and only towards the Earl to save the appearance of firing wide—that of Lord Wendale pointed straight and low.

The two shots rang out and were followed by a shrill cry. Neither of the opponents had fallen. Gerald and the two seconds ran forward, and lifted up the unlooked-for victim of Lord Wendale's ball. Firefly had dropped from the skies just in time to be her hero's shield.

"There, Gerald," she managed to whisper when, lying in his arms, she first opened her eyes, "you will not be jealous now!"

*(To be concluded next month.)*

# "BARRY CORNWALL."

## UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, AND CONTEMPORARY NOTES.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.—*Charles Lamb.*

"MY chairman comes and drags me out at three o'clock daily at present—my only chance of leaving my room until I pass out on men's shoulders." This was in a letter I received from Bryan Waller Procter, bearing date the 6th of October, 1868. On the 4th of October, 1874, the poet died.

The fame of "Barry Cornwall" eclipsed that of Bryan Waller Procter, as Charles Lamb foresaw when he wrote.—

> Let hate or grosser heats their foulness mask
> Under the vizor of a borrowed name:
> Let things eschew the light deserving blame:
> No cause hast thou to blush for thy sweet task.
> "Marcian Colonna" is a dainty book,
> And thy "Sicilian Tale" may boldly pass,
> Thy "Dream" 'bove all, in which, as in a glass,
> On the great world's antique glories we may look.
> No longer, then, as "lowly substitute
> Factor, or PROCTER, for another's gains,"
> Suffer the admiring world to be deceived;
> Lest thou thyself, by loss of fame bereaved,
> Lament too late the lost prize of thy pains,
> And heavenly tunes piped through an alien flute.

A curious reason has been assigned for the assumed name. Moore writes in his journal, on July 9th, 1819, "Went to breakfast with Rogers. . . . I was mentioning the poems lately published by Barry Cornwall, which had been sent to me by their author: and that on my calling at the publishers'" [C. and J. Ollier] "to leave my card for him I was told his real name was Procter, but that 'being a gentleman of fortune he did not like to have his name made free with in the reviews.' 'I suppose,' said Luttrell, 'he is of opinion *qui non habet in crumenâ luat in corpore?*' These poems, by the way, are full of original talent."

The "fortune" was a chimera, and the theory built upon it falls to the ground. Moreover, Procter's first poems did not appear under the signature of "Barry Cornwall," though his first volume did. Jerdan says in his "Autobiography" that the *Literary Gazette* had no more constant and prolific supporter than Procter, and adds:—"His first appearance in print was, as far as I am aware, in No. 45, Nov. 29, 1817. It was signed with the initials of his real name, and not 'Barry Cornwall,' since so deservedly popular. . . . It was some time before he adopted the signature by which he is so well known, and his numerous charming productions which appeared in the *Gazette* were signed 'B.' or 'W.,' or 'O.' or 'X.Y.Z.'" (Vol. III. p. 230.) It is noticeable that some of Procter's contributions to the *Literary Gazette* showed great satirical power—a faculty he rarely exercised. I may add that some of the most passionate and brilliant of his shorter poems appeared under the signature "Z." in the *Monthly Chronicle* when edited by Bulwer Lytton. I write from memory; but I believe the years were 1839-42.

The real reason for the *pseudonym* was that intellectual reserve and sensitiveness which influenced the whole tenour of his life; helping, undoubtedly, to give his poetry its delicate and subtle refinement, but secluding the poet from much admiring and enthusiastic sympathy such as he would have exulted and expanded in. Yet who, knowing anything of that gentle and generous nature, that pure and earnest mind, that playful and tender fancy, could have wished one trait absent, or thought that to alter a single particular would not have been to injure the whole? As things were Procter's circle was almost exclusively a literary one, which contracted with respect to intimates as time progressed, but had, at one period or another, included nearly every man or woman whose name is famous in literature and art.

Byron was in some sense an exception to this rule of warm and affectionate admiration, and Procter was satisfied that he should remain so. The supercilious patronage extended on one side was met on the other by the instinctive recoil of fastidiously delicate taste and independent spirit. Byron wrote to Murray from Ravenna in January, 1821:—

> I just see by the papers of Galignani that there is a new tragedy of great expectation by Barry Cornwall. Of what I have read of his works I liked the "Dramatic Sketches," but thought his "Sicilian Story" and "Marcian Colonna," in rhyme, quite spoilt by I know not what affectation of Wordsworth, and Moore, and myself, all mixed up into a kind of chaos. I think him very likely to produce a good tragedy if he keep to a natural style, and not play tricks to form harlequinades for an audience.

An impassable barrier of taste, of feeling, and of character separated these two men. My father-in-law (Mr. John Watson Dalby) reminds me of Procter speaking, so recently as 1868, of Byron's poetry with a severity of censure most unusual in him, concluding with a scornful "*He* write a tragedy!"

In 1820, Talfourd tells us, Charles Lamb "welcomed in the author of 'Dramatic Scenes,' who chose to appear in print as Barry Cornwall, a spirit most congenial with his own in its serious moods—one whose genius he had assisted to impel towards its kindred models, the great dramatists of Elizabeth's time, and in whose success he received the first and best reward of the efforts he had made to inspire a taste for those old masters of humanity." In his celebrated "Letter to Southey," in the *London Magazine* for October, 1823, Lamb himself speaks of "Procter, candid and affectionate as his own poetry."

Among Lamb's correspondence will be found several charming letters to Procter, including one especially amusing, in which he taxes his young friend's professional acumen by putting a highly involved case of inheritance for his opinion concerning imaginary property left to Lamb by a purely imaginary aunt. This is followed by a request for some verses for the album of "a girl of gold. Six lines—make 'em eight—signed 'Barry C.' They need not be very good, as I chiefly want 'em as a foil to mine. . . . The lines may come before the law question, as that cannot be determined before Hilary Term, and I wish your deliberate judgment on that. The other may be flimsy and superficial." The "girl of gold" was Emma Isola, afterwards Mrs. Moxon, and still living.

The last dinner party Lamb attended was at the house of Talfourd, where Barron Field, John Forster, and Procter met him. Procter's was one of the names murmured by Lamb on his death-bed in the December of 1834; and Procter wrote the affectionate tribute to the memory of Lamb which appeared in the *Athenæum* of January 24, 1835.

Leigh Hunt was known to Procter even before Lamb. I find no record of the date of their first becoming acquainted in Hunt's "Autobiography"; but among his unpublished correspondence given to me in 1873 by his son Thornton there is a copy of a note from Hunt to Procter, dated November 7, 1818. It merely postpones a dinner engagement, but shows how early the two poets, so well fitted for friendship, had become friends. In March, 1819, Hunt wrote to Mrs. Shelley (then in Italy):—"I have also made a very pleasant acquaintance in a young man of the name of Procter, who

was a little boy at Harrow when Lord Byron was there, and who wrote the verses in the 'Pocket Book' signed 'P. R.' Albeit bred up in different notions, he is a great admirer of Shelley's book, and has a fund of goodness and good taste in general." Procter evidently appreciated Hunt as a poet and consulted his judgment on poetical matters very early; for I have a letter of his to Hunt dated March 23, 1819, requesting to have returned by the "twopenny post the two sketches entitled 'Angelo.' I have an idea," he continues, "of altering the sketch, and unless I have it my purpose will cool. . . I purpose confining the first scene entirely to the subject of his supernatural matters (*i.e.*, excluding all about a certain General Abdallah) and to let it terminate with his daughter's death. The second scene is a mere monologue, but as I like it, notwithstanding its extravagance, I shall endeavour to dovetail it somehow with the first scene. If you can *just* run your eye over it before you put on an envelope I shall be glad." Hunt's departure for Italy to join the Shelleys and Byron caused a break in the intimacy. Before giving some of the characteristic and as yet unpublished letters which passed between Procter and Hunt after the latter's return to England it may be of interest to condense a very minute description of Procter at this time by P. G. Patmore, as well as references to an event which happened during Hunt's absence. Speaking of the social gatherings at the "Southampton" described by Hazlitt in his essay on "Coffee-house Politicians" in "Table Talk," Mr. Patmore says: "Three or four individuals used to form part of those pleasant *symposii*. . . The most distinguished of these was the amiable and gifted Barry Cornwall. He used seldom to grace our simple feasts, but when he did look in everything went off the better for his presence; for besides Hazlitt being fond of his society, and thinking so highly of his talents as always to talk his best when Procter was one of the talkers, there is an endearing something in the personal manner of that exquisite writer, an appearance of gentle and genial sympathy with the feelings of those with whom he talks, which has the effect of exciting towards him that personal interest from which it seems itself to spring. In Procter Hazlitt always found a man of fine and delicate intellectual pretensions, who was nevertheless eager and pleased to listen to all the insignificant details of his daily life, which so often made the favourite theme of his conversation, and seemed to ordinary hearers utter commonplace; but from which Hazlitt used to extract material for subtle theories of the human character or themes for conveying deep-thoughted wisdom of the purest morality. To Procter and to him alone (except myself)

Hazlitt could venture to relate in all their endless details those 'affairs of the heart' in one of which his *head* was always engaged, and which happily (with one fatal exception) always evaporated in that interminable talk about them of which he was so strangely fond."

"Strangely fond," indeed! In speaking of Hazlitt recently to Mr. J. W. Dalby Procter said: "William Hazlitt was the most brilliant, the keenest critic England ever possessed—but the *strangest* man!"

Perhaps, however, a secret sympathy unsuspected by Patmore, which Procter would not profane by words, lay at the root of his toleration. Real love in ourselves makes us bear with even the semblance of love in others; and it is no secret that Procter was for many years devoted to one passion, not destined, like poor Hazlitt's for his "Cynthia of the minute," to evaporate in interminable talk, but to become the abiding blessing of his home. Returning to Moore's Diary, we read under the date April 12, 1823:—"Rogers fixed for me to meet Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter) at his house; a gentle, amiable-mannered person in very ill-health, which has delayed his marriage with a person he has long been in love with; she, too, an invalid; and somebody the other day described the two lovers supping together at nine o'clock on water gruel." Not much longer was the marriage delayed. In 1825 Lamb writes to Leigh Hunt:—"Barry Cornwall has at last carried the pretty A. S. They are just in the treacle-moon. Hope it won't clog his wings—*gaum*, we used to say at school."

The lady of Procter's choice could afford to smile at these playful impertinences. She was Miss Skepper, a daughter of Mrs. Basil Montagu, by her first marriage; and all the wide circle of her husband's friends paid ready homage to her charms and accomplishments. Monckton Milnes [Lord Houghton] dedicated his "Life of Keats" to her as "a poet's wife, a poet's mother, and herself of many poets the frequent theme and valued friend." In the same biography, after saying that Keats had become "intimate with Mr. Basil Montagu and his distinguished family," Monckton Milnes quotes from Mrs. Procter an admirable pen and ink portrait of Keats. She was celebrated among all who knew her for her acute perception of likeness, and many artists and sculptors have sought the help of her criticism during the progress of their works.

As an instance within my own knowledge, Mr. Joseph Durham, R.A., consulted her when executing his bust of Leigh Hunt for the memorial over the grave of the latter in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Some of Procter's most exquisite snatches of song were addressed to his wife and children. Biography so often has to lament the

uncongenial marriages of men of letters, that I may be pardoned for having dwelt a little upon the happiness of Procter's domestic life.

The intimacy between Leigh Hunt and Procter was renewed after the former's return from Italy in 1825, and soon grew into an affectionate and unclouded friendship, maintained as long as Leigh Hunt lived, and tenderly treasured in the memory of the survivor. The following original letter, in my possession, is among the earliest of those I have referred to :—

Highgate—near the Grove,
July 13 (Thursday), 1826.

My Dear Procter,—It is a monstrous thing that I have not seen you for so long. I am willing to hope that a little of the monstrosity is on your side, in never having asked me why I am so monstrous myself; but be that as it may, monstrous I am, or rather *monsterous*, as they spelt it of old, which is much more ghastly, wondereyed, and syllabical; and monsterous I will continue no longer. Be it known to you then, that here is a golden opportunity for you to behave like a humane Christian, and heap coals of fire on my head—vindictive charity,—unappeasable forgiveness. Charles Lamb and his sister come to drink tea with me to-morrow *afternoon* at five—dinner being prohibited him by that "second conscience" of his, as he calls her. Well;—to meet and be beatified with the sight of Charles Lamb comes Mr. Atherstone, author of some poems which you have most probably heard of; and as poets, like lovers, can never have one beatific vision but they desire another, I no sooner mention your name, than he begs me for God's sake to let him have a sight of *you*. Pray gratify us all if you can. Whether you can or not, I shall take an early opportunity of giving you a look in myself, and would have done so now but am prevented beyond help.

Hazlitt has gone to France, and is to write a life of Bonaparte. Does Mrs. Procter ever go abroad? I mean, as far, for instance, as Highgate. There are some ladies here who have been in London.—Yours ever, my dear Procter, very sincerely,

Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Patmore, whom I believe you have met, will be with us.

To this Procter replied :—

25, Bedford Square, July 27, 1826.

My Dear Hunt,—I did not come to you, some days ago, pursuant to your invitation, because in truth I did not receive your note till just at the time that you had appointed for my being at Highgate. I had then to dine and travel to Highgate, which (considering that the stages go only from hour to hour) I could not have accomplished till about eight o'clock. This would have narrowed the evening to about two hours; and so I deferred coming.

I design, however, to reward myself for this abstinence by coming to you *early* some afternoon—some day perhaps when you expect other people, as that will enable me to stay beyond your last stage coach hour, which is a too early one. Tell me when you give bread-and-butter and tea to your friends, and look out for me at three or four o'clock. My wife thanks you for your recollection of her; but she is altogether a prisoner at home. You, who have had so many little people about you, will know that this is very possible.

Have you seen the caricature of Charles Lamb? I went into the shop of a printseller (whom I know) and remonstrated with him on the heinousness of selling such a libel; but he attempted to justify himself by saying that it was not intended as a piece of scandal or libel, but it was done by an acquaintance of C. L., who did not *intend* to libel him—and finally that he had sold all the copies he had of this celebrated critic and essayist.

Have you also seen a print illustrating that pretty story of the "Venetian Girl" [by Leigh Hunt] which appeared in the *Indicator?* She is represented sitting under a tree with a guitar in her hand, and with a face full of sadness. Perhaps you will take the trouble of dropping me a *2d. post note* at your earliest opportunity to say whether you have seen the last print or not—as, if you have not, I reserve to myself the pleasure of sending it to you. I got the only two that were left at the publishers'.

I hope you are all well at Highgate, and that you do not neglect the Naiads (if there be any on so high a spot) for the Lares. For myself, I am altogether abandoned to law. I read nothing but —— *versus* —— "from night till morn, from morn till dewy eve," every summer's day. Now and then I read a rhyme indeed—some once a month or so, when the moon is full; and I must confess that it sounds sweetly and pleasantly—like the nightingale to the Arabian bard —(although I do not choose to quote Mr. Wordsworth, who has been Lowthering again at the Westmoreland election).

Will you let me know when you next trip Londonwards?—I do not usually get home till four o'clock, but I will make holiday or half-holiday and meet you, here or elsewhere.—I am very sincerely yours,

B. W. Procter.

In August of the same year Procter and his family spent some weeks at Ramsgate, and a letter to Leigh Hunt jestingly alludes to his vast experiences as a traveller:—

I have not time to tell you how I have been steaming away at sea—how I have seen Tilbury Fort and the Nore—the Goodwins and the Reculvers—and I know not what. It would be quite a treat to you, who have only crossed the Bay of Biscay and swum down the Mediterranean.—I am called, I must set off. Let me know when you come to town, and I will on my part put on my post-shoes, purchase my portable soup, &c., and take my journey into those remote provinces where you have (I hope) already planted your laurels.

These "vast experiences" were never much extended. My wife once asked Procter if he had ever been to Italy. "Only in my dreams" he replied; "never actually farther than Boulogne"; adding with a smile "I am the man who never travelled!"

In 1831 Procter gave Leigh Hunt valuable help in the *Tatler*, with excellent dramatic and musical criticisms; and about the same period some graceful kindness from Mrs. Procter led Leigh Hunt to say:—

Indeed, a kind word affects me where many a hard thump does not. Nevertheless, you must not tell this, except to the very masculine or feminine; though if you do not take it as a compliment to yourself—I mean the confession of my

weakness—why, you are not Procter's wife, nor Mrs. Montagu's daughter, nor she who wrote the letter this morning to a poor battered author.*

When Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence" was announced at Covent Garden in 1840, Procter's were among the earliest congratulations, and included so characteristic an allusion to his own dramatic efforts as to deserve recording :—

4, Gray's Inn Square, 5th Feb., 1840.

My Dear Hunt,—I write for no other purpose than to say that I sincerely wish you success on Friday night—and that I have no doubt of it. It is almost twenty years (I am sorry to say) since you came down from Hampstead on a good natured errand, to applaud and report well of a poor play called "Mirandola." I have not forgotten it; and I shall not fail, in my turn, to come and look at your Florentine lovers on Friday. You have pretty well worn out your enemies, and have many well-wishers. Assure yourself of success. Besides, there are a thousand persons now capable of valuing the delicacies of your play, where formerly there were barely a dozen. For my own part I shall come to the play fresh and with my faculties about me—instead of being stupid and exhausted, as I am nine nights out of ten, owing to my sitting up (at work) till three or four o'clock in the morning.

I hope that you are better than when I last saw you—that you are writing—and that you enjoy yourself now and then by taking a turn on the sunny side of Parnassus. Pray believe me to be always very sincerely yours,

B. W. Procter.

The address at the head of this letter—4, Gray's Inn Square—reminds me of certain brilliant evenings spent there thirty years ago, a curious feature of which was the supper cooked by the host himself in the presence of his guests. He rang a small bell; the door opened, and a *hand* appeared holding a silver dish containing vension cutlets. These Procter took, and broiled over a small spirit lamp, serving up, when done, a cutlet "hot and hot" to each friend. Everything was in exquisite taste; the linen of the finest and whitest, and the wines very choice—all such requisites being literally "handed" in at each summons of the bell, for no servant was visible *in corpore vile*. What the talk was I leave my readers to guess when the men assembled were John Forster, Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, John Kenyon†, Dickens, Talfourd, and Procter. Of this galaxy R. H. Horne and John Forster alone remain. The former may be called the "last of the old poets," and long may he be spared to us. Between him and Procter there was much affinity, for both took the Elizabethan dramatists as their models, and both succeeded in giving

* "Correspondence," Vol. I., p. 262.

† Kenyon's death in 1856 was a surprise and grief to his friends. His eighty legacies, amounting to £140,000, are well known. Procter's *solatium* was £6,500.

to the world works which have become classical—containing the pure English, strength, grace, feeling, and fancy of their prototypes without any of their grossness of language or idea.

In 1855 Leigh Hunt's "Beaumont and Fletcher" appeared, with the following dedication :—

To Bryan Waller Procter, this selection from the works of the illustrious poets to whose genius his own is in many respects akin (without having to regret a particle of what stained it) is inscribed by his ever obliged and affectionate friend, LEIGH HUNT.

Acknowledged by this cordial little note :—

Aug. 2, 1855. 32, Weymouth Street, Portland Place.

MY DEAR HUNT,—I am very much pleased (as you will believe) with the dedication. Your note brings back to me old days—unforgotten days—when I was young and you were *almost* as young as you are now; for I see (in all that you write) that you have grown young and buoyant and sunshiny again. Where is the mill that you have been to? And is the grinding so very painful?

Come and see us! I am so entirely engaged—day after day—that I can do little or nothing: promise little or nothing *beforehand*. But I should like much to see you much oftener than I do, and talk of old times, of old acquaintances, and of things that never can be old.

Will you have mutton, sherry, claret, pudding? Or will you be content as formerly with ambrosian diet? Always very truly yours,

B. W. PROCTER.

A passage in the next letter before me (dated November 14, 1856) is worth noting by those who possess the book to which it refers :—

Chapman and Hall are reprinting, with illustrations, some old dramatic scenes of mine—some of them about forty years old! There are to be some poems added, partially or wholly written years ago, but corrected and completed lately. I have asked for half a dozen copies of these additional poems, and one copy will, I hope, reach you to-morrow. Amongst them I must call your attention to one (not the best, I hope) entitled "Jack Turpin." It is a portrait in verse of the same person who figured in, I think, the *Literary Examiner* about the year 1827, under the name of Tibbs.

The next letter is so creditable to both friends that it ought to be known to all by whom their memories are dear—by all, that is, who hold in reverence and affection two of the purest spirits and brightest minds that ever adorned English literature; fullest of the peculiar charm of the literary life, freest from its besetting sins; upright, unselfish, liberal of praise, and slow to blame. Leigh Hunt, during a life on which pecuniary anxieties pressed with disabling heaviness—pecuniary anxieties primarily due to the persecution he suffered in that fearless advocacy of the right which resulted in time and money being torn from him to such an extent as to affect his after life more than is generally known—had much help from his more prosperous

friend. And we see here that, when in latter life came better fortune, he was anxious to repay the material help which was the least of his obligations. Nothing could be more graceful and generous than Procter's reply :—

32, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W., 18th July, 1857.

My Dear Hunt,—Many thanks for your kind letter. I hope to have brighter tidings from India by the next mail. [This alludes to Procter's only surviving son, whose miraculous escape from Delhi was not then known in England.]

In reference to the main subject of your letter, what am I to say? I can say nothing but that I have long ago forgotten all about it. Pray do the same, and be assured that I shall be better satisfied by your doing that—or by considering it simply as one of the many interchanges of kind feeling that have passed between us—than by your suffering it to remain—an unjust and evil burthen—upon your memory.

I remember many kind acts on your part towards myself—many kind thoughts. If I have at any time responded in like manner, it is well, and it was but right. If I were to hammer out of my memory (an unpleasant and ungracious process) the amounts of divers sums lent or paid, as you suggest, I must at the same time work out the *per contra* account, and strike that mean balance which should never be struck between friends and old companions. Sincerely, it is utterly impossible.

At one time, when I was very poor, I was glad enough, I dare say, to receive money for my more pressing exigencies. But that is not the case now; and—if I may counsel my elder and wiser brother—I should say, put into a savings bank for your daughter that imaginary sum that you in your too grateful dreams have devoted to me. When I was quite a young author I remember that I was indebted to you for various kind notices; which in fact had a pecuniary value, besides being very pleasant to my self-love. Shall I ask you, or try to discover, how much these were worth, and insist on paying you to the last drachma? I am sure you will not require from me this strict account. I shall come and see you shortly, and will write to you beforehand to ascertain if the day and hour be convenient. At present a drive in a cab shakes me to pieces.

I am getting old, and I suppose foolish, for I see Mr. Ruskin desires me and the rest of the public *not* to read Coleridge, who is sickly and useless; nor Shelley, who is shallow and verbose!!!

I find myself one of the relics of a bygone age, which the sands of time are gradually overwhelming.—Always, my dear Hunt, your sincere

B. W. Procter.

Leigh Hunt's published "Correspondence" contains the reply to this letter, only one passage from which I will quote :—

Your beautiful letter makes me wish to say many things to you; especially as I have to excuse myself to your fine nature for not being able to accept its conclusions, and to hope you will not think the worse of me for so doing. . . . . You will not fall into the commonplace error of supposing that it is gratitude of which I wish to get rid—I could not if I would. Nor could I desire to do so towards one like yourself. It is, thank God, so great a pleasure to me. The matter lies altogether in another region.

Hawthorne—fit spectator of such a scene—has left in "Our Old

Home" a charming picture of the two friends as they appeared at this period, short enough to justify me in the pleasure of reproducing it. After a very full and faithful description of Leigh Hunt's person and manner, he adds :—

My final recollection of the beautiful old man presents him arm and arm with, nay, if I mistake not, partly embraced and supported by another beloved and honoured poet, whose minstrel name, since he has a week day one for his personal occasions, I will venture to speak. It was Barry Cornwall, whose kind introduction had first made me known to Leigh Hunt.

Other letters of Procter lie before me ; some too slight, and some of too private a nature for publication. But from one I take an interesting passage referring to the production of "Lovers' Amazements" at the Lyceum in January, 1857 :—

We were all pleased at your theatrical success. *I* cannot go to any play, unfortunately, but every one who has spoken of your drama in our hearing has expressed great delight with it. You are throwing out new laurels at seventy-three—may they flourish and produce others. Only last night I turned to the "Foliage," "Nymphs," &c., published just forty years ago. I read all the sonnets—some of the translations—and "Thoughts on the Avon."

> Where drunk with Delphic air it comes away,
> Dancing in perfume from the Peary shore.

The last note contains an allusion to some fine old wine which Procter in playful but determined kindness had insisted on his friend accepting. It is dated December, 1858 :—

I am heartily glad that your little granddaughter is better. It is pleasant to think that the wine *may* have done good—but remember that the wine which that bountiful lady Nature pours into young veins is a wonderfully healthful cordial. Will you do me the kindness to write on the enclosed *Abou Ben Adhem ?* I want to send it, together with a small poem of my own, to New York. Pray sign your name to it also. I ask you to do this as I should expect you to ask me—*i.e.* freely—on a similar occasion. I hope you are going on healthily yourself.

Leigh Hunt died in the following August, and the loss was a heavy one to Procter. Our loves and friendships follow, but cannot replace each other ; as each departs a light goes out not to be rekindled on earth. A galaxy Procter had seen extinguished—Landor, Macready, Maclise, Hood, Thackeray, Jerrold, friends of his early and of his late years ; but one recent death must have been an especial shock to him—as it was, indeed, to the whole country—that of Dickens, who in 1869 had come to London, as Forster mentions in his "Life of Dickens," to spend "Procter's eighty-second birthday" with him. Six months later the younger, stronger, always incomparably more vigorous man was dead !

One of the peculiarities of most old people is to over rather than under state their age. Some doubt exists as to the year of Procter's birth, and the doubt he seems to have been unable to solve. It will be seen from the following little note to my wife that Procter thought himself younger by two years than his friend has stated him to be :—

32, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.,
25th November, 1869.

My Dear Mrs. Mayer,—Thanks for the flowers. They are still blooming before me. And pray give my kind regards to Mrs. Broderip [daughter of Thomas Hood] and thank her. I had a sincere friendship for her mother—I do not know how many years ago. Do you know that I entered my eightieth year on Sunday [the 21st] when you called here, and when I was washing and dressing for a new century? I send you my tenderest compliments, being at all times your very sincere

B. W. Procter.

This fancy for terming a new year "a new century" was a favourite one of Procter's. Thus, in writing to Chorley in 1866 from Malvern, to thank him for a gratifying letter, he says : "I think myself young again (*i.e.*, about sixty or seventy), when in infirmity of speech and motion I am almost a century. My soldiers, however, are not 100 men, but 100 years, which I tread upon and try to forget." *

In the year of this letter to Chorley—1866—appeared Procter's last book, "Charles Lamb : a Memoir. By Barry Cornwall." Owing to physical infirmity Procter was largely assisted in his task by his friend John Forster, to whom the book was affectionately dedicated, though that dedication was, much to the author's just indignation, suppressed by the publishers. In the course of the book occurs the following touching passage. Procter has been speaking of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt :—

These men—who lived long ago—had a great share of my regard. They were all slandered, chiefly by men who knew little of them, and nothing of their good qualities, or by men who saw them only through the mist of political or religious animosity. Perhaps it was partly for this reason that they came nearer to my heart.

I cannot conclude this tribute to the memory of my dear old friend without giving as briefly as possible a few personal reminiscences of him during the latter years of his life. He was a member of the Leigh Hunt Memorial Committee, originally formed by Mr. S. C. Hall. In 1868 I had the satisfaction, in conjunction with Mr. Hall and Edmund Ollier, of raising the requisite funds for the completion of the memorial. Mr. Procter called at my office in Norfolk

* "Henry Fothergill Chorley's Autobiography," &c. Compiled by Henry G. Hewlett. Vol. II., pp. 241-2.

Street to inquire about our progress and congratulate us on our success. Time and physical suffering had left but a wreck of what the poet had been forty years before. There remained, however, the courtesy, the kindliness, the sympathy of old days struggling through imperfect utterance (caused by a paralytic stroke) and mastering bodily weakness. It was a melancholy but touching picture, and filled me with sorrow and veneration. At the mention of some old loved name his face would light up as if transfigured, and I had a glimpse of what he had been ere he entered that "dark desert which goes by the name of old age." These gleams of animation would kindle the kind thoughtful eyes and flicker across the features which weight of years and pain had rendered ordinarily expressionless, like sunbeams on a still lake. But the light faded as rapidly as it appeared, and, after talking with momentary energy, he would relapse into silence with a look never to be forgotten. He was proud of reading even manuscript without glasses—a faculty he retained almost to the last. His handwriting, though feeble—its declining strength began to be noticeable in 1857—maintained its old character of neatness and delicacy as long as he could hold a pen. Of late years writing became difficult and painful to him; nevertheless he kept up his correspondence with old friends, near and distant—amongst the latter with the Cowden Clarkes, at Genoa, for whom he had great regard. The writing me a brief note with a copy of the last photograph taken of himself so fatigued him that he was unable to finish and sign it. During the visit referred to, Leigh Hunt's eldest grandson, Walter Leigh Hunt, came in and was introduced to him. In astonishment at his height (Procter himself was a small man), Procter raised his trembling hands and exclaimed, "*Little* Thornton's son!" referring to Leigh Hunt's charming verses to "T. L. H." when six years old. It was pleasant to see the strong arm of Leigh Hunt's grandson lovingly and manfully supporting the old poet back to his carriage, and recalled to my mind Hawthorne's picture of Leigh Hunt and Procter before quoted.

The last time I saw him was at the door of his house in Weymouth Street. Knowing that it was a matter of pain and difficulty to me to leave the cab, he insisted on coming out himself, though hardly able to manage the short walk by the aid of my wife's arm. The same thoughtful kindness induced him to call on me. It may seem almost trifling to record such facts, but those who remember his recent state of health will not wonder that I should do so—gratefully. It is impossible for those who did not know him personally to have any adequate idea of the charm of the man. "Everybody

loves him," wrote Crabb Robinson in 1866, and having, as he told me, "no politics," he throughout life was on good terms with men of all parties. One of his most conspicuous characteristics to the last was his chivalrous courtesy to women, reminding one of the unparagoned high breeding of the late Duke of Beaufort, George Grote, Samuel Rogers (when he liked the lady!), and the late John Stuart Mill. The nearest living approach to them in this respect is Robert Browning. It was the half-playful, protecting deference of the old school, almost unknown to this generation. I have enumerated some of Procter's most celebrated friends. He felt acutely Lord Lytton's death, saying to me in reference to a statement that he was "superficial": "He could not have been *that;* he was 'great' in so many things." Then contemplatively, "They have all gone before me. How many?" He paused, and added sadly, "Only a little of me remains: the best has long gone." Who could hear this unmoved?

Yet some few giants remain—worthy to rank with the great departed—for whose continued presence we of a smaller generation may well be grateful. These made an Indian summer round the old man's hearth. Carlyle was often there; also Lord Houghton; and John Forster, who, even if he possessed no separate title to fame, must have achieved immortality as the friend of great men. Robert Browning, whose earnest solicitude shielded the declining days of Landor, visited Procter every Sunday when in England. With few other exceptions his life had of late passed in almost absolute seclusion; and those who knew of his days of pain and nights of sleeplessness, and have heard the exclamation, "These terrible ten years!" patient but profoundly sad, pass his lips, cannot mourn for *him*, however much for themselves and for the world they may "lament a gifted spirit flown."

# O'Connor's Wake.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

TO the wake of O'Connor
Came lofty and low:
To do him that honour
No person was slow.
Two nights was the waking,
Till day began breaking,
And frolics past spaking,
To please him, were done;
For himself in the middle,
With stick and with fiddle,
Stretch'd out at his ease, was the King of the Fun.

With a dimity curtain overhead,
And the corpse-lights shining round his bed,
Holding his fiddle and stick, and drest
Top to toe in his Sunday best,
For all the world he seem'd to be
Playing on his back to the companie.
On each of his sides was another light,
On his legs the tobacco-pipes were piled;
Cleanly wash'd, in a shirt of white,
His gray hair brush'd, his beard trimm'd right,
He lay in the midst of his friends, and smiled.
At birth and bedding, at fair and feast,
Welcome as light or the smile of the priest,
Ninety winters up and down
O'Connor had fiddled in country and town.
Never a fiddler was clever as he
At dance or jig or *pater-o'-pee;*
The sound of his fiddle no words could paint—
'Twould fright the devil or please a saint,
Or bring the heart, with a single skirl,
To the very mouth of a boy or girl.
He played—and his elbow was never done;
He drank—and his lips were never dry;
*Ninety winters* his life had run,

But God's above, and we all must die.
As she stretch'd him out quoth Judy O'Roon—
"Sure life's like his music, and ended soon—
There's dancing and crying,
There's kissing, there's crying,
There's smiling and sporting,
There's wedding and courting,—
But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

"*Shin suas, O'Connor,*" *
Cried Kitty O'Bride—
Her best gown upon her,
Tim Bourke by her side—
All laughed out to hear her,
While Tim he crept near her,
To kiss her and cheer her
In the dark of the door;
But the corpse in the middle,
With stick and with fiddle,
All done with diversion, would never play more!

On the threshold, as each man entered there,
He knelt on his knee and said a prayer,
But first, before he took his seat
Among the company there that night,
He lifted a pipe from O'Connor's feet,
And lit it up by the bright corpse-light.
Chattering there in the cloud of smoke,
They waked him well with song and joke;
The gray old men and the *cauliaghs* † told
Of all his doings in days of old;
The boys and girls till night was done,
Played their frolics and took their fun,
And many a kiss was stolen sure
Under the window and behind the door.
Andy Hagan and Kitty Delane
Hid in a corner and courted there,
"*Monamondioul!*" cried old Tim Blane,
Pointing them out, "they're a purty pair!"
But when they blushed and hung the head,
"Troth, never be shamed!" the old man said;

* "Play up, O'Connor!" † Old women.

"Sure love's as short as the flowers in June,
And life's like music, and ended soon—
There's wooing and wedding,
There's birth and there's bedding,
There's grief and there's pleasure
To fill up the measure,—
But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

At the wake of O'Connor
Great matches were made,
To do him more honour
We joked and we played—
Two nights was the waking,
Till day began breaking,
The cabin was shaking
Before we were done,
And himself in the middle,
With stick and with fiddle,
As large as in life, was the King of the Fun!

"Well I remember," said Tony Carduff,
Drawing the pipe from his lips with a puff,
"Well I remember at Ballyslough,—
And troth and it's thirty years ago,—
In the midst of the fair there fell a fight,
And who but O'Connor was in the middle?
Striking and crying with all his might,
And with what for weapon? the ould black fiddle!
That day would have ended its music straight
If it hadn't been strong as an iron pot;
Tho' the blood was on it from many a pate,
Troth, divil a bit of harm it got!"
Cried Michael na Chauliuy,* "And troth that's true—
Himself and the fiddle were match'd by few.
They went together thro' every weather,
Full of diversion and tough as leather,—
I thought he'd never think of dying,
But, Jesus keep us!—there he's lying."
Then the *cauliaghs* squatting round on the floor
Began to *keenugh*† and sob full sore;—

* "Michael the Ferryman"; lit. "belonging to the ferry."
† *To cry*, as during the coronach at a funeral.

"God be good to the ould gossoon!
Sure life's like music, and ended soon.
There's playing and plighting,
There's frolic and fighting,
There's singing and sighing,
There's laughing and crying,—
But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

At the wake of O'Connor,
The merry ould man,
To wail in his honour
The *cauliaghs* began;
And Rose, Donnell's daughter,
From over the water,
Began (sure saints taught her!)
The sweet *drimindhu*;*
All was still;—in the middle,
With stick and with fiddle,
O'Connor, stretched silent, seem'd hearkening too!

Oh, 'twas sweet as the crooning of fairies by night,
Oh, 'twas sad,—as you listened, you smiled in delight,
With the tears in your eyes; it was like a shower falling,
When the rainbow shines thro' and the cuchoo is calling;
You might feel through it all, as the sweet notes were given,
The peace of the Earth and the promise of Heaven!
In the midst of it all the sweet singer did stand,
With a light on her hair, like the gleam of a hand;
She seemed like an angel to each girl and boy,
But most to Tim Cregan, who watch'd her in joy,
And when she had ended he led her away,
And whisper'd his love till the dawning of day.
After that, cried Pat Rooney, the rogue of a lad,
"I'll sing something merry—the last was too sad!"
And he struck up the song of the Piper of Clare,
How the bags of his pipes were beginning to tear,
And how when the cracks threaten'd fairly to end them
He cut up his own leather *breeches* to mend them!
How we laugh'd, young and old! "Well, beat *that* if you can,"
Cried fat Tony Bourke, the potheen-making man—
"Who sings next?" Tony cried, and at that who came in,

* A sad ditty.

Dancing this way and that way in midst of the din,
But poor Shamus the Fool? and he gave a great spring—
"By the cross, merry boys, 'tis mysilf that can sing!"
Then he stood by the corpse, and he folded his hands,
And he sang of the sea and the foam on the sands,
Of the shining *skiddawn** as it flies to and fro,
Of the birds of the waves and their wings like the snow.
Then he sunk his voice lower and sang with strange sound
Of the caves down beneath and the beds of the drown'd,
Till we wept for the boys who lie where the wave rolls,
With no kinsmen to stretch them and wake their poor souls.
When he ceased, Shamus looked at the corpse, and he said,
"Sure a dacenter man never died in his bed!"
And at that the old *cauliaghs* began to croon:
"Sure life's like his music, and ended as soon—
There's dancing and sporting,
There's kissing and courting,
There's grief and there's pleasure
To fill up the measure,—
But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune."

"A health to O'Connor!"
Fat Anthony said:
"We'll drink in the honour
Of him that is dead."
A two-gallon cag, then,
Did Anthony drag then
From out his old bag then,
While all there grew keen.
'Twas sweet, strong, and filling—
His own best distilling;
Oh, well had the dead man loved Tony's *potheen!*†

Then the fun brightened up; but of all that befell
It would take me a long day in summer to tell—
Of the dancing and singing, the leaping and sporting,
And sweetest of all, the sly kissing and courting!
Two nights was the waking; two long winter nights
O'Connor lay smiling in midst of the lights,
In the cloud of the smoke like a cloud of the skies,
The blessing upon him, to close his ould eyes.

---

* *Herring.* † Whisky, illicitly distilled.

Oh, when the time comes for myself to depart,
May I die full of days like the merry old man!
I'll be willing to go with the peace on my heart,
Contented and happy, since life's but a span;
And O may I have, when my lips cease to spake,
To help my poor soul, such an elegant wake!
The country all there, friends and kinsmen and all,
And myself in the middle, with candle and pall.
Came the dawn, and we put old O'Connor to rest,
In his coffin of wood, with his hands on his breast,
And we followed him all by the hundred and more,—
The boys all in black, and his friends sighing sore.
We left him in peace, the poor sleeping gossoon,
Thinking, "Life's like his music, and ended full soon.
There's laughing and sporting,
There's kissing and courting,
There's grief and there's pleasure
To fill up the measure,—
But the wake and the grave are the end of the tune!"

"Good-bye to O'Connor,"
Cried Barnaby Blake,
"May the saints do him honour
For the ould fiddle's sake!
If the saints love sweet playing—
It's the thruth that I'm saying—
His sowl will be straying
And fiddling an air!
He'll pass through their middle,
With stick and with fiddle,
And they'll give him the *cead mile fealta** up there!"

* "Hundred thousand welcomes."

# THE £ s. d. OF LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUTHORS AT WORK."

## PART I.

WHAT is literature as a profession? The question ought to be worth answering; for every avenue of literature is now as crowded as the Civil Service. Bishops and barristers, deans and dukes, peers and postmen, generals and graduates of the Universities, M.P.'s and women jostle each other with their contributions in the magazines and newspapers; and although perhaps a man might make more money by breaking stones eight hours a day for six days of the week than he could by writing for eighteen hours, unless he happened to be a man of genius of some sort, there are still apparently thousands of men and women who believe in their hearts that if they were not "kept back" by editors and publishers from jealousy or stupidity they would wake up to-morrow morning to find themselves famous upon the strength of a single sonnet or a single article. You may find men, I have no doubt, who believe that they are quite as competent as Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone to lead the House of Commons, to rule the Church, or to preside in the Court of Queen's Bench. These men, however, are comparatively rare, and most people set them down at once as lunatics. But while men of this sort are to be found by twos or threes, you may find men by the score who believe that they could throw off a *Times* leader, if the *Times* would only publish it, with quite as little trouble as they could write a letter to the editor.

"What will O'Connell do now?" asked an Irishman in Dublin after the Repealer had been turned out of his seat for Clare, and when it was thought for the moment that his career was at an end. "Do!" was the answer. "What can he do now, barring he takes to drink?" Substitute "literature" for "drink," and that is the answer which five men out of six in a club window would give to an inquiry about one of their own companions who happened to be brought into difficulties about matters of £ s. d. He has *but three alternatives—this* is generally the drift of the observation

upon a case of this description—the *Times*, the Turf, or a Hansom cab; that is, to turn scribbler, blackleg, or jarvey; and, as Lady Mary Wortley said of her cousin Harry Fielding, it is the toss up of a shilling whether he shall be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman.

In a novel of Charles Lever's, I believe, the hero is made to walk out of Basinghall Street with an order of discharge in his pocket, invest his spare cash in pens and ink, take up his quarters in a pleasant cottage in the Surrey hills, dash into literature without a second thought, make a devil of a sensation by his articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in the *Times*, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, vault into a seat in the House of Commons, become hand in glove with all the Ministers in Whitehall, and bask with the editor of the *Times* in what Mr. Disraeli calls the enervating atmosphere of gilded saloons. It is a dashing fancy sketch this, and, of course, looks all very well, in a novel. But a career of this sort is about as possible in a country endowed like ours with aristocratic institutions and an anonymous press as a career like that of M. Beulé. A gentleman of the press often forces himself into note in France solely by his contributions to the newspapers, secures a seat in the Assembly, and in a year or two finds his way through the Assembly into the Ministry; and it is a common thing in America for a man with no escutcheon but literature to turn out as a candidate for the highest positions in the State: for the Presidency, for the Vice-Presidency, the Speakership, or for the office of Governor of a State. Mr. Colfax relinquished the editorship of what we should call a provincial newspaper to take the Speakership of the House of Representatives, and threw up that after a time to take Mr. Horace Greeley's chair in the office of the *New York Tribune* when Mr. Greeley had killed himself by contesting the Presidency with General Grant. But if a man like Mr. Disraeli attains the Premiership here after the devotion of a life to the service of the State all the world marvels. It is seventy years since a literary man in England rose to a higher position than an Under Secretaryship of State if he had nothing but literature to stand upon; and there is hardly now a single man of letters in the House of Commons. Glasgow has chosen a journalist as her representative because he is a journalist; and Newcastle, like two or three other constituencies, has returned a newspaper proprietor, as Berkshire returns Mr. Walter. But you may look down the roll of Parliament without finding a single name standing high in literature. This is fact as distinguished from fiction. The English press forms part of the residuum of

English politics. It is flattered now and then at banquets as free and independent electors are flattered at Parliamentary elections. But this sort of flattery is perfectly well understood. It is very cheap. The press, as a plain matter of fact, is not one of the institutions of English politics. It is the Fourth Estate only in the sense that it belongs to neither of the three recognised Estates of the Realm. No doubt it exercises a large amount of influence; but it exercises that influence in a vague and indistinct sort of way, because it gathers up the half-formed and unexpressed thoughts and feelings of all classes, puts them into form and shape in terse and emphatic English, and gives these thoughts and feelings back to the world as the voice of public opinion.

The French press is a personal press. The English is impersonal. You know who it is that is thinking and speaking when you take up a Paris paper. You know the value of his thoughts. You can distinguish the man of thought, of culture, of intelligence at a glance. But with an English newspaper in his hand a reader is in the position of Isaac with Jacob standing at his side in the skins of a kid of the goats, counterfeiting Esau. The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau. Perhaps now and then a man may stand out from the crowd, as Mr. Fonblanque once did in the *Examiner*, and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen more recently in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But it is not often. The gentlemen of the press live as a rule in the shade; and that sketch of Charles Lever's is as a stroke of humour on a par with the Adventures of Harry Lorrequer. Yet although this hero of Lever's was put to sharp tests now and then—an editor, for instance, sending to him at ten o'clock at night for one of his "d——d aristocratic articles" upon a topic that had just turned up, written in his most slashing style, the editor of the *Quarterly* asking him to make mincemeat of Sir Charles Lyall and Professor Huxley, as Brougham did of Professor Thomson and his "Theory of Light," without reading his books, and to send in his MS. before the end of the week—not one of Lever's readers out of ten, I venture to say, saw anything in the achievements of this gentleman but a characteristic proof of the ease with which a man of wit may make a position and £2,000 a year upon the press in London by a facile and brilliant pen. The common idea about writing, in fact, seems to be the idea of Dogberry—namely, that it comes by nature, or, as Mr. Whittle Harvey, the Commissioner of Police, once put it, that if you wish to turn out poems equal to those of Wordsworth you have nothing to do but to picture *to yourself* a brilliant sunset, a few trees and flowers,

peasants returning from their work through the long grass or the golden corn, and

Forty oxen feeding like one

in the meadows. "It's of no use talking to me," the Paris shopkeepers used to say when chatting over their papers in the boulevards about Scribe. "It is impossible that a man can earn three or four million francs by simply writing plays, *for if he could of course every one would write plays.*"

If you have the fluency of the Ariosto of the North, if you can throw off a novel like "Guy Mannering" in the leisure of six weeks at Christmas; if, like Brougham, you can write an article for the *Times* in the hubbub and confusion of the Court of Chancery while waiting for a case, or can sit down and cut up a book like Jeffery at the end of a hard day's work in the Court of Session, you may do all that is done by the heroes of novels, outwit even the best men upon the *Times*, keep a bank-book, a footman, and a park cob, and in the end, if you keep your guineas in a pill-box like Pope, hoard a fortune equal to Dickens', or ask the Premier for a coronet in honour of literature. But improvisatores are as rare as orators. A great deal of brilliant work has been done at a dash, and is still done. Byron wrote the "Corsair" in ten days, at the rate of 200 lines a day, and sent it to the press as it was written, publishing it with hardly a correction. Lope de Vega wrote 300 dramas for the stage in 100 days, upon the principle upon which an athlete now and then walks 100 miles in 100 hours; and it has been reckoned that the average amount of his work was 900 lines a day. Voltaire wrote "Zairè" in three weeks, and "Olympie" in six days; Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a sitting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was the work of twelve hours. It was written to complete the original two volumes of her poetry, and to send out with her proofs to America. But as a rule the best work is not to be done at a dash in this style. "What do you think of 'Olympie'?" Voltaire asked of one of his friends after that work was published; "I wrote it in six days." "You should not have rested on the seventh day," was the answer; and the answer was wise as well as witty. Shakespeare was not one of these slap-dash workers; and Shakespeare, with his thirty-four plays, has conquered the world. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Tom Moore, with all his effervescence and sparkle,

thought it quick work if he added seventy lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week, although living out of the world in a writing-box in the Peak. Planché produced his burlesques at an equally slow rate, thinking ten or a dozen lines a day good work. The author of "Caste" and "School" was one of the slowest of workmen. Even Albany Fonblanque often wrote his articles in the *Examiner* six times over before he thought them fit to go to press—and sometimes ten times over. Hepworth Dixon, it is said, wrote and re-wrote his "Two Queens" eight times. That exquisite trifle of Kinglake's, "Eöthen," was re-written five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept "The White Doe of Rylstone," and kept like that to be taken out for revision and correction almost every day. And that is the way in which good honest work—work, that is, to be read to-morrow and the day after to-morrow—must be written. Scotts and Scribes only turn up once in a century. They are the Rothschilds of the book market; and their fortune is equal to their genius. Whatever they touch turns to gold. Whatever they write is published before the ink upon their MS. is dry, and everything that they publish is a success.

You may count upon your fingers all the fortunes that have been made by literature since the days of Scott, and with the exception of Scott and Dickens, no professional man of letters in our day has made an income by literature equal to Pope's. The highest sum that has been paid for a poem in our day is £3,000. This was the price of "Lalla Rookh," and of one of Scott's. Pope made £5,320 by his translation of the "Iliad"; and £5,000 in Pope's time was equal in purchasing power to £10,000 now. Swift refused to let Pope put a line of the "Iliad" in type till he had secured subscriptions for him at Court amounting to 1,000 guineas; and Pope tells us in his own preface that he found more patrons than ever Homer wanted, and that if Homer had all the wits of after ages for his defenders, his translation had all the beauties of the present for his advocates—a pleasure, as Pope gallantly adds, too great to be changed for any fame in reversion. Even Gay made £3,000 by his "Beggar's Opera," and Gay had at one time a fortune of £20,000, all made by his pen. He died with £3,000 in the Funds, the exact amount that Lord Russell raised for Tom Moore's widow by the sale of his memoir; and yet during the greater part of his days Gay had lived the life of a fast man about town, and had squandered his money like a Dumas. Swift gave away the copyright of most of his works to Prault the bookseller, thinking it inconsistent with his position in the Church to make money by his writings, and refused

to receive any acknowledgment for them except in books. "I never got a farthing for anything I wrote except once," he told Pulteney in 1735; and the exception was "Gulliver's Travels." Swift sold the MS. of this to Motte for £300, the average price of a novel to-day, and set down the sum in his diary as a mere bagatelle hardly worth talking about. He might have made £1,000 by it if he had chosen to haggle about the amount as Byron did with Murray. These sums, I take it, are fair samples of the price of literary work in Pope's time. Yet even these sums represent only part of the emoluments of a man of letters then, and perhaps, after all, the smallest part. Pope, Addison, Swift, Prior, and Gay were paid in meal as well as malt, and the meal was often worth three or four times the weight in malt. Swift, for instance, but for his writings, might have ended his days as a domestic chaplain at Stowe, and thought himself "passing rich on £40 a year." His writings made him all but a bishop, and it was his own fault that he was not a bishop. Montague marked his appreciation of one of Addison's first poems, a boyish trifle, on the "Peace of Ryswick," by quartering him on the Civil List for £300 a year. A single line, and even that a parenthesis, in the poem upon "Marlborough's Victory at Blenheim," the line comparing Marlborough to the Angel of the Storm, brought him the patent of Commissioner of Appeals, an appointment worth £1,500 or £2,000 a year, and opened to him the path by which a year or two afterwards he rose to the rank of Privy Councillor and Secretary of State. A vintner's son in Whitehall laid the foundation of what was then thought a splendid fortune by a short satire under the title of the "Town and Country Mouse," which, if published now in a magazine, would be read and talked of for a day or two, and forgotten in a week. Had Prior been the contemporary of Moore, he might have thought himself lucky if he had been able, after thirty years' hard work upon the press, and by publishing a squib like the "Town and Country Mouse" once a year, to lay claim to a pension of £100 a year from the Royal Bounty. The contemporary of Pope, his lines fell in pleasanter places, and his "Town and Country Mouse" was hardly in its second edition when the author, a tall, "thin, hollow-looked man," in velvet and lace, was strutting about the park arm-in-arm with the Dean of St. Patrick's, in his shovel hat and apron, with Horace in one pocket and Montague's note in the other offering him one of the first diplomatic appointments in the service, and the reversion of the appointment of Ambassador at Paris. "Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent

for life. Smith, though his 'Hippolytus and Phœdra' failed, would have been consoled with £300 a year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only Poet Laureate but also Land Surveyor of the Customs in the port of London, Clerk of the Council to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was Secretary to the Commissioners of the Peace. Ambrose Phillips was Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals, and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk mercer, became a Secretary of Legation at five-and-twenty. Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs and Auditor of the Imprest. Tickell was Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State." *

This system of patronage was brought into vogue by Montague, a man who owed all he possessed in life—his earldom, his garter, and his Auditorship of the Exchequer—to a poem on the death of Charles the Second. But the system died with its founder, and Sir Robert Walpole made no attempt to revive it. Ignorant and practical, thinking and caring for nothing but Parliamentary votes, and knowing the price of every vote in the market, the only writings that this burly Norfolk squire took the slightest interest in were those which could be tied up with red tape and packed out of the way in tin boxes; and the only man of letters that George the Third ever took by the hand was Dr. Johnson. Queen Caroline's theory was that there were no books like those which were to be picked up at second-hand book-stalls, and all the best works in her library, as she told Miss Burney, were picked up in that way. "It is amazing," as her Majesty used to say, "what good books there are on stalls."

Till the time of Dorset and his pupil Montague the emoluments of an English man of letters had been a mere bagatelle in comparison with those of Pope and Addison; and Pope, according to Thackeray, ruined literature as a profession for the next half century by the "Dunciad." The earliest and most authentic information we possess as to the price of literary work in this country is contained in "Henslowe's Diary," recently republished by the Shakespeare Society. It covers the reigns of Elizabeth, of James, and of Charles the First, a period when most men of genius who wrote for bread wrote of

* *Macaulay's Essay* on Boswell's Life of Johnson.

necessity for the stage. In the time of Elizabeth £20 apparently was the highest sum paid for a play, and even this was only paid in the case of plays of the highest merit. Ben Jonson wrote most of his for less than half this amount, and the highest sum paid by Henslowe for any of the MSS. in his pigeon-holes was £11; and that was paid for "The Page of Plymouth." The price of Dekker's "Patient Grissil" was £9 10s., and for his "Medicine for a Curst Wife," £11. This was in 1600 and 1602; and when that was the case with Jonson and Dekker, the rank and file of dramatists must have thought themselves particularly lucky if they happened to get what is now the price of an "Ode to Spring" in one of the magazines for the best of their productions. Haywood, the author of "A Woman Killed with Kindness," and of 200 or 300 plays of one sort and another, was often forced to be content with an order upon the treasurer of the theatre for two or three guineas in return for his MSS.; and according to Henslowe the dresses of the heroine of Haywood's most successful play cost more than the copyright of the play itself. There is a green-room tradition that £5 was the sum paid for "Hamlet"; and although the tradition rests upon no authority that I can trace, it is quite in keeping with the spirit of the time.

In 1600, however, the quotations of the literary market were at zero. The price rose in the course of the next ten years as high as £20 a play. But the quarrels of Charles and his Parliament were fatal to the attractions of the stage, and in 1643 I find one of the busiest and most popular dramatic authors of his day complaining that where a few years before he had been in the habit of receiving £20 for a play, he must now be content with £12. This was the price of the "Bellman of London"; and this apparently was the average price of the period. It was not till the restoration of Charles the Second that the playwright began to share with the lessee the profits upon the representation of his play, or that the profits themselves rose to anything like those from a good play to-day. Dryden was the most distinguished poet and dramatist of the Restoration; and Dryden wrote for the stage, not because he thought this the fittest scene for the exercise of his genius, but simply because it was impossible for a professional man of letters then to live by his pen without writing for the stage. His translation of Virgil, published by Tonson, brought him in less than a fourth of the amount that Pope received for his translation of the "Iliad," and Dryden sold the copyright of his "Fables" for £250, throwing in the noblest of all his writings—his "Ode to St. Cecilia"—as a make-weight. Yet even this was a

vast improvement upon the price of Milton's masterpiece. All that the author of "Paradise Lost" made upon the first and second editions of his epic was £10; and Milton's widow made over to Symonds all her interest in the work, upon the publication of the third edition, for £8 more! It looks a paltry sum, especially when set in contrast with the cheques which Tennyson and Swinburne pick up now for an ode or a song, and it represents, I suppose, hardly a fifth of the amount that most of us would now willingly give for the MS. of the agreement itself. But £10 was probably all that a publisher could then afford to risk upon a poem of this kind, and especially upon a poem written by a Puritan. For in Milton's day very few readers were to be found out of the cloister and the Court, and the readers of the cloister cared for very little beyond the ponderous tomes of Scaliger and Vossius, and the readers of the Court for very little except the light o' love ballads of Rochester and St. Evremond. It was this consideration that compelled Milton to turn schoolmaster, and that a few years later drove Dryden to the stage. Even by writing for the stage, as Dryden wrote, a man of the highest genius could only keep his head above water by making a hit—a palpable hit—now and then, such a hit as Shadwell made with his "Squire of Alsatia"—for the average price of a good play even in the days of Charles the Second was not more than 100 guineas. This was all that Dryden received for his best work, and with this apparently he was content. But the Boucicaults and Robertsons of the Restoration occasionally pocketed 100 guineas by a single representation, and Southern received upwards of £700 in the form of profits from the representation of one of his plays—"Isabella," I think—which happened to have a long and brilliant run. The author's share of the profits from the "Squire of Alsatia" ran up to £130 upon a single representation. But the "Squire of Alsatia" was the sensation of the day, and a play like the "Squire of Alsatia" was as rare and as taking in the days of Charles the Second as a play like "Caste" is in our time.

Of course when it was once understood that prizes of this sort were to be picked up on the stage in addition to all the popularity and fame which a successful play generally brings with it, men of a very different stamp to those who had been in the habit of gathering round Ben Jonson's arm chair at the Mitre turned up in the Temple and at Oxford to contest the palm with the scarecrows of Grub Street and St. Martin's Fields—men of birth, of breeding, and of high culture, men like Wycherley and Congreve, uniting all the graces of *men of the world* with most of the accomplishments of men of

letters. And these men, by their genius, by their gallantry, and by their personal accomplishments, raised the profession of letters to a level with the professions of the law, of the Church, and of arms. I need hardly say how these men swept everything before them; how they carried their heads in society and at Court, as well as in the green-room; or how they were the companions in war and the rivals in love of the first men of their age. The theatre, with these men, formed the portal of the Court; and through the theatre and the Court their incomes often ran as high as the rent roll of a great estate. Congreve's income is said to have averaged £1,200 a year, and Wycherley's could have been very little less in the first part of his life, when his plays were the rage of the Court, of the town, and of the universities. Perhaps even then by looking a little below the surface men of letters of equal or of higher genius might have been found pining in garrets over works which will outlive all the plays of the Restoration; men, for instance, like the author of "Hudibras." But these men, with all their genius, wanted those personal qualities which with Wycherley and Congreve formed the passport to society; and, instead of writing for the stage, as Congreve and Wycherley did, they wrote only, like Milton, for the closet.

Pope and Addison made their appearance at a happy moment—at a moment when the recollections of Congreve and of Wycherley were yet fresh, and when it was still the fashion for statesmen and courtiers to take men of genius by the hand, to give them appointments in the Pipe Office, in the Treasury, or in the Excise; when, as Swift put it, a reputation for wit and learning did the office of a blue ribbon or of a coach and six; and when, if you could turn out a play, an ode, a telling epigram, upon the spur of the moment, or a volume of translations from the Latin poets, you might establish a reputation for wit and learning without the slightest risk of criticism from any one but a pedant in his cell or a prig in a coffee-house.

This was the proudest age of English literature. But it was as short as it was brilliant. It began with the production of Wycherley's "Plain Dealer," in 1677, and ended with the publication of the "Dunciad," in 1727. It was all comprised within the span of a single life, the life of Pope. And even if Pope had published his proposals for a translation of the "Iliad" when Johnson opened his subscription list for printing "Politian," it is an open question whether he could have found a third of the subscribers who put down their names for his masterpiece, or half of those who had raised £1,200 for Dryden's Virgil. The taste for literature of this class when Johnson published his proposals was extinct, and litera-

ture itself was upon the lees. Johnson fixed his subscriptions at £5, promising in return thirty octavo sheets, with a sketch of modern Latin verse in notes; and the subscriptions were not enough to pay his printer's bill. Three or four booksellers even refused to look at the MS. of his "London," and although when published it ran into a second edition in a week, Johnson made only £10 out of it. He sold the "Vanity of Human Wishes" for fifteen guineas; "Rasselas" for £100, with a stipulation for £25 more upon the publication of a second edition; and the "Lives of the Poets" for 200 guineas. "Irene," and "Irene" alone, brought him in £300; and but for Johnson's friendship with Garrick, "Irene" might never have been put upon the stage at all. The stipulated price of his Dictionary was 1,500 guineas, and out of this the author had to pay his assistants and to find all his books, pens, ink, and paper. Every shilling of the 1,500 guineas had been called up and spent in current expenses before the Dictionary was complete; and when Lord Chesterfield sat down in his splendid library in Mayfair to salute the doctor as the dictator of the English language the dictator was in the hands of a sheriff's officer for a paltry sum which neither peers nor publishers cared to lend him upon his note of hand without the security of a MS.

I take a typical instance in selecting Johnson, for when Johnson's reputation was once established most of his works sold well—well, that is, for the times; and, according to Malone, the publishers made £5,000 or £6,000 out of his "Lives of the Poets," after paying Johnson his 300 guineas. Yet with all the profits that the booksellers made out of his writings, Johnson never once drops a hint that he is underpaid for his work, and even speaks of his publisher, Miller, as Scott spoke of Constable. "Sir, I like Miller," Johnson said to Boswell, "he has raised the price of books." That was towards the close of the century, when the circle of readers was widening every day; when Robertson was writing his "History of Charles V." with a note of hand for £4,500 in his desk, to be paid when the MS. was delivered; and when Goldsmith was making £400 a year with far more ease than Johnson had been able to make £40 a year, when he was improvising Parliamentary debates in Lilliput behind a screen at St. John's Gate for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, puffing the Harleian Library, and writing one of the noblest of English satires to pay a tailor's bill. "My patrons," said Goldsmith, with a sturdy independence, "are the booksellers, and I want no others." But till Miller raised the price of books even Goldsmith, with all his aptitude for turning out school books and trifles of that sort, was

often at his wits' ends for £10 when he happened to be without a play on hand. His comedies formed the main source of his income for years, and a single comedy brought him in five times the sum at which he had to sell the copyright of his masterpieces. "The Traveller" was sold for £40, and "The Vicar of Wakefield" for £60. The price of "The Good-natured Man" was £500, and that is a fair sample of what a writer like Goldsmith could count upon making by a good play at a time when a poem like "The Deserted Village" could not find a publisher willing to risk more than £100 upon its chances of success.

The most profitable of all Goldsmith's works proved to be his school histories. The smallest sum he received for any of these was more than Johnson was paid for his "Lives of the Poets," or, indeed, for any of his works except the Dictionary. Churchill was the only poet of Johnson's age who made £1,000 by a poem; and that was a poem which, although popular enough in its day, is now hardly looked at by any one except critics. I mean, of course, "The Rosciad." Thomson and Young, with their "Seasons" and "Night Thoughts," hardly made half the price of "The Rosciad" between them; and Young, with all his genius and industry at the desk, might have starved but for his pension—the only pension that Walpole conferred upon a poet—and his Hertfordshire Rectory.

The most popular form, apparently, that literature could take a century ago was the form of history or fiction; and of all writers historians and novelists were the best paid. The price of Goldsmith's "History of Greece" was £250; of his "History of Rome," £300; of his "History of England," £600; and of his "Natural History," £800. Dr. Robertson's "History of Scotland," and two or three other works of that kind, brought him £700 each. But he received seven-fold that amount for his "History of Charles V." The exact sum was £4,500. This, considering the size of the work, may be called, in the language of the market, the topmost price of the day. Hume received only £700 more for his "History of England," a work involving perhaps ten times the labour; and, comparing the work with the pay, Hume, after making an appointment with Sir Joseph Aylott to look through the Stuart Papers at the Record Office, gave up all thought of original investigation, pleading that if he once began to look into the MSS. at the Record Office his history, instead of being kept to eight volumes, might run to eighty. Hume's remuneration was at the rate of £650 a volume; the total amount, £5,200. Gibbon received £800 more than this for his "History of the Decline and Fall of Rome," and that, according to Gibbon,

was only just enough to cover the value of the books which he found it necessary to purchase for consultation. Smollett was paid £2,000 for his continuation of Hume. Perhaps in comparison with the sums that are now paid for a novel, and with the sums that were occasionally paid then, these are not very high prices, although Charles Knight, in his "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," estimates that if Gibbon had published his work under the half-profit system, his share would have been less than half of what he received even as it was. But these were high prices then in comparison with everything except works of fiction, especially when we consider the value of money and the narrower and poorer circle of readers open to an author in comparison with the present wide and ever-widening circle. To-day if a poem, a novel, a book of travels, or a historiette is read at all, it is read in nine cases out of ten everywhere—in New York, in Calcutta, in Paris, at St. Petersburg; on the banks of the Ohio, and on the banks of the Yellow River; in the hill stations of India, and in the huts of Australian herdsmen in the Valley of the Hawkesbury. In the days of Dr. Johnson five-sixths of the reading classes were to be found within the sound of Bow Bells. "Tom Jones," "Rasselas," and "Pamela" were probably never heard of beyond the four seas till after Waterloo; and when all London was talking about these books you might probably have made a tour of England and Scotland without meeting with a thousand quiet people in the country who had ever heard of either of them. The fame of these men and of their works did not extend beyond the first turnpike-gate, and the population of London only represented about a third of what it is at present. Now a work like Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui Rit" is translated into half a dozen languages and published simultaneously in half a dozen cities; but "Tom Jones" was probably hardly known except in London, and Byron almost went off his head when he heard in 1820 that "Childe Harold" had been reprinted in Boston, and was read with as much interest on the banks of the Ohio as it was on the shores of the Thames and the Seine.

"Amelia" was the first book published in England that was sold out on the day of its publication. The price of this was £1,000, Miller purchasing it outright for that amount upon the strength of "Tom Jones's" success. Fielding's profits upon "Tom Jones" were over £700. Yet, but for the shrewdness of Thomson the poet, Fielding would have sold the MS. of "Tom Jones" for £25. It had, in fact, been sold for that sum, although Fielding still held the MS., when *Thomson, hearing* of the transaction, advised Fielding *to break the contract,* and promised to introduce him to his own

publisher Miller. The poet, publisher, and novelist met at a tavern, and over a bottle of canary Miller offered £200 for the MS., to be doubled or trebled in case the work made a hit; and Fielding closed with the offer by ringing the bell in raptures and ordering a couple more bottles of wine. After "Amelia" and "Tom Jones" the price of novels rose rapidly. Mrs. Radcliffe received £500 for her "Mysteries of Udolpho," and £800 for "The Italian." Miss Burney sold the copyright of her first work, "Evelina," published in 1778, for £20; but according to the traditions of the Row the publisher cleared £1,500 by it in three or four years. She made a better bargain with her next novel, "Cecilia," the publishers, it is said, clubbing together and raising £2,000 for her before she allowed the MS. to go out of her hands. Her third novel, "Camilla," was not published till 1786, and the price of this was, I believe, £3,000, a higher sum than is paid for any work of imagination in our times with two or three remarkable exceptions.

Fiction and poetry generally go together, but this was not the case in the days of Frances Burney and Cowper. Fiction then put everything else into the shade. Poetry was a drug in the market. It took Tom Moore a couple of years to find a publisher for his "Odes of Anacreon," and these odes were published in the end mainly because the Prince Regent allowed Lady Donegal's Irish page to inscribe his name upon the fly leaf with a dedication. Southey kept his first epic, "Madoc," in his desk for eight or ten years, writing for newspapers and magazines, and translating for the booksellers, because not a single printer in London would risk £10 upon a poem which he had been meditating for sixteen years; and but for a Bristol bookseller Wordsworth might have kept his "Lyrical Ballads" and Coleridge his "Ancient Mariner" in their portfolios for twice seven years. It was reserved for Scott and Byron to revive the passion for poetry which made Pope and Prior the equals in social position and influence of all but the first Ministers of the Crown; and the prices at which Scott and Byron sold the copyrights of their masterpieces were the highest ever known, or that perhaps ever will be known, in English literature. Scott sold the copyright of his first work, "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," for £500, and his share upon the first year's publishing account of the "Lay" was close upon £800. A thousand guineas was the price set upon "Marmion" before a line of the poem was written, and the popularity of "Marmion" doubled the value of Scott's next poem, "The Lady of the Lake." The price of this was 2,000 guineas, and that of "Rokeby" 3,000. This was the highest sum Scott received for

any of his poems, and according to Byron's calculation, it was exactly half-a-crown a line. "The Lord of the Isles" was valued at 3,000 guineas; and the publication of "The Lord of the Isles" closed Scott's work as a poet.

The Waverley Novels, after this, formed Scott's principal source of income, and the profits upon these in a year or two amounted to double and treble the sums that he had received for "The Lady of the Lake" and "Rokeby." The most successful of Scott's first set of novels were "Ivanhoe," "The Abbot," "Kenilworth," and "The Monastery," Scott's share of the profits upon these amounting to £10,000. The most profitable of the second series—the series published after Scott's avowal of their authorship—was "Woodstock." The profit upon this was £8,600. "The Life of Napoleon" must be set at the head of Scott's historical works. It was a splendid hit as a business speculation, producing £18,000 as the result of thirteen months' work. The balance upon Constable's account with Scott for one year was £14,000; and yet this only represented part of Scott's income for the year. The total of Scott's earnings by his pen has been estimated at £250,000, and the daily value of the "task" which he set himself when at work upon "The Life of Napoleon" averaged £36 a day. It must be recollected, however, that Scott was then working double tides, as he called it—that is, six, seven, eight, and ten hours a day. But the best way of testing the value of Scott's work is to compare it with what one of the ablest and most industrious of the rank and file of literature could then make by his pen when "working like a ditcher." Take Hazlitt. Hazlitt was writing for the *Edinburgh Review* when Scott was at work upon "Woodstock," and yet working under whip and spur, the utmost that Hazlitt could earn was £5 5s. a day—what is now paid for a *Times* article. "I regularly do ten pages a day," the reviewer tells his lady-love in one of his letters in "The New Pygmalion," "and this mounts up to thirty guineas a week. So you see I should grow rich at this rate if I could keep on so, and I could keep on so if I had you with me to encourage me with your sweet smiles and to share my lot." That, of course, was hyperbole with Hazlitt. But it was plain matter of fact with Scott, and Scott made by his pen in a week more than Hazlitt made in a couple of months. Byron refused at first to pollute his hands with "copy money," sneered at Scott in his satire for making a conscript of his Muse, and allowed Murray to pocket every farthing of profit upon "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." The copyright of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" Byron made a present of to Mr. Dallas, and Murray paid

Dallas £600 for these cantos. After the publication of "Childe Harold," however, Byron stood out as stoutly as Scott and Moore, or any of "the *literati* of Murray's back shop," for what he calls the "rino," insisted upon 1,000 guineas for "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina," and 2,000 guineas for the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." The total amount of Byron's account with Murray is, of course, a bagatelle in comparison with Sir Walter's account with Constable; but it is more than twenty times the amount that the poet of Rydal Mount received for his writings, and nearly equal to the whole of Moore's account with Longmans. It was £23,540. Tom Moore estimated the value of his poetry at £20,000; but to this, of course, must be added the value of his prose writings, £10,000 more at least; of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, which were generally paid at the rate of 100 guineas an article; and of his pasquinades in the *Times*, for which he received £400 or £500 a year as a retaining fee. The price of "Lalla Rookh" was fixed beforehand at 3,000 guineas, and that was the highest price Moore received for any of his works, except "The Life of Byron," which brought him £4,000. Messrs. Longmans put down £1,000 to his credit upon the publication of the "Loves of the Angels," and £500 on account of the "Fables." "The Fudge Family" was published on the plan of half profits, and the author's share was £350, "The Fudge Family" running through five editions in a fortnight. But of all Moore's writings, the most permanently successful were those "excellent little ponies," the "Irish Melodies." His income from these averaged £500 a year. The highest sum that Moore ever received for a single handful of songs was £180. This was the price of a dozen odds and ends that he sold to Cramer and Co. The average was £15 a song. The price of most of Washington Irving's works was high; "Columbus," for example, 3,000 guineas, and "The Chronicles of Granada," 2,000 guineas; but, according to Murray, the publication of these two works in England involved the publisher in a loss of £3,000. The price of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" was 1,000 guineas, of "Gertrude of Wyoming," 1,500 guineas; and but for the tact of Rogers £1,500 is all that Crabbe would have made out of his second set of "Tales." These "Tales," consisting of 12,000 lines, were sent first of all to Murray, Murray offering £3,000 for them if the poet would throw in the copyright of his first volume. Crabbe happened to be breakfasting with Rogers and Moore, in St. James's Place, when he received Murray's note, and his first impulse was to accept it. And that was Moore's advice.

But Rogers thought Murray ought to give £3,000 for the new volume alone, and that the MS. should be offered to Longmans before Murray's letter was answered. Longmans were accordingly called in, and to Rogers' consternation, offered for the new work and the old only £1,000, saying that this was the utmost they thought it prudent to give considering the past sale of Crabbe's works. That, of course, put Rogers in a fix. But, like a keen man of business, the poet-banker at once put on his hat and walked into Albemarle Street to talk about the printing of his own poem, and to close with Murray's offer for Crabbe. "I am glad to find, Mr. Murray," said Rogers carelessly in the course of conversation, "that you have settled with Mr. Crabbe for his new work." Murray answered cheerfully enough that he had, and this clinched the business. Rogers and Moore at once jumped into a cab and drove off to tell poor Crabbe the news. They found him moping dismally at home, thinking of the thousands he had lost through the diplomacy of the author of the "Pleasures of Memory." But the intelligence soon revived his spirits, and when Murray sent him the £3,000 Crabbe almost leapt out of his skin. Rogers offered to take charge of the bills till they became due. But no, nothing would do but Crabbe must take them home with him to show them to son John. "Wouldn't copies do?" Rogers asked. "No, not at all," said the poet. "He must show son John the actual paper"; and stuffing them into his pocket-book with a bundle of notes, off he started at once, rubbing his hands with all the glee of a girl with a new bonnet. This was the only £3,000 Crabbe ever handled as a poet, and Crabbe was luckier in this than any of the poets of his day except Moore, Byron, and Scott.

I shall round off my notes on this subject next month with a glance at the £ *s. d.* of journalism.

# THE MEN, THE MASTERS, AND "PUBLIC OPINION."

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

I HAVE no malign intention of disguising under this title an attack upon the reader in the shape of an article upon "strikes," or a dissertation upon "the relations between Labour and Capital." I chiefly wish to draw attention to a growing phenomenon, which is, I believe, calculated to have a very serious effect upon the future condition of the labour market. The mainstay of strikes, and in some recent cases even an incentive to strikes, was to be found in the support which the men received from public opinion. Taken in the mass, the popular sympathy is always generous, and is invariably on the side of the weaker party to a struggle. When the system of strikes began to assert itself and to claim the whole labour field as its own it was public opinion that cheered it on and supported it, if need were, with gifts of money. The climax of popular enthusiasm in this direction was reached at the epoch of the strike of the agricultural labourers in Warwickshire. There were many circumstances which combined to make this uprising of the farm labourer a popular cause. In the first place it was a novel phase of a movement which was already beginning to drag, a new situation in a drama where the scenes had hitherto all lain in one neighbourhood, and wherein the characters had with unimportant differences been tiresomely alike. As soon as men and masters in one mining district had come to terms, men and masters in another quarrelled, and with slight variations the story of the struggle was the same. But a strike of agricultural labourers was something altogether fresh, and it contained in greatly enhanced degree those elements which, combined, arouse popular indignation and sympathy. The miners at the time when they struck were in receipt of wages averaging from twenty to thirty shillings a week, and their final protest against "oppression" was not an absolutely new thing, they having barked for many years before they bit. But the farm labourer of Warwickshire was in receipt of an average wage of *nine* shillings a week, and since the time of Gurth, the thrall of Cedric the Saxon, he had borne his lot, not uncomplainingly it is

true, but with a sad hopeless sort of moaning that was infinitely piteous. His rising up with the protestation of a right to parley on equal terms with his master, and to be taken into counsel in bargains about wages, was decidedly a new and a striking thing. Moreover, upon investigation it was found that, whatever might be the case elsewhere, the agricultural labourer had not spoken a day too soon. The newspapers teemed with vivid descriptions of his social lot, and the public, having eagerly read these, promptly decided that matters must be altered in the direction of improvement. The farmers, scared by the sudden outbreak and jostled hither and thither in the torrent of popular enthusiasm, offered no prolonged resistance, and wages went up in the district at rates varying from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

That was a great victory, and public opinion has no reason to be ashamed of it. But this was the formal introduction into the adjustment of the differences between masters and men of a foreign party claiming absolute rights of arbitrament and, without always being in possession of full data, wielding an almost irresistible power of enforcing its views. Public opinion in an especial manner took under its care the question of the regulation of wages, and in every case where a dispute arose it was public opinion that was openly appealed to by at least one of the parties thereto. The generous enthusiasm which upheld the Warwickshire labourer in his battle for more bread, and which bore him on to victory, carried the public into the other fights that thereupon arose all over the country, and, generally without asking questions, public opinion assumed that the men were right. This state of things lasted through the summer and autumn of 1871 and for the greater part of 1872. But towards Christmas of the latter year a change began to come over the condition of affairs. The public found that they had been for the space of nearly two years diligently sticking pins in their own bed, and it now began to be a very uncomfortable place to lie upon. The wages of colliers and miners had been advanced from 50 to 100 per cent., and house coal was 46s. a ton in London. The workers in iron and in pottery, the cutlers, the masons, the bricklayers, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—every one who ministered by the work of his hand to the need of the nation was clamouring with more or less successful issue for higher wages, and the great middle class, whom public opinion chiefly represents, began to feel the pinch.

Just at this epoch a strike, which for magnitude had rarely been equalled, loomed through the black clouds that overlie the coal

fields of South Wales. Early in January, 1873, a decision was come to in a shed at Merthyr by which 60,000 men were thrown out of work and one of the richest mineral valleys in the kingdom was made desolate. This step was taken by the men with the sure and distinct hope that public opinion, which had hitherto steadily backed men against masters, would also support them. But coals at 46s. a ton, with everything else dear in proportion, have a tendency to make householders critical, and public opinion showed a strong and unaccustomed inclination to preface its utterances on this great strike by an investigation into the preliminary circumstances attending it. This done, it found in the first place that the strike was based upon an act of what it regarded as unexampled tyranny of men against men. Of the 60,000 workmen involved in the strike only 10,000 were willing participators, and for 50,000 the pending period of idleness and want was compulsory. These were the iron workers, who were well content with the high wages they were receiving, but who were thrown out of work by the strike of the colliers for the simple and sufficient reason that if ironstone and coal were not forthcoming the puddling furnaces must stop. Consequently public opinion, so far from backing up the men, took them to task, and even said some unkind things about champagne drunk out of pewter pots and choice beefsteaks cut for favourite dogs. The result of the strike was under these auspices a foregone conclusion. The masters, nerved by the unexpected support received from public opinion, stood firm in the position moderately and courteously taken up by them at the memorable conference in Cardiff on New Year's Day; the men, dismayed and disheartened by the coolness of the treatment received from the quarter whither they had looked for support, doggedly struggled on for some weeks, and finally, after bitter sufferings, accepted the masters' terms.

The South Wales strike marked the turning point in the tide of public opinion. Since the agitation in favour of the Warwickshire farm labourer in 1872 that tide had run tumultuously with the men. In January, 1873, it paused, and since then it has been unquestionably ebbing. Decisive proof of this new condition of affairs was given when the Eastern Counties revolted in the spring of the present year. That uprising was, *per se*, as strongly, if not more strongly deserving of the support of public opinion than was the movement among the Warwickshire labourers. In Warwickshire the men demanded higher wages, and, the request being refused, they of their own free will threw themselves out of work. In the Eastern Counties the men in the village of Exning asked for a rise of

shilling on their pay of thirteen shillings a week. It was refused, nd they struck work, ostentatiously falling back on the funds of the abourers' Union, which had promised them nine shillings a week as ubsistence money. Thereupon the masters, acting in concert, pro- nulgated a decree, after the manner of Darius the Median, to the ffect that no man should remain in their employ unless he abjured he Union and undertook to refrain from assisting the rebels at Exning. The men refused to yield to this dictation, and were ccordingly locked out. This was a fine field for popular enthusiasm o run riot upon, but popular enthusiasm betrayed a very sluggish endency, and after struggling on in a spasmodic manner, illus- rated by demoralising parades through the country, the labourers apitulated without terms, and the Labourers' Union received a low from the effects of which it will not for some time recover.

One other, and a very striking instance of the new phase in which he question of strikes has entered is furnished by the dispute at he Penrhyn Quarry, still pending at this present time of writing. Here matters had developed themselves in a direction which appears o indicate that it was high time public opinion should reconsider its abits and see whither they were leading the country. On the 31st f July the men at the quarry forwarded to Lord Penrhyn a demand or higher wages, and in the meantime struck work. His lordship romptly acknowledged the receipt of the communication, and nvited the men to hand in a definite statement of their requirements. This was done, and after fully considering the matter and making nquiries into the condition of wages in other quarries, Lord Penrhyn roffered a new scale of wages, with which the men declared them- elves fully satisfied. After some further negotiations, chiefly irected towards securing the fair and absolute carrying out of the ew arrangements, the men resumed work on the 17th September; ut fancying the manager, against whom they have a strong personal rejudice, was not acting in the spirit of the agreement, they threw own their tools and left the quarry *en masse*, in direct breach of heir own agreement to submit all cases of dispute to a Court of Reference which had been constituted by the arrangement. They ubsequently proposed a number of captious and unreasonable lterations in the *personnel* of the Court, and, these being negatived, hey, like spoiled children, threw themselves into the arms of the warm-hearted public, of which they had read in the newspapers, and whose loving-kindness and long purse had been vaunted by emissaries f the Union. *The appeal to the public was made in the most atural way, and with* unquestioning faith. A number of

quarrymen were selected for the expedition to England, and to each was assigned a volunteer from amongst the tradesmen of Bethesda. Their mission was to ask the public for help to maintain them in their struggle with their employer, and that it would be freely given they no more doubted than they questioned whether the Ogwen, which brawled its way along its rocky bed at the back of their houses, would presently reach the sea. I saw the little band depart, full of hope and high expectations; and I heard of their coming back, one by one, with empty hands and crushed hearts. They could not understand the coldness of their reception and the universality of the "No!" with which their prayer for help for the quarrymen of Bethesda was met. They thought they had as much right to be assisted and fêted as had the delegates who in earlier times had gone forth from the Midland Counties; and I am not sure whether their view was capable of logical refutation.

The explanation of this and of much failure of the same kind is to be found, I venture to believe, in the fact that the support of public opinion, in its undivided adhesion to the cause of one party to strikes, has been gradually failing and is now almost wholly withdrawn. The effect of this in the case of a single association of workmen is to be seen in the present condition of the Amalgamated Association of Miners, as described by the president and secretary at the conference held at Birmingham last month. Within the last six months, the secretary stated in the course of his report, not less than 48,602 members had withdrawn from the association, being nearly one-half of the reputed members, only 57,766 now remaining on the books of the society. Even these numbers are nominal rather than real, the discussions which took place during the several days of the congress disclosing the fact that some of the most important districts were in arrears with their payments, and were consequently by the rules of the association practically unrecognised till such time as back subscriptions were forthcoming. Less than two years ago this association was one of the mightiest and the wealthiest Labourers' Unions in the world, and for good or evil affected the daily lives of half a million people. The support of public opinion made it what it was; the withdrawal of the support leaves it what it is, and points to its dissolution at no distant date.

The labourer both in the mine and in the field is a man who is very slow to grasp an idea, but when once become possessed of it he gives himself up wholly to its influence and entrenches it about in a stronghold not assailable by the arrows of argument. In 1872-3 the miners, colliers, and agricultural labourers of England became possessed of the idea that if they were dissatisfied with their wages and

abandoned their work they would be supported in their struggle with their employers by the London newspapers, that all the country would ring with indignation at the "oppression" to which they had been subjected, and that substantial help would be forthcoming from the public purse. Strikes were consequently of daily occurrence, the epidemic breaking out all over the country. A condition of demoralisation pervaded the whole working classes, trade was paralysed, and commerce seriously injured. If the effect of this had been to raise the status of the working man and improve his social position, injury and inconvenience suffered elsewhere might have been borne with. But has such been the practical result of the fit of enthusiasm from which the country is now recovering? I do not, of course, pledge SYLVANUS URBAN to such a sweeping statement, but circumstances having led me to the scene of the principal strikes of recent date, from that in Warwickshire to the one still extant at the Penrhyn Quarry, and imposed on me the duty of making an impartial and exhaustive inquiry into the condition of affairs, I am bound to state my belief that on the whole the men are worse rather than better for the temporarily successful agitation for higher wages which has been going on for the last two or three years. One reason why this should be is obvious. Step by step with the rise in wages, and sometimes in advance of it, the prices of the necessaries of life went up, and it is a matter of common notoriety that as far as purchasing power goes a shilling is not to-day worth more than tenpence as compared with the value of a shilling in 1870. The wages of labour are now everywhere on the decline, and the cost of some of the products of labour is lowered. But it is an unfortunate peculiarity of marketable articles in daily use that whilst extremely sensitive to the influence of enhanced cost of production they are much slower to feel the impetus of lower prices in the wholesale mart, and it will be some time before the necessaries of life are sold in retail shops at prices approaching those current before the great rise occurred.

But there is another reason which touches a deeper depth than this. The men have become unsettled, dissatisfied, and, in a word, demoralised. Instead of looking to themselves for help they have learnt to look elsewhere, as happened at Bethesda the other day, and on the slightest apparent provocation they are prepared to throw down the shovel and the hoe and go to what is sardonically called "play," whilst delegates parley and women and children starve. Lifelong habits of steady labour have in many cases succumbed to the temptation to dissipation offered by higher wages. Statistics show that during the prevalence of exceptionally high pay in the collieries and

mines the monthly output was seriously less, owing to the fact that the men, finding they could make a given sum in a less number of days, worked so much less time. The evidence of Mr. Menelaus, manager of the great Dowlais Iron Works, is worth listening to on this point. Speaking to the delegates of the South Wales colliers, at the Cardiff conference on New Year's Day, 1872, Mr. Menelaus frankly said :—"You workmen have taken to do less work, and, I am sorry to have to say it, worse work than formerly. You don't come to work on Monday, we see very little of you on Tuesday, and you think you do pretty well if you start fairly on Wednesday. But on the Wednesday many of you are in a condition that does not enable you to do your work as you once did. Take a fact as a proof of this. It takes a hundredweight more of pig iron to make a ton of rails than it did two years ago. You know what that means. It's bad work. Colliers do not do nearly as much work as they were used to do, though the hours of labour and the number of men employed are the same, and all the appliances of labour are equal. The cost of the manufacture of iron has gone up double in proportion to the advance in the price of the article, and it is evident that this is a state of things which cannot go much farther without coming to a disastrous stop. A coal owner told me the other day that with an equal number of men engaged he raised 30,000 tons of coal less than in the corresponding period of last year. We at Dowlais used to turn out 100,000 tons of rails a year, and I believe that next year we shall not make more than 70,000. And these are things that will be visited upon you, the representatives of labour in the collieries, for you may be sure that capital will seek other and more profitable outlets if this state of affairs is to be progressive and permanent."

Mr. Menelaus, addressing himself to the plain issue before him, naturally brought into prominence the part played by the men in prolonging the struggle and widening the breach. But I venture to assert that for a condition of affairs in which the workmen as a class find themselves worsted and disorganised, they may, for reasons already indicated, hold public opinion directly responsible. And now a fresh wrong is threatened from the same quarter. The public, wearied of the cause they lately espoused, are at the present epoch, like a child tired with a familiar toy, inclined to let unreasonable disgust succeed unreasoning partiality. The consequence of this defection is already manifest. Capital has turned back the whilome triumphantly advancing wave of Labour, and in the perpetual battle that has been waged with special ardour since 1871 the men, deserted by their allies, have been temporarily defeated all along the line.

# GREAT TOWNS AND THEIR PUBLIC INFLUENCE.

## V.—NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

SINGING of the deeds of William Rufus, Hardyng, the poetic chronicler, thus epitomises the origin of the modern town :—

> He buylded the Newcastell vpon Tyne
> The Scottes to gainstand and to defend,
> And dwel therin : the people to incline
> The town to build and wall as did append,
> He gave them ground and gold ful great to spend,
> To buylde it well and wall it all about,
> And fraunchised them to pay a free rent out.

Here we have the explanation of its present name. It was the New Castle built upon Tyne to gainstand the Scots, who then and for some centuries afterwards sadly troubled these rough borderers, and in turn were sadly troubled by them. During the whole of that fierce period of our history, when each man took who had the power and each one kept who could, every town in Northumberland—nay, every house—was fortified against the attacks of ever-watchful and predatory enemies.

But long before the eleventh century, when Rufus built his New Castle, the place was known in history, as from its admirable position it was likely to be. Commanding the Tyne, and well adapted for defence, it attracted the early inhabitants of the country, the dominating Romans, the restless Saxons, and the piratical Danes. We are ignorant of what the Britons did here, and by what name they called it, but we know that in about the year 120 Hadrian built a bridge over the Tyne, and that this was called Pons Elii, from Elius, the family name of that emperor. When the Romans departed it is believed that the Britons destroyed Pons Elii, that later on the Saxons settled close by, and that the settlement was called Pampedon or Pandon. Still later some Saxon monks established a monastery here and called the place Muneceaster or Monkchester. It was again destroyed by the Conqueror in 1072, to be rebuilt and renewed by his son as described by the poet Hardyng.

*Of the English and Scotch*, whose contests filled so long the local

annals and inspired so many of the noblest ballads in both tongues, including the immortal "Chevy Chase," of which so famous a judge as Sir Philip Sydney declared that he never heard it without his "heart being moved more than with a trumpet," we have a fine account from the pen of Froissart, written in the fourteenth century. It is brief, but eminently characteristic :—

Englishmen of the one party, and Scotsmen of the other party, are good men of war, for when they meet there is hard fight without sparing; there is no hoo* between them as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers will endure; but they lay on to each other, and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so on their deeds of arms, and are so joyful, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed ere they go out of the field; so that shortly each of them is so content with others that at their departing courteously they will say "God thank you"; but in fighting one with another there is no play nor sparing.

Thus Froissart helps us to understand how the character of the Newcastle people was formed, and to realise the kind of influence which they came to possess. Sturdy, resolute, careless of danger; long kept back from sharing in, or indeed knowing anything of, the amenities of life; they were trained in hardness from their childhood upwards. And so they are still the hardest, roughest, most independent, of the populations of any of our large towns. For myself, I like their sturdy manliness and their northern "burr," and can wait patiently for the coming of the long hoped for refinement which when its day arrives will, I trust, exact no penalty of effeminacy.

Newcastle is a tempting town to write about. It is rich in historical and antiquarian lore. But I must resist the voices of the tempters, and only present such an outline as will enable the reader to trace the sources and causes of its influence. Here is the first authentic mention of the coal trade of the town :—

"By his letters patents under the great seal of England, dated at Westminster the first day of December, in the three-and-twentieth year of his reign [1238], upon the good men of Newcastle's supplication," Henry [III.] "thought it fit to give them licence to dig coals and stones in the common soil of that town, without the walls thereof, in the places called the Castle-field and the Forth; and from thence to draw and convert them to their own profit, in aid of their said fee-farm rent of £100 per annum, and the same as often as it should seem good unto them; the same to endure during his pleasure."

In the reign of Henry IV. Newcastle was made a county in itself, and since that time has enjoyed all the privileges belonging

* No pause for parley or conference.

to a county, "rendering its fee-farm rent and other dues at the Exchequer through its own officer, without the intervention either of a Crown Bailiff or of the Sheriff of Northumberland."

Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce says :—

Under the first three Edwards Newcastle was the principal rendezvous of the vast armaments which were mustered by these princes for their expeditions into Scotland. The town frequently suffered from the ravages of war and pestilence. The rebuilding of the walls of the town and their frequent reparation during these reigns were a source of heavy outlay to the inhabitants. Newcastle was in these days the scene of some striking events. Here it was, in 1291, that King Baliol did homage to Edward I. for the crown of Scotland. In 1305 one of the quarters of Sir William Wallace was here exposed upon a gibbet. Here also, in 1333, Edward Baliol did homage for his crown to Edward III.

Leland, writing of Newcastle in the time of Henry VIII., says, "The strength and magnificens of the waulling of this town far passith al the waulls of the cities of England and of most of the towns of Europe."

The spirit of clanship excited by constant feuds with the Scots fostered a strong sentiment of loyalty to the reigning monarch. Newcastle was one of the few large towns enthusiastic in its support of Charles I. Its hereditary foes, the Scots, being engaged on the other side added to this enthusiasm, nor was it at all diminished by the fact that after David Lesley had won the battle of Newburn in 1640 he held possession of the town for a year. The inhabitants hated their covenanting enemies, and succeeded in buying them out on the payment of the, at that time, enormous sum of £60,000. From this time the town was held for the King until 1644, when after the battle of Marston Moor this "last bulwark of the royal cause in the North" was besieged for ten weeks by the Scots and finally taken. One of the glories of the town is the beautiful spire, 201 feet high, of the Church of St. Nicholas, and the history of its preservation during the siege is thus narrated by the local historian Bourne :—

There is a traditional story of this building I am now treating of, which may not be improper to be here taken notice of. In the time of the Civil Wars, when the Scots had besieged the town for several weeks, and were still as far as at first from taking it, the general sent a messenger to the Mayor of the town, and demanded the keys and the delivering up of the town, or he would immediately demolish the steeple of St. Nicholas. The Mayor and aldermen, upon hearing this, immediately ordered a number of the chiefest Scottish prisoners to be carried up to the top of the old tower, the place below the lantern, and there confined. After this they returned the general an answer to this purpose, that they would upon no terms deliver up the town, but would to the last moment defend it; that the steeple of St. Nicholas was indeed a beautiful and magnificent piece of

architecture, and one of the great ornaments of the town, but yet should be blown into atoms before ransomed at such a rate; that, however, if it was to fall, it should not fall alone; that at the same moment he destroyed the beautiful structure he should bathe his hands in the blood of his countrymen, who were placed there on purpose either to preserve it from ruin or to die with it. This message had the desired effect. The men were kept prisoners during the whole time of the siege, and not so much as one gun was fired against it.

Ben Jonson has made the tower and spire the theme for an enigma, which runs:—

> My altitude high, my body four-square,
> My foot in the grave, my head in the air,
> My eyes in my sides, five tongues in my womb,
> Thirteen heads upon my body, four images alone;
> I can direct you where the wind doth stay,
> And I time God's precepts twice a day.
> I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I am not;
> Tell me now what I am, and see that you miss not.

It was at Newcastle that the Scots handed over Charles I. to the forces of Parliament on the payment of £200,000 for their expenses in the war. Forty years later, however, Newcastle set itself against the attempts of James II. upon the civil and religious liberties of the kingdom. James had doubtless, remembering its past loyalty, calculated upon its support, but he was bitterly disappointed. Having taken away the charters of many cities and boroughs, and appointed "regulators" to conduct the elections, he hoped to secure a Parliament which would accede to all his measures and pass all his Bills. In his blind efforts to effect this end he had endeavoured to unite two most incongruous elements, and, by combining Roman Catholics and Dissenters, to defeat and subdue the Church. At Newcastle, as at other places, early in 1688 the "regulators" had appointed a Roman Catholic Mayor and Puritan aldermen. "No doubt," says Macaulay, "was entertained that the municipal body, thus remodelled, would vote an address promising to support the King's measures. The address, however, was negatived. The Mayor went up to London in a fury, and told the King that the Dissenters were all knaves and rebels, and that in the whole corporation the Government could not reckon on more than four votes." A few months later, on the arrival of the Prince of Orange in England, General Lumley seized Newcastle on his behalf, and he was welcomed by the people with delight and enthusiasm. In the midst of the popular excitement a fine statue of King James, which had been erected on a "lofty pedestal of marble," was pulled down and thrown into the Tyne.

From this time the Newcastle people remained unfriendly to the Stuarts. In the attempt made by the Pretender in 1715 to gain by arms a kingdom lost by tyranny, his followers hoped to surprise this important town, but they were disappointed. The people raised a body of 700 volunteers sworn to defend the place, and they walled up the gates with solid masonry.

Again, in the Stuart movement of 1745, Newcastle armed 3,000 volunteers to oppose the rebels; and the town "also became the rendezvous of about 15,000 well-equipped troops, with several parks of artillery." In fact it was the northern head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland and the Royalist army. We are enabled to look at Newcastle at this exciting period in its history through the eyes of an eye-witness. John Wesley visited the place about five o'clock on the 18th of September, 1745, and he found the "generality of the inhabitants in a state of consternation, news being just arrived that the morning before at two o'clock the Pretender had entered Edinburgh." On the next day he tells us the Mayor summoned all the householders to meet him at the Town Hall, "and desired as many of them as were willing to set their hands to a paper importing that they would at the hazard of their goods and lives defend the town against the common enemy." On the next day the townsmen were "ordered to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers." On the arrival of the news of General Cope's defeat on the 21st "orders were given for the doubling of the guard, and for walling up Pandon and Sally-Port Gates." At this crisis Wesley wrote to the Mayor explaining that his not waiting on him at the Town Hall "was not owing to any want of respect," much less to "any disaffection" to the King; but he knew not how far it might be necessary or proper to appear. "I have," he writes, "no fortune at Newcastle: I have only the bread I eat, and the use of the little room for a few weeks in the year. All I can do for His Majesty, whom I honour and love,—I think not less than I did my own father,—is this, I cry unto God, day by day in public and in private, to put all his enemies to confusion." And he exhorts all others to do the same.

From an entry in John Wesley's journal it appears that "the walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault." Many people, poor and rich, were quitting the town and taking their goods away. All the ensuing week the alarms continued, and the "storm seemed nearer every day." And on Friday and Saturday, the 27th and 28th, "many messengers of lies terrified

the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses, and arms." A man was arrested as a spy, and cut his throat, which, however, was sewn up, and he "lived to discover the designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented." And so day by day the confusion and terror lasted, and the preparations to meet an enemy which never came increased; until in January, 1746, Newcastle "witnessed the transit of the Duke of Cumberland, on his way to extinguish the rebellion on the field of Culloden."

Newcastle has from time immemorial been famous for the local liberties enjoyed by the inhabitants. The *customs* of Newcastle are mentioned in documents as early as the reign of Henry I. [1114—1122.] Professor Stubbs, in his "Illustrations of English Constitutional History," says, "The *consuetudines* mentioned so constantly in the charters of boroughs were the common or customary laws which had existed in them immemorially, and were amended from time to time, as bye-laws." These customs of Newcastle are, in fact, the *statutes* which the burghers were empowered to deal with in their own assemblies. The special liberties of the town indeed seem to have excited envy, for in the twenty-sixth year of Henry II. [1179], the men of Preston paid a sum of money to the King to have the same liberties as those of Newcastle.

The agitation on the Reform Bill of 1832 does not seem to have been so enthusiastic in Newcastle-on-Tyne as in some of the neighbouring towns, such as Durham and Darlington. There was a Northern Political Union, embracing the towns in the northern counties, which displayed considerable activity in creating a public opinion. On the rejection of the Bill by the Lords in 1831 a great meeting of the Union was held on the Town Moor to consider the steps necessary to be adopted to avert the impending crisis and to ensure the safety of the measure. A procession was formed to the Moor—the place where out-door meetings were held—the shops in Newcastle were closed, and flags and banners were hung out. The chair was occupied by Mr. Joseph Watson, who is still in practice as a solicitor in the town. Resolutions condemning the course taken by the Lords, and expressing the determination of those assembled not to cease their efforts until the Bill became law, were unanimously passed. Cheers were given for King William and Earl Grey, who were the popular idols of the day, and thus Newcastle added its voice to that of the nation in demanding Reform in Parliament.

After this meeting the voice of Newcastle in the Reform agitation

subsided. The Bill became law, and on August 14, 1832, the Northern Union celebrated the event by a public dinner in the Spital-field, which the Mayor, Mr. Archibald Reed, granted for the purpose. Accommodation was provided for a thousand persons, but not more than half that number attended, and the provisions left at the dinner were distributed to the poor on the following day. The failure of this feast must, however, be attributed to the fact that the cholera epidemic was raging fearfully at Newcastle at the time. In consequence of this visitation the Mayor recommended the abandonment of the proposed illumination of the town, and the illumination was abandoned.

Opinion must have been pretty well divided between the two political parties, for at the first election after the Reform Bill had passed, which took place in December, 1832, Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart., Liberal, and Mr. John Hodgson, Conservative, were returned, Mr. Charles Attwood, the second Liberal candidate, being rejected. The population of Newcastle at the time of the election was under 54,000; at the present time it is over 130,000.

The Reformers of the town erected a splendid monument to Earl Grey. It consists of a stone column of the Roman Doric order, of some 130 feet high, on the top of which is a statue of the noble earl. It was begun on September 6, 1837, and completed on August 24, 1838. The following is the inscription at the base of the column :—

This Column was erected in 1838 to commemorate the
Services rendered to his Country by
CHARLES, EARL GREY, K.G.,
who, during an active Political Career of
nearly Half a Century,
was the constant Advocate of Peace
and the Fearless and Consistent Champion of
Civil and Religious Liberty.
He first directed his efforts to the Amendment
of the Representation of the People in 1792,
and was the Minister
by whose advice and under whose guidance the great
Measure of Parliamentary Reform was,
after an arduous and protracted struggle,
safely and triumphantly achieved
in the year 1832.

The public influence of Newcastle has generally since the Reform Bill been exercised in favour of Liberal policy of Liberal Governments. During thirty-four years out of the forty-two which have

passed since that measure became law the borough has been represented in Parliament by Liberal members. In the last election various causes operated to change this state of things.

The balance of the influence of Newcastle on the education question has been in favour of the National League programme, as opposed to that of the National Union, and has been declared in favour of undenominational education. At the present, as regards that influence in the House of Commons, it is of course divided—Mr. Cowen voting with Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Hammond with Lord Sandon and Mr. Forster.

The Liberalism of Newcastle has generally been of the "advanced" or democratic type. The town has disputed with Birmingham the right to be considered the most democratic place in the kingdom. Birmingham points to the Reform agitation, the reception of Kossuth, and her consistent Liberalism for a period of nearly fifty years in approval of her claim to a distinction which of late but few towns cared to dispute. Newcastle is one of the few, and for nearly thirty years, with the present member, Mr. Cowen, for its leader, the democratic party in the town have exercised a large political influence. The Society of the Friends of Italy was strong and active in helping the exiles from that long-afflicted country. The Hungarian refugees also found friendly welcome and assistance among the Newcastle people. And towards the end of March, 1854, General Garibaldi arrived in the Tyne in charge of a fine merchant vessel, the *Commonwealth*, in which he had sailed from New York. It was proposed to hold a public demonstration in Newcastle in honour of the general, but this his innate modesty prevented him from accepting. A subscription was, however, at once begun on Tyneside, and was largely contributed to by the working men, for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial. On Tuesday, April 11, 1854, a numerous deputation met on board his ship, when Mr. Joseph Cowen presented the general with a magnificent gold-hilted sword and a large field telescope. In accepting it Garibaldi declared that "whatever might be the changes of fortune he had yet to encounter the sword he then held in his hand would never be prostituted by being employed in any other service but that of advancing the interests of humanity in opposition to those of despotism and wrong." Cheers were given for Italy and Garibaldi, and the health of Mazzini was drunk with "all honour."

The growth of the Tyne trade has been enormous, if not without parallel, during the last twenty years. Docks, ship-building yards, chemical works, and other manufactories crowd the banks on both

sides, from North and South Shields to Elswick, two miles above Stephenson's high-level bridge. The River Tyne Commissioners keep at work a constant service of dredging machines and lighters, by means of which the river is deepened, and the lifted clay is carried to sea and deposited there. Twenty years ago it was not uncommon for vessels of moderate burden to be left by an ebb tide stranded in the river to wait the next flow. Now the river gives a safe draught of twenty-four feet at full tide; while steamers and ordinary craft can ply at all hours. The chemical works find employment for numbers varying from 1,000 to 3,500 persons under each firm.

Sir W. G. Armstrong's ordnance and engineering works have already a river frontage extending for three-quarters of a mile, and over three thousand persons are engaged daily in the various shops. The Tyne at this, the west side of the town, is now being deepened, and the extensive island-meadows known as the King's Meadows, opposite Sir William's works, are being removed by the use of dredging machines. When this great work is accomplished the river will be very wide at this point, and it is publicly stated that the firm, Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., will establish additional and much larger smelting furnaces, and also begin the building of war ships. The enormous possibilities of production within the boundaries of these works alone will enable the firm to commence with the ore and the shaft at one end of their establishment, and to finish at the other end by turning afloat perfected war ships, engines, guns and all equipments complete.

It would be unpardonable to leave Newcastle and to say nothing of its high-level bridge, even at the cost of a paragraph of figures. This marvellous bit of engineering work, by which the Tyne can be crossed at a high level, is due to the genius of Robert Stephenson. "It consists"—I am quoting from that most excellent of local historians, Dr. J. Collingwood Bruce—"of six cast iron arches, supported upon piers of solid masonry. The length of the viaduct is 1,337 feet; length of the waterway, 512 feet; the height of it from high-water mark to the line of railway, 112 feet; and to the carriage way, 85 feet. The first permanent pile for forming the foundation of the bridge was driven into the river on October 1st, 1846, and the last key, closing the arches, was driven into its place on June 7th, 1849. The bridge was brought into ordinary use on the 4th February, 1850. The cost of the bridge itself was £243,096; the cost of the approaches to it, £113,057; the cost of the land required, £135,000; *making a total—for getting* through Newcastle—of £491,153—or

nearly half a million. The railway company are allowed by Act of Parliament to charge at the rate of three miles for carrying passengers across the river by this bridge. Foot passengers pay a toll of a halfpenny when crossing by the roadway, and a carriage drawn by one horse is charged threepence."

It is rather anomalous that a people who have given so many and such unmistakable evidences of great public spirit should have allowed the Free Libraries and Museums Act to have existed for twenty-four years before they adopted it. As in the case of Bristol, it is only in the present year that the burgesses have agreed to add free libraries to their other institutions for popular education.

Newcastle was a favourite place of the Founder of Methodism. In his journal is the following entry:—"June 4th, 1759—After preaching I rode on to Newcastle. Certainly if I did not believe there were another world I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness." Even those who do not share in the enthusiastic admiration of John Wesley may fairly find much to say in praise of this "hive of industry." But the Newcastle of to-day wears a different aspect from that of one hundred and fifteen years ago. It was then a picturesque town abounding in quaint half-timbered houses, the manufactories were few, and the smoke was not very dense. The people expressed their satisfaction at this state of things in the common saying, "Up with canny Newcastle and down with smoky Shields." But all this has been changed. Manufactories have sprung up, and smoke has followed. Enterprise has appeared and the old picturesque, but perhaps uncomfortable, half-timbered houses have disappeared. Mr. Richard Grainger found the town wood and left it stone. Through his enterprise the entire centre of Newcastle has been rebuilt. This extraordinary man was born in High Friar Street in 1798, and he rose from the ranks so rapidly that he built his own monument in the grandly altered aspect of his native town. Miss Martineau, in writing of this Northern worthy, says, "He enjoyed no special training for the great enterprise in which he was to engage. Any carpenter's or bricklayer's apprentice has as good a start in life as he. He proved himself to be possessed of talents of a high order, and to these he added persevering industry. His mind was a well-balanced one, and his temper calm. He was never in a hurry, never angry, never in an absent mood, and he never passed the humblest of his friends in the street without a recognition." This transformer of Newcastle died on July 4, 1861. "The whole town bewailed his departure."

With this paper I conclude my present examination of Great Towns and their Public Influence. It is a happy thing for England that there are still many other towns whose history deserves to be recorded, and whose influence on the growth of the nation has been great and beneficial. The power of self-government is the crowning characteristic and glory of Englishmen, and this power is fostered, strengthened, and made practical by the activity of provincial life. On the healthiness of that life the large liberty, the ever-increasing prosperity, and the intellectual development of the people mainly depend; and every true patriot will desire that the sources should be multiplied, and their power increased and perpetuated, for on the activity of our great provincial towns for good is based the present greatness and the future hope of the English empire.

SEXAGENARIAN.

# WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

## VIII.—PIKE-FISHING.

IT has been suggested to me that for once I should endeavour to confine my remarks to practical hints on the art, or some branch of the art, of angling. This request may be complied with all the more readily since, as I take pen in hand, I have to conjure before me a picture of dark, gloomy November. This will not be the first time in the history of mankind that virtue has been plucked out of necessity. Enthusiastic adorers of the beauties of nature may venture upon stretching a point to unusual limits, but they would overstep the mark sadly if they sought to glorify or find anything to laud in the month of short days and foggy nights.

> Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
> When corn and wine and oil abound?
> Yet who would choose, however gay,
> A year of unrenewed decay?

Who, indeed? Not the pike-fisher. Tourists have come home, like birds to their roosts; the Michaelmas daisies, in their pale funereal lavender, have had their day; the chrysanthemums have brilliantly brought up the rear of the year's floral march, the first fire has been kindled, and our lamps are trimmed for the winter campaign. Most people have cast aside thoughts of out-of-door delight, and settled down to routine pursuits till spring. But the pike-fisher suffers no interruption in his favourite pastime; rather after Michaelmas he looks forward to three months of prime sport. He has, supposing he began in August, seen the corn embrowned by the sun; has, standing by the river-side while the pike is taking its time in gorging the live bait, observed the reapers thrust in their sickles, and the women and children gather up the sheaves; has, while trudging through the lane that offers the shortest cut to the station, been compelled to turn into a gateway to give room for the passage of the harvest-home wain, from which he has plucked half a dozen ears of golden grain to bear home as a trophy; has seen the walnut-tree thrashed, and the apple orchard glowing with pyramids of mellow fruit; has noticed the bright patches of pale yellow in the branches of the elm-tree, and the rapidly changing hues of the

chestnut—first signs of the coming leaf-fall; has on the thatched roofs in the villages marked the assemblage of the swallow tribe, marshalling day by day until the final flight darkens the air; has, in the fields and hedgerows, observed the wild flowers reduced to a few stragglers fretting mournfully in the wind to follow the main gaily-uniformed army; has looked upon the quaker-like drab of the meads, the burning crimson of haw and hip, the bead-glimmering blackberry; has noted the rapid gradations of the bracken and fern from boldest green to faintest yellow; has admired the sturdy oak keeping up an appearance of vitality long after its compeers had succumbed, until with a few plucky withstandings of the blast it itself succumbed, shivering and heartbroken;—all these have been marshalled before his review, and he concludes that on the whole, though the autumn in its ripeness may be more beauteous than the uncertain spring and too hot-blooded summer, he would certainly not vote for a year of unrenewed decay: he knows that when the water-weeds begin to rot and drift away from their roots the fish move into deep water and are more amenable to piscatorial discipline than they were in the days when cover was plentiful.

Let us, therefore, court practical thought of the sport which yet remains when all else has been suspended. By November the last salmon and trout, to which I respectfully last month bore good will and faithful testimony, have fully retired into winter quarters and winter occupations, and the best that remains for the angler is the fresh-water shark and the grayling. Roach, dace, and perch are in good, some think the very best of condition in the late autumn months, but bottom-fishing in the cold and damp, while a fair test of devotion and hardihood, will reign over a comparatively limited constituency since there are—to adapt a simile from an old Puritan—fair-weather anglers as well as fair-weather Christians. Pike-fishing, therefore, stands far ahead on the catalogue of winter opportunities.

Even that sportsman who sneers at humbler members of the craft, and pretends to faint at the sight of a worm, condescends occasionally to make advances to the pike, and many are the country-houses where a Brobdingnagian specimen is encased as proof of the prowess of the squire, the captain, or his lordship. In their condemnation of "cockneys" the upper ten of the angling world do not include the wielder of trolling or spinning rod, though they may look askance at a bait-can. The pike, more even than salmon or trout, touches the fisherman nature, and makes us all kin. And this *for several and obvious* reasons. The fish is the largest of the

coarser denizens of our waters, and as such appeals to the sportsman who likes to kill something that cannot be whisked like a minnow over his shoulder; and there is always the possibility, although experience generally reduces the probability to a minimum, of a great prize to be remembered as long as he lives and handed down to posterity as a sacred heir-loom. The pike is, moreover, a heartless scoundrel who sticks at nothing; the laws relating to infanticide he regards not; and if some of the legends of our boyhood's books are truth, he is an ogre more atrocious than the late Fee-fi-fo-fum, who, we have been assured, drove a thriving trade in the bone-grinding business. He is the enemy of all other finsters, and rests not until he has worried and pouched everything within his reach. He is much more artful than some persons suppose him to be, and has to be captured with a considerable amount of guile, and if taken in a sportsmanlike manner (of which more presently) battles fairly for his life. A ferocious fish of prey, he merits no mercy, for he gives none, and is of the class which is doomed to perish by the weapon by which it lives. He is furthermore abundant in most waters, especially in England, and the Government as yet have not protected him with licence. Finally, to stop short in an enumeration which might easily be extended, he is, numerous assertions to the contrary, worthy of respect as an article of food. It might be urged that his appearance— his wolfish eyes and sharkish jaws—are against him; but what would become of us, good Reader, if we were each and all judged by our looks? Besides, I have said enough to prove how and why the pike should be every angler's game.

Think kindly of *Esox Lucius*, if only for the quaint stories—aye, and truly wonderful stories—to which he has from time immemorial given rise. It has been said that he is bred from weeds by the help of the sun's heat; that men and maids have been attacked by him; that he has lived through two generations; that he flew at a mule coming down to drink and maintained a bull-dog grip until, dragged out, the mule's owner took him off; that he has fought duels with otters for carp captured by the latter; that he possesses a natural balsam or antidote against all poison; that a watch with a ribbon and two seals attached was taken by an astonished cook out of his capacious maw; that in a pool about nine yards deep, which had not been fished for ages, a pike was, amidst hundreds of spectators, drawn out by a rope fastened round his head and gills, which pike weighed *one hundred and seventy pounds*, and had previously pulled the clerk of the parish into the water; that fox cubs and waterfowl have been received at one fell bolt into his capacious maw. This

and more also, is it not written in that best of all Waltonian chronicles —the edition enriched by the experience of "Ephemera"? And it is hard to say what is true and what false when the voracity of the pike is the question under consideration. Stories almost as marvellous as any of the above you may hear to the present day, vouched for as true by modern anglers. At the first blush you laugh to scorn the narration which gives the weight of a pike at 170 lb.—a pretty sensational maximum as things go; but judging from the rate of growth, constitution, and general character, there is no reason for drawing the hard and fast line at say thirty pounds. I have perfect faith in the oft-repeated assurance that in Holland, Germany, and Ireland fish up to sixty pounds may be—of course as exceptional examples—met with. Still, if the pike-fisher can *average* captives of eight pounds he has no reason to complain, and from what I have seen during the last year or two I suspect there are far too many anglers who are not ashamed to take and exhibit jack amongst which a miserable two-pounder is the premier sample.*

Not the least source of pleasure to the pike-fisher is the opportunities which now and then fall in his way of visiting the parks of English landowners where the waters are strictly preserved. Such water usually takes the form of ornamental lakes, placed where it shall add new charm to the tall ancestral trees of the fair estate. I have in my mind's eye at the present moment one of these sheets of water where I have had the privilege to fish and shoot, and where the abounding sport at hand has been not more enjoyable than the beautiful scenery and interesting historical associations. On one side the trees not only grow by the waterside, but hang over the lake in dense foliage always mirrored in the surface, and always lending new colour to it. Opposite stands an ancient rookery, from which, before the tender May leaves have become too fully developed, many a young cawer is tumbled out by a party of sportsmen, mostly farmers and tradesmen from the nearest town, who are permitted on two given days every year to hold a rook-shooting festival. A little to the rear of a level bright-green lawn,

* In an angling club room in Shoreditch there is preserved the produce of one gentleman's rod in a single day. On reaching a nobleman's park in Kent he found the lake he was privileged to fish frozen, with the exception of one small sheltered corner, and more for the sake of not plodding back through the snow without a trial than from any expectation of sport he here threw in a live bait. Before he left the lake he had taken fish of the following weights:—18lb. 14oz., 28lb., 9lb. 5oz., 8lb. 9oz., and 5lb. 5oz.; and five splendid fish they are even in *their stuffed state.*

smooth as a billiard-table when newly mown by the noisy machine, half-hidden by hoary-trunked beeches stand the ruins of a castle that was in its heyday in Queen Elizabeth's time, and whose remains are now picturesque and covered by luxuriant ivy. Owls dwell there, bats in the summer time wheel in and out of the dusky remnants of goodly arches. Pull your boat into the middle of the lake, and look away to the south-east. Look beyond the home park as soon as you have ceased to admire that peerless herd of Channel Islands cattle, whose representatives have worn red, blue, and yellow ribbons at famous agricultural shows. They *are* cattle, although you may be deceived by their sleek beauty into believing them to be deer. The deer are the specks that dot the green slope beyond the moat and fence which keep them to their own haunts, and on the crest, crowned by forest trees of every kind, is the spot I wish you to observe. This is where Oliver Cromwell is said to have surveyed the ground and planned his attack; and not far from yonder boat-house is a bit of broken ground where he planted his rude cannon and pounded away with partial success upon the castle. For a mile the lake thus extends amidst the scenery typical of English country life, scenery which cannot be matched in the wide world,—the scenery of an English gentleman's hereditary estate.

Were I owner of such a fair piece of water each recipient of permission to fish it should be bound strictly to certain rules:—1st. No fishing till the 1st of October. 2nd. All fish under four pounds to be returned to their native element. 3rd. An appeal as from one gentleman to another, that should (as will happen) the fish be ravenous to incredibility, some forbearance shall be shown respecting the quantity taken.* And, 4thly, and very positively, no gorge hooks, for either live or dead bait, shall under any circumstance be allowed. This last, I am aware, would be a severe rule, but it would apply to every one alike and would be absolutely necessary if the smaller fish are to be returned to the water. Snap-fishing is the fairest and most sportsmanlike way of capturing pike; and though it would be too much to say that it is the only method a real sportsman would adopt, it is the artistic thing to do.

It may appear strange after this—but what is there in this inconsistent world more inconsistent than human nature?—to sing the

* It is no secret to London pike anglers that last year three gentlemen, to whom the owner of a lake in a Bedfordshire park had kindly given liberty to fish, found the pike wildly voracious, and killed *three hundredweight* in one day. There is no water in the country that will stand wholesale slaughter of that description.

praises of trolling with the dead gorge, and to confess that in eight expeditions out of a dozen it is the mode to which I give preference. In this I am dealing only with rivers governed by no such rules as the above. If the gorge hook were prohibited no one would more cheerfully adhere to the regulation than myself, but where the majority of anglers use it, it would be an unnecessary self-denial to place oneself at a disadvantage with one's fellows. It can scarcely be gainsaid that trolling is the pleasantest and surest fashion in pike-fishing. It is pleasantest because it offers the advantage of perpetual motion with the minimum of toil; it is surest because you can cover more ground, and go to the fish instead of leaving the fish to come to you.

Many experienced men maintain that more fish are taken by spinning; on the whole, however, and taking one day with another, this I have not found to be the case. There are times when the fish lie close and lazy in holes and nooks, and where the spinning flight passes above them or at too great a distance to tempt them, in their then state of mind, from their shelter. They are like Mr. Gladstone with the House of Lords; they think once, twice, and even thrice, and by that time, lo! the bait has been whisked out of reach and sight. The dead fish dropped carefully, and in an artistically up and down movement, to their own level and immediately before them, leaves no time for reflection. Their sharklike instincts prompt an instantaneous dart, and the murderous jaws snap in a minute across the middle of the bait. True, after being retained and run hither and thither you may be mortified to find your free gift rejected and returned to your hands mangled, but you have had the excitement of the "run," which is not the less exciting because it is succeeded by the blank of disappointment. You may, and you naturally do, condemn yourself into thinking that had you been spinning the fish would have been yours; why not, in the absence of proof to the contrary, console yourself with the reflection that he lay *perdu* between two banks of weeds either of which would have caught your triangles, to your loss of time and perhaps property?

There is more variety in trolling than spinning. To spin at all successfully you must keep up a certain uniform speed, and where there are weeds (the normal condition of pike waters) you cannot work very near the bottom. The troller has therefore more to study, and must regulate the rate at which he moves his bait by the colour of the water, the strength of the current, and the force of the wind. He may pause now and then to look about him, and dawdle in his employment. The spinner must slacken not, neither must his eyes

wander from his line. Take a couple of men who have been pursuing the different methods during the day, and examine the left-hand forefinger of each, and it will be strange if the spinner cannot produce certain red, raw diagonal stripes as witnesses to the truth of my argument. Sometimes you will find it necessary to let the bait at every cast touch and for a moment rest upon the bottom, at others you may impart to it a spinning action. Trollers often make the mistake of working with too much haste, and others fall into the opposite extreme. The middle course here, as in most human affairs, pays best.

Trolling has many of the advantages of fly-fishing. With your bag to your back, your gaff stuck into your girdle, you may move through the enemy's country unencumbered with baggage, free to come and go, to keep on or to halt, as inclination may suggest and occasion require. Booted to the thigh in trolling equipment, with nothing more than your trace book, bait box, flask, and waterproofs over the shoulder, there is nothing after fly-fishing so pleasure-giving as to wander by the side of a river with a light trolling rod in your hand. In some parts of the Midland district the anglers use a singular rod of not more than nine feet long for trolling. It is quite stiff, which I take to be a fault, but the owner can throw an immense distance and quite accurately with it. The chief objection to this weapon is that it is useful for nothing else except live bait fishing with the gorge.

And then how conveniently that little interval when the "run" is under weigh comes in! The angler never fills his pipe so proudly, so serenely, so full of hope and determination as, after satisfying himself that the line is free in the rings, and the winch handle clear of obstacles, he lays down the rod to allow the candidate for his gaff to pouch in undisturbed confidence. If the run comes to nothing he does not give up in despair. Perhaps the points of the hook have not been rank enough, perhaps too rank, perhaps the lead has been felt and the fish rendered suspicious. He therefore tries him a second time with a brighter bait, and should he still refuse thinks no more of the matter.

There are a few primary conditions which may be insisted upon in pike-fishing at all times, and more particularly as regards trolling. The tail of the bait should always be closely tied and the protruding spines cleanly cut off. A slovenly angler loses half the battle. The veteran jack-fisher whose pupil I was proud to be, and who has sworn by trolling as against spinning for half a century with unfailing success, would never fix loop to swivel until the gills as well as the

tail were neatly tied under the shanks of the hook, and certainly if the slight amount of extra trouble this gives does little good, it can do no harm. But I have met with several instances where, for want of this little nail, the shoe has been lost. Again, never treat the pike family as if they were arrant fools. We take it too much for granted that anything will do for pike and perch. Thus it is amazing to behold the clumsy gimp and massive tackle used, fair weather and foul, by men whom you would reasonably expect to have more discretion. In clouded water use anything that comes uppermost, but under unfavourable circumstances as much care should be taken as with the more wary fish. Walk along close to the edge of a pike water and see how at your approach the fish rush away. Instead of assuming that the pike fears and cares for nothing, act always as if he were shy as a carp, and you lose nothing, while the certainty is that you will be a frequent gainer.

To keep as far from the water as possible, at first at any rate, is a precaution I would recommend to every one. Begin with a cast that is really no cast at all; that is to say, noiselessly drop—not throw—the bait as near the bank as you can, then begin to cast in successive lengths at will. The man who thus approaches water which has been unapproached on the same day stands an excellent chance of making acquaintance with the prowlers who have come to the shallows for the small fry. More pike in an ordinarily deep river are taken in this way within six feet of the shore than further afield. Then as to gorging. Very whimsical are the notions prevailing on this head. I know of many persons who literally take out their watches at the first signal of a run, and be the movement of a fish what it may, strike home as soon as ten minutes have elapsed. A very old young gentleman I could name gives precisely fifteen minutes' grace. Now, it is indisputable that if the fish has gorged there is no danger of losing him, but this waste of time in a short winter's day is quite unnecessary if the habits of the creature be sufficiently studied. And it is equally true that quantities of fish are lost by striking too soon. Most experienced trollers I think will agree with me that if the gorging process be not complete in a quarter of an hour it will never be effected; *Esox Lucius* is only making sport of you, instead of you of him.

Hit or miss I always proceed thus :—Tug, tug, and a rush. That is a run. The fish may stop soon, or he may run fifty or a hundred yards. The assumption may usually be taken, however, that a pike is not far from his temporary lair, and I very much question whether *when the line unreels* at great length the fish has not swallowed the

bait almost at a gulp. However, there is the run, and the fish has stopped. Should he after a very brief pause move off, and stop again, only to continue his journey after another momentary halt, the run is not over. By-and-by one, two, three, five minutes pass with no further movement except a scarcely perceptible vibration of the line, should there be little or no slack out. Whenever the fish now moves off after a steady halt I tighten, strike very gently, and winch in. This, like any other suggestion, may fail in application, but I have found it in the main reliable. Quite as often as not the entire transaction of run, pouch, strike, and capture might be effected within five or eight minutes.

Live baiting is a deadly operation sometimes, and an exciting one if the bait is affixed to snap-tackle—that is to say a small hook thrust under the back fin and one or two triangles (one on each side) hanging level with or slightly below the belly. On lakes, or broad rivers where a thirty-yard cast is desirable, it requires not a little skill to haul in the line until you have the requisite tautness for striking, because striking at these times must be sharp. This style of fishing in a narrow river abounding with deep holes which can be brought nearly under the point of the rod is wonderfully good sport, and figuratively as well as literally above board. Dace for live baiting, as for spinning and trolling, are immeasurably beyond roach, gudgeon, or trout as baits, and next to dace a large gudgeon will be found most lively and hardy. Salmon gut with a fine length of gimp attached to the hook will take fish when other devices fail, and twisted gut with the same precaution against sharp teeth is used by the best anglers.

The use of the live gorge hook threddled under the skin suits the idle man, or the unskilful, to the letter. Open confession compels me to admit that I often fall back upon it, but never without a guilty feeling, for after all it is next door to poaching, and you are for the time a mere trimmer-fisherman.* No pot-hunter should be, nor ever is,

* Norfolk, which used to be one of the best pike counties in England, is being ruined for the angler by the wholesale "liggering" or trimmer-fishing practised there. The famous broads on the eastern side are subject to a wholesale system of poaching. Here is an instance. In 1873 a party of men obtained permission to fish a private broad, and set out from the capital city with an immense supply of live baits and a cargo of trimmers. They never put rod together, scorning such a namby-pamby fashion of fishing. Within a couple of hours between eighty and ninety trimmers were bobbing upon the surface of the water, and for the remainder of the day the men were incessantly occupied in rowing from trimmer to trimmer and hauling in the spoil. The fish happened to be in one of those hungry humours I have referred to on a previous page, and at the end of the day the "sportsmen" were compelled to hire a farmer's cart to take home

without it. There is no skill connected with a process where the fish does all the work. It has not the excuse of trolling, in which the chief art is how to find your fish. The live bait wriggles and swims, the jack comes from near or far, and after inspection takes it. After the lapse of the usual time you haul in and lift him into the boat. Compare his feeble attempts to escape with the play given by a fish hooked only in his horny, prickly mouth. There is no comparison, and when you hear men lamenting that in this sort of live baiting they have been "broken away"—that is the regulation phrase—you know without further thought how to estimate their skill as anglers. Assuming that every pike-fisher deserving the name subjects his line, traces, swivels, and hooks to a smart testing strain before he begins, and that they are of ordinary strength, it is difficult to conceive how a pike with a couple of hooks deep in his gullet tearing at his vitals can, with ordinary patience, break violently away. Grant the fellow time and he may be turned up like a log.

Herein again I confess to preaching where I do not always practise. Last Allhallows Day I had the opportunity of fishing a small lake under the Chiltern hills. There had been a remarkably sharp frost for that time of the year, and there was, over the narrow mouth of the lake, ice a third of an inch thick, which took full half an hour to cut through with a boat. The morning was a simple blank. Dace curled by the best spinning flights to be procured, artificial gudgeon and minnows, and spoon bait, were tried, and there was not a sign of success. The luncheon hour found us weary and despairing: a live roach was then tried with the usual gorge hook, whose gimp was passed under the side skin out of the mouth. Before the cold meat was out of the napkin the float went off like an arrow, and this proved a keynote to which a rattling tune was played. Not only was the afternoon's sport good, but the surroundings were themselves most delightful. The keeper was out with his dogs and punt shooting wild ducks, and as the birds took a good deal of shooting, and the fowler did not stop until he had four brace, besides a couple of coots, there was plenty to look at between the disappearances

---

the booty. At a loss to know how to dispose of the quantity, they sold it in open market at twopence per pound. By accident the owner of the broad, next morning, passed by the stall, and was naturally arrested by the novel sight. When he carelessly inquired where the fish came from, and was informed—for the fellows had *not the* cunning to keep their own counsel—that they were the *representatives of his own* domain, his astonishment and anger may be imagined.

of the great crimson float. Another source of observation was the effect of the frost upon the trees.

> It shook the sere leaves rom the wood
> As if a storm passed by.

The wind was a mere breath, and that at fitful intervals, but whenever the breath came, like a passing sigh, the rustling of the leaves which had been stricken by the frost, and the tremor and haste of their flight to the ground, were most curious to behold. In the morning the bit of lawn between the keeper's house and the landing steps was bare: in the evening it was ankle deep in the leaves shed by the horse-chestnut trees. Of my "take" I will only say that a new rush basket had to be purchased to convey it to town, and that some unknown friend thought it worth a paragraph in the columns of a certain sporting journal. During the day, at another end of the lake, a party of merry gentlemen had been laughing and shouting and singing, so much so that it never occurred to me that they could be prospering much with their rods. They had scarcely moved from one spot, but they came in at dusk with seventy pounds of fish between them.

Spinning demands, last, but as I have already observed, not least, some notice. There are several kinds of flights recommended as superior to any others, but so long as the bait spins and there is something dangerous at the vent of the bait—there or thereabouts—it does not signify much. A large strong triangle at the end of a short length of gimp, passed into the vent and out of the mouth of the bait, is used at all times by various friends of my own, who declare it surpasses every invention that has been devised. Others give the palm to a succession of the most terrible triangles; others use nothing but artificial baits. They are all good in their way, and all worth a trial. The pike-fisher's box should contain two or three flights for natural bait, a spoon, a large phantom minnow, and a medium sized artificial dace; having this, he need not remain at home because the bait-can has returned empty from the tackle-shop. Spinning from boat or bank does not require the extreme length of line supposed by some to be necessary, and young beginners may to an erroneous conception of what is here essential trace the inextricable tangles which act so prejudicially against the temper and which bring their bait round about their ears instead of twenty yards off as they had fondly hoped. Let it never be forgotten that a *short* line cleanly cast, and a bait splashing little, and spun back well *under* hand, are more effective a hundred times than a sensational

hurl into space; also that to clear the water, and render yourself able to stand close to the edge, a preliminary cast right and left about a yard from and parallel with the bank should be essayed. Where rushes fringe the river this precaution should not be omitted. Time and practice alone make a good spinner, and there are veteran anglers who, chiefs at trolling, are in the last rank as spinners. On the other hand, a masterful spinner is more likely to be an effective troller.

Spinning may not be the pleasantest or surest, but there can be no hesitation in pronouncing it the most artistic method of pike-fishing. But there is spinning and spinning, and many men delude themselves into the fancy that their clumsy wobbling is the correct thing. The best spinner is he who, like Caleb Plummer, goes as near to nature as possible. Spinning makes you so independent of the bait nuisance. Procuring bait, dead or alive, is, as many of my readers will ruefully admit, frequently a more formidable undertaking than getting the pike, and to travel a distance either in train or dogcart, on foot or on horseback, with a can full of splashing fish that will give up the ghost unless the water be continually changed, is a penalty and not a pleasure. The various spoonbaits, phantom fish, shadowy fancies, and well made imitations of a more substantial nature, are so numerous and cheap, and answer the purpose so well, that the spinner may laugh at contingencies which give infinite trouble to trollers and live baiters. The fish has a better chance also, and the fisherman meanwhile is able to exercise a very summary jurisdiction. However, on the question of pike-fishing, opinions will always differ, and pike-fishers, touching the respective methods which this sketch has suggested, will, let me hope, agree to differ with that urbanity and gentleness of spirit which characterise them.

A serio-comic incident which occurred to me once upon a time I cannot forbear recounting. Hearing that in the small reservoirs attached to some print works near Manchester there were pike, I soon procured the manufacturers' permission, and started off from the metropolis of cotton-dom with nothing but an artificial trout as bait. It had never been remarkable for its perfection, and after long use had become battered out of all shape and colour. All the reservoirs but one were carefully spun over with the unlikely machine to no purpose. In the last a fish beyond doubt struck at it four times in succession, and mightily puzzled was I that nothing more productive had resulted. An inspection, however, showed that the loose triangles over the shoulder had not a sharp point between them, and it became necessary with a bit of thread, and in a very rough-and-

ready manner, to substitute for them the tail triangle. At the next spin I hooked my gentleman—a long, gaunt, wretchedly-coloured fish, with a body as thin as a hake's. Not another "touch" was received during the remainder of the afternoon, and I departed with my famine-stricken wretch in the basket. Three months later at a junction railway station in Lancashire I fell into conversation with a homeward-bound party of anglers whose rods and baskets I considered sufficient warrant for self-introduction. In the course of conversation I told the story of the starved pike, starved as I was now able to say, for I had dissected him to discover the cause of his preternatural lankiness. A middle-aged man broke forth into lamentation—

"Eh! mon, and wur it thee that tuk it? Aw looved yon fish gradely, that aw did."

To the end of my days I may not forget the pathetic melancholy of that man's tone and countenance. After he had mourned in silence awhile I brought him round—by the aid of the refreshment counter—and the murder was out. In one of his fishing trips at holiday time he had captured a pikelet while fishing for roach, had brought it home, deposited it in the reservoir, and fed it tenderly. The pike throve, and, according to his narrative, some intimacy sprang up between them; he saddened as he remembered how the fish would come to the side to be fed, and firmly believed that it knew as well as he did when Easter and Whitsuntide and a consequent glut of gudgeon and minnows drew near. By-and-by the man lost employment, and in his absence his wife, who had always personally disliked "t' varmint," left it to its own resources. During that unlucky interval my ruthless and fatal hand robbed the reservoir of its one inhabitant, and that inhabitant of its miserable life. The one comfort left to Tim Bobbin was that the dark uncertainty as to its fate had been removed from his mind by my casual appearance on the junction platform.

RED SPINNER.

# A Rambling Story.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Iron Cousin," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.

## PART VI.

IN the calmer moments that ensued upon our blissful assurance of mutual affection, Lady Gertrude made me recount every detail of the extraordinary chances by which I had constantly come into contact with persons and circumstances which accumulated so many points of connection between us, and had so powerfully excited my feelings towards herself. She was never weary of questioning and re-questioning, and I was as little tired of satisfying her inquiries. In turn I drew her to tell me some of the events which had awakened her interest in me, and to relate such particulars as should explain the curious mistake by which she had been led to believe me to be Maurice Darwin.

"You are insatiate, like all your sex," she playfully said, "where proofs of your power and evidences of your being beloved are concerned; but once admit that single simple fact, all the rest follows of course; once allow you to know that you have won a heart, and you never give it peace until you learn the extent of your mastery over its very impulse, emotion, and inclination. Well, let me indulge your curiosity once for all, that I may earn exemption from catechising ever after."

"I promise nothing on that score," I answered, laughing. "I reserve to myself the right of inquisition, so long as the heart does not shut itself against my loving claim to know its every thought; meantime, tell me all its earliest hints of liking towards him who was to be its proud possessor."

"I am afraid it gave treacherous evidence of having yielded to the first impression made upon its foolish, grateful nature; I believe it surrendered—at *in*discretion—to the assault made upon its womanly weakness by that brave, noble-looking stranger who snatched me from impending death, with an air modest and respectful as though he had achieved a very nothing, while all the time he had not only effected my rescue, but had stolen himself into my favour."

"*Had he but known* it!" I exclaimed.

"You would have been more intrepid even than you were; and yet you wanted not audacity, as it was. Catching a strange lady in your arms, and thieving her heart through her eyes with your own bashful-reverent gaze, was tolerably forward for a first step in acquaintance. Well, I shall not tell you how my thoughts were haunted by that gaze—it is too exultingly fixed upon me now; I shall not tell you how vainly I sought to banish it from my recollection, or how, finding this impossible, I gave way to the growing influence it possessed and yielded my spirit to its ever-increasing hold upon my feelings and imagination. I was at this stage of my—my heart-straying—when I chanced to go with a party of friends to a private view of some paintings that were preparing for exhibition; it was by gaslight, just before the opening of the exhibition, and many of the students and artists were at work upon their pictures, giving them the last few finishing touches. In one of the young men painting there, so intently and absorbedly that he never raised his eyes once from what he was about, I recognised my deliverer from the restive carriage-horses in Hyde Park. I watched him quietly for some time, but he took no note of the company—he was wholly engrossed in his picture. I even advanced near enough to him to look at the subject of the painting upon which he was engaged, but he was too deeply occupied to be distracted, although my breath almost touched the clusters of hair upon his shoulder."

"Obtuse! Inapprehensive! How could I be so lost to all sense of your presence?"

"You were entirely devoted to your mistress, Art," smiled Lady Gertrude, "and had no eyes for mortal women. You never turned, and I stood carefully still and motionless beside you; but soon I was recalled to myself by the approach of my party, who carried me away into another room, and we shortly after left the painting-school. I attended the exhibition immediately it opened, but to my great disappointment the picture was not there. I had built my hope on ascertaining the artist's name from the catalogue, and now I had lost all apparent chance of learning who he was. But one day, not long after, as I was driving through a by-street, my eye was attracted by a painting in a picture-dealer's shop, which I instantly recognised for the one I had seen you working upon that evening at the painting-school."

I repressed the exclamation that arose to my lips, and suffered Lady Gertrude to proceed.

"At the very moment of my perceiving the picture I saw two young men issue arm-in-arm from the door of the picture-dealer's shop, in one of whom I recognised the young artist who had—who

was—in short, who seemed destined to rob me of that half-lost heart we were speaking of. I was unable that day to pursue my inquiry, but on the following morning I drove to the picture-dealer's, that I might possess myself of the painting and of the artist's name at the same time. I found the picture gone, but I took courage to ask the painter's name, and was told that it was Maurice Darwin. How could I doubt? I had seen him at work upon this very picture, and I had seen him leave the shop where it was exposed for sale."

"You saw me leave the shop arm-in-arm with Maurice Darwin, who was, in truth, the painter of that picture. It was by an accident that I came to work upon it at all, but I recollect the circumstance perfectly. Maurice, eager to finish his picture in time for the exhibition, worked at it night and day, with the permission of the directors; but that particular night my friend had some unavoidable engagement, and I undertook to supply his place as well as I could, by his own request, that the picture might still advance during his enforced absence. But our efforts were in vain, the picture was not finished in time, and it was not exhibited after all. He sent it to the picture-dealer's, where it obtained a purchaser, and also led to the strange occurrence of your believing my name to be one which I have a thousand times envied in its hold upon your thoughts. I shall never lose that jealous burning at my heart with which I used to discover your tenderness for the name of 'Maurice Darwin,' until I know that 'Sydney Hamilton' has obtained an equally fond place in your regard."

"Encroacher! you know but too well that it was himself, and not his name, I saw when I traced those words which met your eye at the forest cottage; that it was himself, and not his name, dwelt in my fevered fancy when my lips murmured those syllables; that it was his image, and not his name, which possessed my heart and wrung it into anguish when I saw the printed sentence which proclaimed his marriage with another."

"With my sister—with Helen Hamilton."

"It was the knowledge of that marriage which enabled me to acquire so much firmness and ease in receiving you here lately. When Mr. Maynard mentioned 'a young English artist,' I felt a conviction that it must be yourself, knowing you to be in Venice, and having recognised you at the masked ball. Upon his giving 'Sydney Hamilton' as your name, I concluded that you had adopted your wife's to travel with, and upon seeing you I found that I was right as to your identity. The touch of vexation I felt that *you should have* chosen to be introduced under a false name

naturally abated under the influence of your own presence. The soul of integrity and honour, the spirit of a true gentleman, shone forth unmistakably in your every look and word, and aided the knowledge I had of your being married in giving me power to treat you with familiar confidence, to feel towards you as a valued, gratefully-esteemed friend. I cherished this calmer feeling, believing that all other was hopeless, and I rejoiced to find that my heart could take pride and delight in knowing and admiring you, without a thought that I could be dearer to you than one whose life you had saved, and therefore for whom you felt some interest and regard; but you taught me to think that—that"——

"That I loved you, that I could not be content without your love in return; and unless you give me proof that you can love Sydney Hamilton as you have loved Maurice Darwin, I shall never be able to believe that you do not still feel love for him, and only the friendly esteem for me which you just now owned. I have too long endured an aching torture of jealousy for your fond regard towards that name not to desire strong evidence of your entertaining the same feeling towards mine. Nay, I almost doubt whether you will ever accord it those privileges you bestowed on its rival. How can I hope that hand will trace in loving reverie or those lips repeat in tender murmurs my own poor name?"

"Sydney—Sydney Hamilton—*my* Sydney," was breathed in tones that vibrated to my heart's core; I thanked the dear mouth that uttered them, as I ventured to pursue my advantage.

"Prove your regard for the name by making it your own," I urged passionately; "exchange your noble one for the artist's humble one. Be all generous. Crown the inestimable gift of your love by the bounteous gift of your hand. Give me yourself, let me call you wife, and grant me the proud right to shield you from tyranny by substituting the love and protection of a husband for the despotic rule of an austere guardian."

"My uncle! Lord Haughtonhurst!" exclaimed Lady Gertrude, her cheek turning pale and her eye timidly glancing round. "I have been so lost in an entrancing dream that I had forgotten his very existence; he will return, he will discover all, he will force me from my chosen husband!"

She trembled violently and again looked hurriedly and alarmedly about her; then, recovering firmness, she drew herself to her full height and said, with a quiet, determined majesty of womanhood—

"But that he shall not do; that he shall never do; no force shall compel me to disavow my preference, or yield my right of uncon-

trolled choice in love, now that I know my love is nobly placed. Dear Sydney, I am free to accept your suit. I am of age; the law cannot constrain me to obey my guardian longer. I am my own mistress now, my minority having ceased some weeks since, and I am at liberty to bestow my hand as my heart dictates. It is yours, and no weak, habitual dread of one who has been more a master than a kinsman to his orphan niece, shall prevent my redeeming my pledged word."

"Let me claim your promised trust at once, let me receive this dear hand fast in mine, before your guardian returns to exercise his unjustifiable dominion. You have a right to dispose of yourself without consulting his will; better do this now than brave his opposition later. Once married, your uncle can have no power to interfere between yourself and your wedded husband. Assert your right of choice by taking the man your heart has selected to be your devoted lover, friend, and protector through life; confirm his happiness, while you confide your own to his keeping from this time forth."

The sweet face looked no denial, the gentle lips uttered none, and I took the soft silence for compliance.

When I quitted her that day, it was with the understanding that I should consult Mr. Maynard upon the means of having the marriage performed with the utmost possible privacy, and I was on my way to his house for this purpose when I heard my name called from a passing gondola. Upon nearing it and recognising the person who had challenged me, who should I behold but Cuthbert Woodley! I fear my first idea, on seeing him, was not so much pleasure at the meeting as joy at the thought that he was a Protestant clergyman. I sprang into his gondola, seized his hand, and overpowered him with exclamations of welcome.

"My dear Woodley! My dear friend, what blessed chance brings you to Venice, in the name of all that is wondrous and delightful? I am not only overjoyed to see you for your own sake, but for the sake of a favour I have to ask at your hands."

"You double the pleasure of this unexpected meeting, Hamilton; tell me in what way I can be useful to you. You are associated with one of the happiest moments of my life—when the good-hearted Sir John forgave me for having made his daughter my wife without his leave."

"And now I want a like good office from you, my dear Woodley; I want you to overlook my having stolen a lady's affections and persuaded her to consent to a secret union; and moreover, I want you to perform the part of pastor and father in one, and to give me my *wife yourself—to marry* us."

"You are not serious, Hamilton?" he said in his quiet way, which was in curious contrast with my laughing, excited manner; "and yet, when I look at your dancing eyes and your whole air of triumphant happiness, I know not what to think."

"Come with me to my rooms," I said, "and I will try and tell you soberly and sedately all my glad story; and you shall relate to me the occasion of your sudden visit to Italy."

"My brief good fortune is soon narrated," answered Mr. Woodley. "I have had a considerable legacy left to me, and the bequest entailed the necessity of my coming to Venice. But now let me know the particulars of your good fortune."

"It transcends yours as much as a woman who contains all wealth of beauty and goodness in her own person surpasses any sum of legacy-money that ever fell to the share of mortal man! I have won her to forget my many imperfections in my sole great love, and to give me her countless perfections in her own self. I rely upon your friendly help to ratify the bounteous gift; you will not, you must not deny me, Woodley."

I omitted no plea by which I could succeed in overcoming whatever scruple he might feel in becoming a party to this sudden measure, and met all his objections to its clandestine nature by stating the many causes which operated to render it needful. I explained to him the severity and unjustly-strained authority of the guardian uncle; the opportunity afforded by his absence for his niece to exercise her right of free self-disposal in marriage; the circumstances of our long mutual attachment, and the timely service his own arrival in Venice allowed him to render us, by joining our hands in immediate wedlock.

On an appointed day, having informed Lady Gertrude of what had befallen, we repaired to her palace at as early an hour as we dared to appear there, and were ushered into the usual drawing-room in which the easel and the unfinished painting stood. Two faithful attendants of Lady Gertrude were there by Mr. Woodley's previous arrangement. I busied myself with the portrait, partly to carry on the usual air of my motive for attending there, partly to conceal the heart-beating expectation with which I awaited Lady Gertrude's entrance.

She came. She approached us with a look in which blushing emotion and resolved composure were blended; she seemed to have steadied the timid confusion of her feelings by assuming a mien of firmness which should best express her glad confidence in the man upon whose truth and love her heart had reposed its hope. She wore a simple robe of white, no richer than a lady's ordinary morning

dress, but in which she looked a bride for a sovereign monarch; her own radiant beauty and lustrous perfection of face and figure, in their virgin purity, shone the more conspicuous through this plain attire.

She advanced to Mr. Woodley with a few words of cordial welcome, then gave me her hand, with a silence more eloquent than speech; I caught it to my lips, to my heart, and leading her up to where he stood, placed her by my side before him, as a sign that he should commence the sacred rite that should unite us for ever. His voice sounded impressively in its quiet seriousness as he read the holy words, and hers responded clear and soft as she uttered the same answers which I breathed in fervent unison. It was done. She was fast my own, beyond the power of fate to divide us. I felt a royalty of assurance take possession of my exultant heart as I folded her in my arms and called her "Wife!"

Mr. Woodley took leave and would have departed alone, but Lady Gertrude would not hear of this, as he was to quit Venice immediately; she entreated me to see my friend to his hotel and return to her afterwards. As the gondola took us to our destination he playfully told me he knew how to measure my sense of the favour he had conferred in giving me a wife, by my thus sacrificing a precious hour out of my wedding-day to attend him; he bade me farewell, with a kindly smile, and told me he need address no solemn admonition to me, as the husband of that fair and noble creature could not fail to watch over her happiness and welfare with ceaseless care. We parted, and I sped back to my bride. There was very little portrait-painting that day. The room opened into a spacious balcony which ran the whole length of the palace, and at one end led down, by a flight of marble steps, to the landing-place beneath.

This balcony, filled with flowers and stands of blossoming plants, shaded by an awning, and looking over the quiet lagunes, formed a delicious lounging-place during the heat of the day, and here we chiefly lingered the hours away. As the sun declined, the awning was withdrawn, that every breath of air which came from the broad waters of the lagunes might reach the house. I was sitting on one of the couches which faced the window-outlet opening on to the balcony, watching the beautiful white figure that had lately stolen from my side and had gone forth alone as if to look into the free blue heavens and let a silent uprising of the soul give scope to the fullness of its happiness. I saw the clasped hands, the uplifted eyes, the serene content of that sweet mouth as the lovely face was turned skywards; the golden effulgence of the western light irradiated the

white-robed form and shed a halo round the gentle head; until I could have believed some divine visitant stood there,—some saint or angel, newly lighted upon earth. She looked so spiritual, so apart from mortal materiality, that a strange tremor crept upon my heart and smote it as with a sudden chill of dread and vague apprehension.

I involuntarily called "Gertrude, my love,—my wife! Come hither,—come to me!"

She came upon the instant, smiling when I told her my fanciful alarms—how she looked so ethereal that I could have believed a pair of shining wings might have spread from her shoulders as I gazed, and upborne her from my sight. She chid me for my dreaming fantasies, and then sat upon the cushioned stool at my feet, in token of her humble suit for pardon that she should have dared to chide already. She sportively affected to dread my anger, and besought her lord and master's forgiveness for this early rebellion of a wife. I enclosed the fair head within my hands and laid my cheek upon the rich braided hair as sole penalty for her transgression, and then she resumed her seat by my side, drew pen and paper towards her, and began idly tracing line after line upon the blank sheet until it was nearly covered with my name interwoven with her own, in many a linked maze of loving union. But when she laid down the pen, I took it up, and found room to sketch in fairy wreaths of miniature leaves and flowers, garlanding the whole into a quaint arabesque of ciphered record.

Evening had closed in, the wax-light sconces shed a softened brilliancy within the saloon, while through the open folding-window a flood of silvery sheen streamed in from the balcony which lay steeped in the clear moonbeams beyond. Once more the white figure glided from my side, and stole forth into the open air to commune in silence and solitude with itself, and relieve the overflowing heart. I forbore to interrupt her sacred impulse, and remained watching her as she stood there wrapt in tender abstraction. Presently she paced to and fro gently, thoughtfully. I felt as though darkness had fallen upon me as she passed out of my sight, but the next moment she reappeared, and light seemed once more shed. Thus she crossed and re-crossed the window-outlet, pacing the balcony, until at last it became a sort of excitement to me to watch for each reappearance and count the moments that intervened. She seemed to have lengthened the extent of her turns, for I awaited the next with an impatient beating of the heart. She must have gone to the very end of the long balcony this time, I expected so

anxiously beholding her again. Another breathless pause, and then I sprang from my seat with a sudden rush of blood to my temples, that had well-nigh made me reel and drop back to where I had started from. I staggered forward, and looked forth into the balcony.

It was empty!

Far as eye could reach no human form was there. The moonlight made every object distinctly visible, but nothing was to be seen but the blooming flowers and plants, the marble balustrade, the distant flight of steps, the sparkling waters beyond; all clear, bright, and shadowless in the flood of broad moonshine. I uttered one wild despairing cry, then ran impetuously towards the steps leading to the landing-place. Not a boat, not a single gondola was to be seen. It was a somewhat solitary spot, little frequented, and now seemed blank and deserted as my own heart. I have some recollection of returning distractedly into the saloon, looking round in dumb anguish upon the scene of my brief happiness, and hurrying forth again to search, to strain my eyes in fruitless gaze, to explore every corner of the long balcony. Once the low balustrade, with the glittering waters deep beneath, gave me a sick shudder, as the thought quivered through my heart that she might have fallen over the marble brink in reaching for some blossom or wandering spray. But my prevailing belief, a belief that had taken possession of me from the first, was that she had been forced away and carried off by hireling ruffians. The threats of vengeance muttered by the disguised Sir Henry at the masked ball rang in my ears, and I felt sure that he was the originator of this outrage. The bare idea of her falling into his hands stung me into madness. I could have shrieked aloud and flung myself writhing upon the ground, but I crushed my agony down and compelled myself to saner self-possession. To follow—to rescue—to recover her—became my single thought, and I once more rushed down the steps towards the landing-place. This time I was so fortunate as to catch sight of a passing gondola plying for hire. I shouted to the man, sprang in, and bade him take me straight to the main shore.

I felt convinced that if it were indeed Sir Henry's deed he would have his prey conveyed at once from Venice and endeavour to secrete her somewhere beyond the reach of search and pursuit. My first care on landing was to make eager inquiry of every one about whether any carriage had been seen waiting near; whether any boat had arrived, bringing those who took their departure in the carriage; and all possible leading questions that might elicit any clue to discovery.

*The night was* wearing away in vain attempts; the grey light of

early morning fell coldly on me as I turned away from questioning the last loiterer among the gondoliers and other boatmen who are always to be found lolling about such places, often quite through the night, as the coolest hours; when I saw a man approaching me whom I recognised as one of the suite of attendants who formed the Venetian household of Lady Gertrude. He was a pleasant-looking fellow named Gregorio, of frank, good-humoured bearing, and had won his mistress's liking and confidence by these qualities, and he was among those selected few of her people who had been necessarily taken into the secret of their lady's private marriage. Glad to have the advantage of his assistance, I hastened towards him eagerly.

He told me of the consternation of the household on finding their mistress gone—carried off, as they feared, and how he had peculiar grounds for this dread. He related to me that on the night of the ball at the Palmadoro palace he, with some of his companions, was waiting among the crowd of servants and gondoliers in attendance there, and that they fell into talk together about the beautiful lady—"la bella Inglese"—who was to be the star of the night; and that one fellow swore she surpassed the whole world of women for loveliness, and that his master, Sir Henry Carlton, was frantic for her love, raved night and day of his having found her in Venice when he had believed her in England, and vowed he would never rest until he had won her to himself by fair means or foul.

"The fellow went on to say," continued Gregorio, "that his master was a man not to stick at anything where his will was concerned, and that he had given him orders to be in readiness at any moment to set out for Tuscany, where Sir Henry had a country villa. He hinted at its being up among the mountains, a snug, out-of-the-way place, where a refractory lady might be quietly taught reason; but upon my bursting into some hasty speech (for which I could have bitten my tongue out the moment after), he drew in his talk and laughed the matter off as a joke. But I treasured it up, for I knew it was only too serious, and I resolved to watch my lady the more carefully for what I had heard.

"To-night, when I found my lady gone nobody knew whither—the saloon empty, the window leading out upon the balcony wide open—my mind misgave me that that villain Sir Henry was at the bottom of her disappearance, and I set out to find you, signor, that you might decide what was best to be done."

Since Gregorio's mention of the Tuscan villa among the mountains, I had hardly heard a word he said; my mind seized upon that

single particular as affording the clue I needed, and I hastened to point out to him the hope it raised of enabling us to trace his lady's ravisher. The faithful fellow listened to my account of the successless inquiries I had already made on landing, nodding his head significantly; then bade me rely upon him for worming more out of the fellows loitering about, and ended by asking whether I grudged money in this matter.

For all answer I placed my purse in his hand, desiring him to use it freely, but, above all, to lose no moment of time.

Again he nodded confidently, and hastened to accost the men at the causeway. Fortunately, I had not only my purse but my pocket-book, containing the amount of my travelling store, about me, so that I was well provided for this emergency.

I saw Gregorio approach the gondoliers, enter easily into chat with them, talk laughingly and familiarly, then more loudly and earnestly, then authoritatively, then cajolingly, while the whole conclave screamed at the top of their voices, and gesticulated with every feature working and every finger moving. At the end of some time he rejoined me.

"It is all right, signor," he exclaimed; "I have got it out of them at last. There was a carriage, there was a boat, there was a boatman and another man, and there was a muffled figure—a lady. They saw her brought ashore and hurried away by the man towards the carriage, which was drawn up the while by the side of the road yonder. The man had bribed the fellows standing about to be silent; but their first paymaster was gone, and I bid them more for their speaking out than he had given for their secrecy, so they spoke, telling me that the carriage had dashed off along the great southern road; therefore, signor, all we have to do is to follow with our best speed."

Gregorio's activity and experience made him an invaluable coadjutor; and in less space than I could have hoped we were off upon our pursuit. All through that day we travelled. The heat was intense, and when the cool of the evening came I still proceeded, for the travelling by night was preferable to journeying beneath the broiling sun, and enabled us to make better progress; but still we went too slowly for my eager haste. Gregorio sought to prevail upon me to give myself some short interval of repose and refreshment, but I could not rest, I could not swallow; all I could do was to hurry on, on, as long as I had power. I saw the good fellow's eyes fixed upon me when I turned away with a sick loathing from some food he brought me; I had made the attempt to eat,

but finding the effort vain, had relinquished it, and hastened to urge onwards.

It was at close of day; we had arrived at a small village, and had alighted to get a draught of wine for Gregorio—even his hardy strength began to give way under the perpetual tasking we made upon it. He besought me to try and drink from the fresh flask, but I put it by, gasping "Water, water!" and the next moment reeled and fell. He caught me in his arms, and I have no recollection of anything more for an indefinite time.

When I was again conscious of what passed around, I was sensible of being stretched upon a bed in some poor cottage room, with bare walls and stone flooring—a complete Italian peasant hut.

At first I had some difficulty in recalling my scattered thoughts, which seemed to have no power of fixing themselves definitely upon any one point; and I felt an equal difficulty in commanding hand or limb, my frame seeming to be suddenly stricken into infantine weakness. I lay for a time feeble, helpless, languidly still and inert; but when my ideas, making a struggling attempt to rally into concentration, steadied themselves upon the inmost thought of my heart, a rush of bitter remembrance pressed upon me, and I groaned aloud.

At the sound some one approached my bed and leaned over me. I recognised Gregorio, and the sight of him overcame me with redoubled anguish. I turned from him with a sob such as is rarely forced from manhood.

"You should have left me—you should have followed her—her," I uttered.

"Be patient—be pleased to hear me, dear signor," said the good fellow, honest tears filling his eyes, while he spoke soft and soothingly as a woman might have done. "I would have gone on to the death after my dear lady had I not heard intelligence of her which made me believe that I could serve her better by staying here to watch one into life whom she loves as her own life, than leave him here to perish while I followed her, after what I now know."

I fixed my eyes upon his, and he went on—

"Now, signor, listen to the piece of comfort we have. My lady has not fallen into the hands we dreaded: the man who was with her was no emissary of Sir Henry Carlton's, but a certain Giles Rowland, a confidential servant of my lord's, left in charge as a sort of superintendent of the household at our palace in Venice. Now *this* Rowland, whatever else he may be, is strongly attached to my lord, and I feel convinced that he would not have betrayed his master's niece to a libertine pursuer, however high the bribe offered.

The mystery of my lady's carrying off remains no less difficult to fathom than at first, but I think we are relieved from the worst fear —that Sir Henry Carlton is at the bottom of it. If Giles Rowland be with her she is safe, though under subjection."

"Under subjection! By what right does this wretch dare to exercise a restraint over his lady's actions?"

"By the right which her guardian-uncle's authority has always empowered those placed about the person of his niece to watch and restrict her," returned Gregorio. "It was well known among us servants that my lady had no free control over her goings and comings, and that she could never leave home without Giles Rowland being on active duty to note where she went, whom she saw, whom she spoke to, and to bring an account of all to my lord upon returning home. He was a domestic gaoler, a household spy, and my lord had the greatest reliance upon his fidelity. I believe, thus far, he is worthy of all confidence, and therefore we may rejoice that my lady is with him; she is at any rate *safe*."

I took comfort from this thought, and the mere belief that she was not in the hands of Sir Henry became a source of consolation after the distracting uncertainty I had suffered on that cruellest point. I now persuaded Gregorio to leave me; I convinced him that I was better, that I was out of all danger, that I required no farther tendance; that all I wanted was time to get well and robust, and that meanwhile my frame could never regain health while my mind suffered such perpetual torture of uneasiness; that now he had nursed me into a fair way of recovery the best thing he could do towards establishing it was to hasten to the aid of his lady-mistress and afford her whatever succour she might require. I gave him a letter for her from me, and agreed upon a certain place in Naples where I might find him upon my arrival. He yielded to my arguments and set forth; I saw him go with genuine satisfaction, for I felt thus assured of speedier help to my beloved, and as soon as I gained sufficient strength to travel I procured a horse and once more took the road towards Southern Italy.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

# TABLE TALK.

## BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

A PROVINCIAL correspondent kindly taking to heart our metropolitan troubles—our disastrous explosions, our quarrels with railway companies as to the provision of workmen's trains, our costly land and dwelling houses where the artisan cannot afford to live—suggests that we should seriously consider the propriety of ceasing to be a chief centre of manufacture. The great factories, he submits, might find more economical and more suitable homes in provincial districts where there is elbow room. He quotes an instance in point. The attempt to carry on the iron shipbuilding trade upon the Thames, where there is neither coal nor ore, was a failure. It has been the custom to lay the fault at the workmen's door, because they demanded higher wages than the London shipbuilders could afford to give, but my friend is, I think, right when he says the real cause of the break-down was the fact that London is not the place in which to build iron ships. There are, unquestionably, branches of manufacture carried on here which to all appearance might be worked more profitably elsewhere, but I apprehend that the appearances are often deceitful. The iron shipbuilding was a mistake, but the blunder soon rectified itself. Errors of that kind have been of but rare occurrence in the capital. London manufacturers are, I think, as a body more prosperous than any other manufacturers in the world. Great fortunes are made in the large northern and Midland towns; but while in Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Nottingham, and the other great cities the prosperous owners of factories and workshops may be counted in hundreds, in London they must be reckoned in thousands. The employer of fifty workmen keeps a brougham; the wife and daughters of the master of three or four hundred men may be seen sometimes in their own carriage in Rotten Row. London is what it is, for wealth and population, by reason of its manufactures. There is a something of mystery in the excellence and the profitableness of many branches of London workmanship. Natural skill, originality, and enterprise gravitate to the metropolis, and the chances of finding a market are immensely multiplied by the greatness and importance of the place. I do not think we shall find a remedy for

the evils of metropolitan life and the overpopulation of the capital by any extensive departure of manufacture, and there is nothing left for us but a salutary regulation by law of our modes of doing business. My correspondent will, I am afraid, contemptuously accuse me of an heretical faith in "grandmotherly legislation." He need not take trouble to convict me. I frankly confess myself a believer in grandmotherly legislation. From such battle, murder, and sudden death as are incident to an imperfect state of civilisation I conceive it to be the business of the State as far as possible to protect us. Let the Government keep guard over the physical welfare of its children, and let trade and manufacture accommodate themselves as best they may to the conditions.

---

THE making of a proverb I believe to be about the most difficult feat in literature. The only writer I recall to mind who has deliberately and of malice prepense sat down to this task with pen and paper before him is Sir Arthur Helps, and it requires all the charm of "Friends in Council" to condone the offence. A man urged by necessity, fancied or real, may thus betake himself to the construction of a joke, or even of many folios of jokes, and the lamentable condition of some of our modern comic literature suggests that the practice is prevalent. With increased right and reason one may so approach the manufacture of an enigma, and if he has a natural gift in that direction may produce one which shall fairly satisfy Martial's three requirements :—

> Omne epigramma sit instar apis,
> Aculeus illi,
> Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui.

But proverbs may not be thus turned out either by the yard or by the ell. If we could only trace any of our most popular proverbs back to their origin I suspect we should find that they have not reached us in the form in which they were first uttered. Some one brought face to face with what Mr. Carlyle would call an eternal verity has recognised it in simple language made poetic by imagery drawn from articles in every day use or from acts of every day life. Some one else has repeated the saying, a village or a county has taken it up, altered it, compressed it, and polished it, as the sea wears pebbles smooth and small, and so it comes down to us, and almost insensibly falls into our writing and our talk.

---

REFERRING to the notes of last month, from my polyglot correspondent, on the derivation of *saunter*, the author of "Olympia"

writes: "I was under the impression that the word had a very different origin from either that suggested by your note or that offered by the author of the 'Study of Words.' To saunt*er* implies, I think, an older infinitive form, 'saunt*ern*,' which exactly corresponds in meaning and order of consonants with 'shlendern,' omitting the easily lost *l*. I only premise this, however, to get rid of any *necessary* idea of a(*d*)venture, for it is as likely that the *l* was inserted in *shlendern* as omitted in *sauntern*. The root of *sauntern* would be *saun*, which is also that of the Latin *san-nio*, a buffoon, whence the English *zan-y*. Now a *z*any and a *saw*ney (we speak of a 'sawney fellow') are obviously enough the same, for *z*any itself has been degraded from a clever fool into a stupid fool. To 'saunter' is to loaf and lounge about, in a contemptuous meaning; to behave like a man with no purpose in his going about, just as a sawney would do—*ter* being the verbal affix common to English, German, &c. Moreover the 'intensitive *s*' mentioned by your 'polyglot correspondent' as appearing in such words as *smelt* and *smash* is prefixed to initial consonants, and not to vowels in any case that I can think of. I believe that is a universal rule; so that such a word as *sadventure* would be glaringly abnormal. *Sanna* is said to be connected with words of similar sense in Hebrew, and the radical form of the Romani (gipsy) word for 'laugh' is sa, sav, or *san*, clearly enough connected with Sanna buffoonery, which, no doubt, would take us back to India—as usual."

---

"TOUCHING Tennyson's retouches," writes Mr. Townshend Mayer, "does SYLVANUS URBAN know that

The gardener Adam

was the *original* reading of the 1833 edition; and altered to

The grand old gardener

in the 1842-5 editions, and indeed in all subsequent editions until the current 'Cabinet' edition? Dickens, in two speeches twenty years ago, quoted the original reading now reverted to by Tennyson (see Hotten's edition of Dickens's Speeches). This readoption of an original reading justifies SYLVANUS URBAN'S surmise that at some future day Tennyson may recur to the old and bolder reading of the two lines from 'Sea Dreams' recently altered for the worse."

---

A HARD reader, moved by my paragraph last month on unconscious plagiarism, sends me a few examples which he thinks may fairly be placed in the category either of unconscious plagiarism or of genuine coincidence, and it is not easy to say in any case to which

class such instance may belong. He begins with Mr. Disraeli's famous cut at the critics in "Lothair," in which the unpopular gentlemen who sit in judgment on literary work were accused of unsuccessful authorship, and he calls attention to the fact that Leigh Hunt, writing upon Keats in 1844, said: "The critic is often an unsuccessful author, almost always an inferior one to a man of genius, and possesses his sensibility neither to beauty nor to pain." I cannot imagine, however, that the author of "Lothair" conceived his sarcasm upon the critics to be original. I seem to have been hearing this allegation against the reviewers all my days, and when I saw it in "Lothair" it struck me as a very stale bit of satire, only to be excused by the point and smartness with which it was presented. The other examples submitted suggest more subtle reflections on the inner operations of intellectual production and reproduction. In Shelley's "Ariel to Miranda" occur the lines—

> When you die, the silent moon,
> In her interlunar swoon,
> Is not sadder in her cell
> Than deserted Ariel—

and somehow the form of thought and expression sends my friend off to his Milton, and in the "Samson Agonistes" the following lines, dimly remembered and recalled by Shelley's, reward his search:—

> Silent as the moon
> When she deserts the night,
> Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Next he brings Spenser and Tennyson together. The elder poet has in his "Faërie Queene" the line—

> Fair Amphitrite, most divinely fair;

and Tennyson speaks thus of the lovely Greek in his "Dream of Fair Women"—

> A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
> And most divinely fair.

The coincidence is so much the more striking since the subject in each case is the same. "Sometimes a thought or a phrase," says my correspondent, "is, in a very curious way, contemporaneously touched by two writers, as in the case of Keats and Shelley in their exquisite use of the word 'flattered,' the one in 'St. Agnes' Eve' and the other in 'Ariel to Miranda.' Keats, with a true poet's grasp of the metaphysics of emotion, tells of the melancholy dying old friar that—

> Music's golden tongue
> *Flattered* to tears this aged man and poor.

Shelley uses the word in a lighter and less profound fashion. Speaking of the guitar, he says—

> Its answers will
> Flatter hands of perfect skill."

There are, however, numberless instances in the history of literature of the use of a word in a certain sense originating with a particular writer and becoming fixed in that meaning on the authority of the first user.

---

A FASTIDIOUS observer of manners and customs addresses me in my capacity of purveyor of Table Talk thus :—"I will not attempt to explain the mental process by which I invariably associate the habit of marking passages in books with the custom of anointing the head with hair-oil. They are customs and habits which prevailed contemporaneously up to about a dozen years ago. Let us be thankful that they are gone out of fashion. When Mr. Disraeli was a beau men went about with their hair reeking with grease, and, as advertisements which perhaps yet linger in odd columns of old-fashioned country papers testify, no less a bard than Byron chanted the praises of—

> Thy incomparable oil, oh Macassar!

Nobody oils his hair in these latter days, and even the ladies dispense with the assistance of oleaginous compounds in beautifying themselves. The marking of books with interjections of hysterical approval or of crushing criticism is also very nearly a thing of the past. If you buy an old book at a stall, particularly if it be a novel, you are pretty sure to find it scored and underlined, and enriched with the outpourings of the heart of Edward or Angelina, written in lead pencil on the margin, with the longer words frequently misspelled. I am glad of the running out of the custom. Palpitations of the heart of Edward and Angelina in pencil on the borders of the pages of an old volume of 'Pelham' are not conducive to edification, and tend to depreciate the dignity of the text. If it is understood that a certain copy of a book, or a collection of books, is to belong exclusively to the annotator whilst he lives, and is to be burnt, Suttee fashion, when he is dead, no valid objection can be offered. But such cases are rare, and if a man truly loves his books he will remember that they are his only in the way of a loan, and will presently be passed on to others when he shall have departed from the sphere of mere literary immortality."

---

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1874.

## OLYMPIA.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON, AUTHOR OF "EARL'S DENE," "PEARL AND EMERALD," "ZELDA'S FORTUNE," &c.

### PART II.—LACHESIS.

### BOOK IV.

### CHAPTER V.

I fain would fight in stricken field,
  I fain would win a kingly crown;
But my arm is weary of its shield,
My right hand aches the sword to wield,
And though my courage scorns to yield,
  It is my heart that weighs me down.

My ebbing spears their tide have run—
  It is the foemen's turn to flee:
Well have I fought from sun to sun!
And now that all the day is done,
And more than half the battle won,
  Myself stands forth and conquers me.

E'en in the hour when hope is born
  My banner droops, my falchion fails:
And I would give my queendom's morn
For one soft slumber in the corn,
And the exulting bugle-horn
  For Love's sweet watch of nightingales.

WE left Olympia face to face with the man of all others whom she was most anxious to avoid, overwhelmed with confusion at this sudden meeting, and with shame at being found by him in such a disguise. She was no longer proud of being a man, and before him she was so *utterly a woman as to feel* that, in throwing off the name of her sex,

she had justified all the hate and scorn that she was sure he felt for her. Her courage had long vanished away, and now her pride had followed.

She was no longer the lioness, whose first impulse is to turn upon her hunters. She obeyed the instinct of the hunted doe by throwing down her palette and brushes and rushing off into her bedroom, where she locked and double-locked the door behind her, so as to place all the barrier she could between herself and the man whom she feared and loved more than all else in the whole world.

Olympia had found her master: she had been hard to tame, but she had been tamed, and all her wilful love of rule was gone. She could never have been subdued into lasting love by a lover who knelt before her instead of calling upon her to kneel before him. The man who had been strong enough to master himself was the only man who was able to master her.

The order in which season subdues season is the order in which soul conquers soul. The April heart of Firefly merged into that of the young man in the Maytide of his days: autumn would have brought her buds to no fruit without the reign of full blossom between. But the summer heart of Olympia could not fall back upon Maytide bloom. She must only yield to the season that conquers summer—the heart of autumn, who is the strength and fullness of the year. And, in return, autumn yields, not to the winter, but to the second summer that recalls the warmth and brightness of June just before the winter comes. Forsyth was autumn to Olympia—she the second summer to him.

But to her, as to all who must be subdued into love, love came in the guise of fear and shame. She did not welcome his coming, but strove against it until she could strive no more. And even then she could only call herself a slave. All she longed for now was to be scolded, forgiven, and ruled: and instead of this she had built up a barrier between herself and her master that could now never be overcome.

She heard the sound of many voices through her door, but she was afraid to listen. She assumed that the whole story of her wickedness, as she in her despair chooose to style her folly, was being laid before the stern mind of her judge, and that her sentence was foregone. At last the voices ceased. But it was not until after the lapse of an hour of silence that she dared reopen her door and return into the now empty room where her shame had been disclosed. She was still hesitating when she heard a gentle tap at her door.

"It is only me," said Firefly. "They are all gone now."

She opened the door and came back into her studio.

"What made you so afraid," asked Firefly, "when that monsieur came in? Is it about him you dressed like a man—to run away? Is it perhaps your husband, and you have quarrelled? Or perhaps it is your father? But you need not have fear—you ran away too fast for him to recognise."

"What—did he say nothing of me—not a word?" and she thought, "He despises me too much to know me, even to be angry with me. Ah, I must indeed be a wicked girl!"

"No—not one word."

"What did he say, then—nothing to Major Sullivan? What do you know of him that you ran forward at once and said 'It is he'?"

"He only bowed to Monsieur le Général, who is gone out with my father. I knew him because he was like a poor old man who once gave me a piece of gold when I was a little girl. I was asleep, but my father saw him do it, and took the gold away. It was very curious, mademoiselle—I gave him some pennies because he looked so poor, and he must have been so rich all the time."

"Cora—what makes you so grave and look so sad and ill? Is it anything about me?"

"But no, mademoiselle—not at all. I am not sad and not ill."

"And you have been so odd and strange to me—not like yourself at all, Cora. Are you still vexed with me that you must not tell anybody who I am—that you must keep my secret—is it too much for you?"

"Ah, no, mademoiselle—there is no use to tell it now."

"Dear Cora, let us be friends—I've nobody to think of but you now, and you've no friend but me. Sure you're not fretting after that boy?"

"Oh, if you knew—if you had only let me tell him"——

"My poor child, must every girl be unhappy about some man? Forget him—let him go—he is not worthy of you indeed."

"Mademoiselle! He is worthy of all the angels!"

"You *shall* not be unhappy, Cora! What should you say if that girl whom you hate—for whom he deserted you—was not a poor girl who wanted a boy like him to protect her, but was a rich heiress, to whom he was bound by her gold, and who would not have married him if she had known he loved you to save her soul? If you knew that she was as much richer than he as he was than you? If he was base to both *of you*? What would you say then?"

"*I would not believe* it, mademoiselle."

"If the girl told you so herself?"

"I should think she was jealous, and tricking me to keep him."

"Cora—I am the girl. And I wouldn't marry him for a thousand worlds. If you still believe in him, keep him and welcome for all I'll care—but after what I've told you, I'ld hardly think you will."

Firefly's blue eyes opened wide and bright with wonder, like scorched flowers after rain.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed below her breath: but her wonder did not last longer than her other moods. "You are that girl that I have hated so?" she asked; and then, leaping at once over all other matters for thought straight to results, "Then, if you give him up, I may tell him now?"

"Good heavens, Cora—what did I tell you for but to save you from love for a man that would sell you for a few pounds?"

"He wouldn't—you do not know him, indeed—it is plain *you* never loved him, mademoiselle, or you would not say that to me."

"It is no use, then? You are determined to trust him after all?"

"I love him, mademoiselle!"

"Cora! You would let the man you love kill you, I believe, and only smile and say 'Thank you.'" And so would Olympia now: but then Forsyth was not Gerald, and that of course made a difference—to her.

"Mademoiselle—ah!" she exclaimed, with a new light in her eyes, "you love him—yes, you love him, and that is why you came to say all this to me. You are jealous, mademoiselle. You were afraid of losing him, and that is why you came to make friends of me in your disguise. You find he loves me best, and you intrigue to make me hate him and bring him back to you. You have told me lies, mademoiselle; but it is me he loves, and not you. You are a wicked woman, and I will seek him and tell him all. *Mon Dieu*, you are a grand traitor—as if any girl could know my Gerald and think a bad thing of him. You do not, mademoiselle: you love him and you hate me and I hate you."

"Cora! Cora!" cried out poor Olympia—but Firefly had flown from the room and she sat down in despair. Her manhood had proved a curse as well as a shame; but the humiliation of this last injustice was too much to bear. She sat down and wept bitterly.

At last her tears were wept out and left her a little relieved. But she was still very miserable and utterly ashamed. After all, every thing might be borne, every injustice, except one—that she was still wearing the hateful cause of her master's scorn. It was not the less intolerable because he would never see her either in that guise or

in any other again. Her clothes burned her like the tunic of Dejanira.

She rose and rang the bell.

"Jane," she asked, "who is the mistress of this house? I have been here all this time and I don't know the landlady or the landlord, or even their names."

"Mr. Brown, sir? There isn't any mistress, and Mr. Brown don't often come here. He lives up the street, sir, and leaves me to look after the lodgers."

"Has he ever been at the house since I've been here?"

"No, sir—I think he's been away rent-collecting. He's a many houses, has Mr. Brown."

"Then you are the only one belonging to the house that knows anything about me? Then—will you like to earn five pounds?"

"Sir?"

"There they are. You must go out—this minute—and get me a shawl and a gown—any sort, so long as they'll do for me to go out in and get some of my own—if they're only like a servant's I don't mind, as long as they're ready made. Do you understand? I've been leaving home and I'm thinking about going back again—and"——

"Oh, sir—oh, ma'am—oh, miss—then you're really a young lady? If I wasn't sure of it all along!"

There was no end to Olympia's humiliations that day. Not only was she ashamed of her disguise in itself, but she had not even the consolation of having been a good actress—her disguise seemed to have been transparent to all.

"And you didn't say a word?"

"'Twould be worth my place, sir—miss—if I took notice of all that's done here—they're a odd lot that come to this house, I can tell you, and the first thing Mr. Brown asked me when I came after the place was if I knew how to hold my tongue. People come and go, foreigners and all sorts, and I take them as they come—you're not the first by one nor by two that I've known in clothes that weren't theirs. But how it was that a young lady like you came to be in this place—for a young lady I'm sure you are," she added, as she pocketed the five sovereigns—"always did beat me, and if I was you, miss, I'ld not think about going home. I'ld go."

## CHAPTER VI.

Tryer of truth, and teacher of truth, and lover and learner,
Fickle nor foolish nor false deem thou Gold's sheen; for behold,
E'en as of gold, in the testing of gold, is gold the discerner,
So is the golden heart proved by the magic of gold.

It was not a very fashionable or elegant outfit that Jane brought home. But no fine lady ever dressed for Court with more intense satisfaction than Olympia felt in discarding her suit of broadcloth and in transforming herself into that once despised creature, a woman, once more. The satisfaction was not the less intense for its bitterness. She might now, without disgracing her manhood, indulge in the luxuries of self-abasement and of tears.

Nevertheless, despite what she had said by way of apology for her return to womanhood, she did not think of going home. She could not bring herself to face Aunt Car'line and to be taunted for her folly all the rest of her days. She could not go back to Gressford as if nothing had happened and throw away all she had undergone without any compensating gain. She could not become once more the Olympia of old. Her spirit was broken, but she had learned many things, and one of them was that she must henceforth live and work alone.

After all, the poor girl had a brave heart, now that she was once more able to be brave in a girl's way; and she was still gifted with that superb bodily health that no mental trouble can subdue. If she had not genius itself, she had the temperament and the physique of genius, if by that doubtful word is meant the will and the desire to wear out and exhaust active energies that cannot be exhausted or out-worn. Even if Forsyth hated and scorned her, he might remain her master still. So far as might be she would live as he would have her live, and work as he would have her work; and trust, although she might not hope, that her life, worked out in such a spirit, might prove its own reward. But—if he could only know!

So that day was over. Wearied with the unwonted burden of active and connected thought, she lay down to rest, some hours after midnight, and found sleep that was strangely calm. She dreamed that she had at last found her true and fitting place in the world.

It was a sleep from which it was not likely that she would wake until her exhausted brain was restored. But while it was still early in the London morning she was roughly wakened by what sounded like the trampling of armies and the jangling of a million bells, followed by an attack of thunder upon her door.

"Oh, miss," cried out the voice of Jane, "please get up—here's Miss Drouzil come home killed!"

Olympia sprang out of bed and dressed herself as quickly in her new clothes as she could tear them on. "What is it?" she asked; but the girl was too frightened to answer, and could only lead the way to Monsieur Drouzil's room.

A strange man was there before her, who was plainly a surgeon. She went to the sofa and saw Firefly—not dead, as she had been told, but faint and pale.

The surgeon looked at this apparition of Olympia with some curiosity, and then explained. There had been a little affair between two gentlemen that morning—whom there was no occasion to name—and he had been present professionally in case of harm. Suddenly the girl came between the two opponents just in time to receive a ball in the shoulder. The ball had been found and extracted, and he hoped that, with a little care for the present, no harm would come.

"No doubt," he added, "you will understand the necessity of keeping silence about this unlucky affair."

"You mean a fight—a duel? Poor, poor child, what could she have been doing there? You're quite sure she'll get well? Who were fighting? What"——

The voice of Olympia had an electric effect. Firefly suddenly shuddered and opened her eyes.

"*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* that woman is here! She will murder me—take her away!"

"She seems a little light-headed," said the surgeon. "There is some fever, of course, but it will soon be gone. She looks slight, but she is one that it would take a great deal to kill. Who is she?"

"She is Miss Drouzil, an actress at the Phœnix," whispered Olympia, so that if possible her voice might not be heard.

"And you—are you an actress? Are you related to her?"

"No—only her friend."

"My enemy," moaned Firefly. "Take her away."

"I think you had better go while she is in this state," said the surgeon, looking at her still more curiously. "If they are enemies," perhaps he thought, "that strong girl with the pale face and the black eyes doesn't look as if she would stick at trifles." So Olympia had to leave the room as if, instead of having come to nurse tenderly, she had come to kill. Once more there had come a day in which no work could be done. The surgeon also took his departure for the present, leaving his patient in the hands of the still bewildered Jane.

who began to think that Mr. Brown's tenants were stranger people than even her varied experience had led her to suppose.

Firefly's fever was not very high: she slept for a few hours and woke up quite collected and calm.

"Jane—where is Oscar?"

"I expect, miss, he's at the Mews."

"Is my father come home?"

"Not yet, miss. How do you find yourself now?"

"Much better. Am I going to die?"

"What an idea, miss! Why the doctor said nothing would kill you."

"Is She here? That girl, I mean."

"The young lady as was Mr. Seaward? No, miss—the doctor thought she frightened you."

"Don't let her come in. Is He here?"

"Mr. Gerald? Lord, miss, he's never left the house a minute since you was brought in dying."

"I think I should like to die—if it wasn't for Oscar. I want to see him. Bring him to me here."

"The bear, miss?"

"No—Mr. Gerald. I must see him please."

The girl, who was probably as well acquainted with the love affairs of her masters and mistresses as became her station, was not unwilling to do as she would no doubt have been done by. In less than half a minute Gerald was in the room.

"My own darling!" was all he could think of to say as he threw himself on his knees by the side of her sofa and seized her hand in both his own.

"Ah, you know I loved you now, don't you?"

"Good God! If you call it loving me to try and die for me—don't you know that I should have killed myself if you had died? But thank God, you are not going to die—we'll live for one another now till we're as old as the hills—the doctor's a brick, darling!"

"Then you do love me—still?"

"Love you? I should think I did! You didn't think because I was brute enough to be jealous I didn't love you? You can keep a thousand secrets now, if you like, and I'll never ask you one of them."

"Then I will live, dear Gerald—never fear. You are my doctor. I am so glad that Lord Wendale shot me—I will go and thank him when I get well—won't you?"

"But—oh, think if I had shot you instead of Lord Wendale!" he

said, turning pale. "The scoundrel, when he must have seen I fired wide."

"Oh, Gerald, I never thought *your* pistol would hit me—it couldn't have, you know. How could I be hurt by you?"

"That's true—something would have turned my bullet aside. But promise me, for my sake, dearest, never to stand in the way of a pistol again."

"I promise you—if you will too. If you ever do, I will do just the same thing all over again. Ah, you love me, after all!"

"With all my soul. And you?"

"With every soul I have got, and more. But ah, why did you go to fight without telling me? What did Lord Wendale do to you?"

"That's just what I don't know, darling—I never did know. But when a man tells you you ought to fight him, what's a fellow to do? You wouldn't expect me to say 'No' to that, I suppose: that's one of the things one can't refuse. But how did you find out? What brought you there? I'm going to marry a little witch, I know, but they'd have burned you, Firefly, once on a time—just as they used to on Gressford Green. How on earth could you have known?"

"They will not burn me, for I did not know at all. I was trying to tell you all about that—that thing we quarrelled about, you comprehend. I went to that hotel in Covent Garden last evening to ask for you"——

"The deuce you did! You shouldn't have done that, darling—people would have talked, you know."

"But, what did I care for people when I thought you did not care for me any more and I could make you again? They could not say only that I loved you more dear than myself, and so I do."

"What did they say to you at the hotel?"

"I did not ask—I did not go in. You were coming out at the door, with an old gentleman, and I was afraid, you came out so fast, and I did not know who that might be. So I went the next morning at a very good hour, so that I might be sure to see when you came out again, or to go in when they would open the door. But then you came out with another monsieur, and I had fear again—and I heard you say 'Have you the pistols?' *Mon Dieu!*"

"My poor darling! Where were my eyes that I didn't see you?"

"I was behind a pillar in the colonnade. But I had silver—I called a coach and said, 'I will give you all if you will drive fast after those messieurs'—I must know what you went to do, and I might tell you there, or else I might not find you again if you went to go away."

"And then?"——

"You left the coach and sent it away, and I did the same and I followed you. I am little, and I can creep—the thorn-bushes were all big enough to hide me. Then you went apart with the man who I saw once at the Phœnix—Lord Wendale, now I know—and you talked a long time, and the other two messieurs talked and laughed and walked along the ground. Then I knew what was to come. Then you stood in front, and I heard 'One—Two—Three'—and ah, but I gave one spring, and that is all."

"All? You saved my life, darling! It is all yours now. Heaven knows why, but Tom says Lord Wendale aimed as straight and as low as if he was firing at a mark instead of a man that never did him any harm, and had just shaken hands with him like a friend. If you'd not been so little, the ball would have been in your heart instead of your shoulder—and that would have been the same as through mine. Oh what can I do to show you how I belong to you, if I live for ever?"

"Love me a great deal—that is all. But do you know that we quarrel still?"

"We? Quarrel?"

"It is true! You never ask me about what I came to tell."

"Hang what you came to tell. Who cares for all the Seawards in Christendom? though it was he, the coward, that ought to have fought me instead of Lord Wendale."

"Gerald! I have seen that other girl; and I hate her as much as I love you."

"What! You mean Olympia?"

"She is a wicked woman, Gerald. She has laid a trap, and has fallen in. She found out you love me, and put on men's clothes, and came here to make friends with me and to make you jealous and part us, so that she might keep you. Oh, Gerald! how could you ever think you cared for her? She is great and big, with black eyes and dark skin, and hair like a man—not little and fair, like you told me you love the best of all. And she would not let me say she is a woman—she made me swear, because I told her you would not let me break my word. But I was not bound to keep it when I knew why. Ah, you are not bound to her now—and she says she is rich, too."

"You have seen Olympia? Olympia a wicked woman—Olympia rich—Olympia in men's clothes—Olympia laying a trap for you—Olympia here! My dear girl, you have found a mare's nest, with a vengeance."

"But she's put on her own clothes now, since I found her out.

Yes, that is Monsieur Charles Seaward; I found out she was a woman the first time I saw her, only I thought she was good, and I swore not to tell. Yes, and I found out she was in love too. Oh, I was such a great little fool! But you will not love her now?"

"My darling, you are making me stand on my head. But can Olympia be found?"

Firefly's face showed one last twinge of jealousy. "Do you still think so much about that horrible girl?"

"Think? Of course I think. You don't know—I didn't know—nor she. I never loved her, I know now, nor she me, and no wonder. I thought she was my cousin, and now"——

"She is not your cousin then?"

"My darling, I can't believe we're talking of the same girl."

"Perhaps if you see her, Gerald, you will believe."

"What! is she here?"

"You will see if you go to the stairs and call for Jane. Jane! Go to Mr. Seaward—that *Mademoiselle*—and ask her to come and see me."

"But the doctor said, miss"——

"I do not care for the doctor. She will not vex me now."

They sat silently, hand in hand, till Olympia came in.

"By George!" exclaimed Gerald, "Olympia!"

She looked at him scornfully. "Cora," she said, "this is not kind of you. You do not know what you have done. Perhaps you'll see now that, so far from wanting your lover, I'll not stay in the room with him, or speak to him a word."

"That is because you have lost him," said Firefly, proudly.

"Olympia!" said Gerald, at his wits' end, "why did you go away from home? Why didn't you leave me one word? What in heaven's name does all this mean? And it was you that struck me in the face. What has made you hate me, even if I couldn't help"——

"'Twasn't for what you couldn't help, Gerald, sure 'twas for what you could have helped well. You want me to set you free, and I did, with that blow. If Cora likes to take you she's welcome for me."

He began to think that she must be jealous after all. "Olympia," he said, "when I said I'ld marry you, I didn't know what I know now. You know how strange my father was about it all? Well, he told me and my mother, last night, you are his daughter, just as I'm his son: we're the same relation as I am to Carry and Julia and Molly. He married your mother before he married mine."

"*What! it's Uncle* John that's my father, and my father's my

Uncle Charles?" she exclaimed, forgetting to be angry, and feeling a strange sort of disappointment at finding the unknown father, for whose sake she had fought so many battles with Aunt Car'line, resolving himself from a heroic shadow into the less heroic but more substantial shape of her Uncle John. "And why didn't he tell, then? And why didn't Aunt Car'line know?" The loss of the father that she had never had was like the death of one whom she had loved and known. She could never feel towards the new father as she had felt towards the old. "Sure I've done nothing all my days but dream. Did he tell you about my mother too? Why it was he left her to die among those soldiers; and why he ran away?"

Gerald pricked his ears at that. "What do you know about your mother?" he asked, eagerly. "When did she die among soldiers? —who told you about her?"

"'Twas Major Sullivan, then, that's been more of a father to me than yours has ever been. Perhaps you'll tell Uncle John, if he doesn't know, that she died at that great battle from which I expect he ran away."

"Nonsense; my father was never at any battle, and if he had been, a Westwood wouldn't have run away. But, did that fellow Sullivan tell you himself that your mother died? For heaven's sake what battle, Olympia—when—where?"

"It was a big battle in America, called Carabobo. 'Twas the Major found her there, and me too, and saw her die. You can tell Uncle John, and shame him, that I went away with him that took me before I could speak, and was father and mother to me and all, from when I wasn't a twelvemonth old."

"By George! Your mother died before you were twelve months old? That old rascal told you so? He's put his foot into it nicely, this time! Why, you could run about and chatter, as I've always heard, when I was just born, and used to play with me when I was a baby and you were a big girl; my father and mother hadn't been married much more than a year, if that, when you came. And the fellow telling my father that your mother was alive, and telling you she was dead! Well, liars ought to have longer memories than Major Sullivan."

"Don't call Major Sullivan names to me. He has a heart of gold."

"I wasn't talking about his heart, Olympia; I was talking of his tongue, which is made of brass, whatever his heart may be. Major Sullivan will keep, though; you had better ask father about

him; and you'll tell us your story when we're all at home again. I'm so glad we're to be brother and sister instead of husband and wife, Olympia; it made me so miserable to think I was bound to marry you. I'ld have given everything for you to have taken Lord Wendale. I'ld have told you all if you hadn't been so bullied, and so true, and if you hadn't thrown over an earl for me, and if you hadn't depended upon me for everything you were like to have in the world. Hurrah! I needn't marry you to help you and stand by you now. Whatever I have, half shall be yours, and more too, and my wife won't be herself if she minds. You were always more my sister than my sisters; and now you're my sister as much as they. How on earth have you managed to live in London all this while without a penny? I found it hard enough, I know. You don't mean to say you've found your plan answer, after all? Do you want any money now? By George, this will be good news to write home!"

"Then you won't write home. I've washed my hands of all of you; and any way I'm not going home again. Your father doesn't become mine just by saying so, and your mother's always Aunt Car'line."

"But you must live—you must not stay here alone. How can you get on without money and without friends?"

"Sure there's the Major. That'll be enough friends for me."

"A precious friend! And he is your banker too, I suppose?"

"I don't know what you mean by being my banker, but I'll make my own living, and when I want money it's easy to ask him."

"Olympia! Surely you wouldn't ask Major Sullivan for money?"

"And why not, when it's my own?"

"Your own?" he asked, remembering her rather sanguine ideas concerning the extent to which ten pounds would go. "Do you mean to say the fellow has been making you give him money—though where you have got it from"——

"What, Gerald! Sure it isn't true you really don't know?"

"I know I'm in a fog, that's all."

"Oh, if I could think that I'ld be the happiest girl!" she exclaimed, almost forgetting for a moment the lower depths of desolation which could never be explained away.

"Then if my being in a fog makes you happy, you are the happiest girl in the world."

"No, it's not you that's in a fog—it's me. If I could only feel sure"—— She paused suddenly, as if seeking for a test of his truth, *and then for a moment* her face lighted up as if the test was found.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," she said, slowly and gravely. "I'm going to tell Major Sullivan to give me a lot of thousand pounds back and pay him out of my painting, and I'll give them to Cora. There, Gerald, you shan't marry a poor girl, after all."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I'll make Cora rich and you too."

"Have you come into a fortune, Olympia? By George! What was it my mother said to Forsyth that morning—and my mother—are you joking, Olympia? or what"——

"I'll make you and Cora rich, that's all. Yes, Cora; and then you'll see how little I want to keep him from you. You'd better take the money, Gerald. I don't think your mother will let you marry Cora, seeing what she thinks about play-acting and things, unless she's a rich girl—as rich as me. You know what she used to say when I was poor. Take the money, please—I don't want it myself, and I'll make it up to Major Sullivan."

"How did you get rich, Olympia?"

"Never mind how, if you don't know; I don't rightly know myself except that it came from America because of my mother. If you don't know you can ask Aunt Car'line. You won't look a gift horse in the mouth, anyhow, as I have read somewhere. Take it, and marry Cora and please Aunt Car'line. See, there's Cora opening her eyes to find herself as rich as you. You'll never get her if she's poor, that's sure."

The fog began to lift itself from Gerald's brain, and to make way for another.

"You are really rich, then? No wonder our friend the Major was ready to get you into his hands again! We must see about that as soon as may be. But, Olympia, surely you don't think I'ld rob you too? I mean to marry Miséricorde rich or poor, and she means to marry me. She's saved my life, and that'll be enough for my mother ——" He reddened with shame; a fresh light seemed to be thrown on his mother's little ways. "We won't touch a penny that isn't ours—will we, Firefly? You're rich enough for me if I'm rich enough for you."

A soft look came into her eyes. "You'd better think twice, Gerald; maybe I won't ask you again. I know Aunt Car'line"——

"Don't speak of my mother, please. I've thought three times."

"What do you say, Cora? What do you think of a man who runs the risk of losing you because he won't take what nobody wants but him and you?"

"What he thinks, mademoiselle, I think too," said Firefly. "Ah,

mademoiselle, I have been wrong about you, but I have been right about him. It is not him you love, mademoiselle, and I love you now!"

"My poor Cora! You don't know how wretched you made me; but I was never angry with you. I'm not Aunt Car'line. You'll be my sister, rich or poor—duchess or dancing-girl—'tis all one to me. I won't ask Gerald again—I'll give my money to you."

"You'll do no such thing," said Gerald, almost angrily. "If you do I'll tell her to give it all to the first hospital or else throw it into the sea. I'll let them cut me off with a shilling sooner than she or I should take away a penny from you."

"Then I'll give it to a hospital," said Olympia, "or throw it into the sea."

"All right," said Gerald. "Do what you like with your own. If the sea's to have it, it doesn't matter whether you throw it in or I."

"My dear, dear Gerald!" she cried out, and threw herself on his neck. "My dear, dear brother, you're my own boy after all. Take the money or not, I don't care now I know you wanted neither my money nor me!"

Then these three foolish people set to talking over what the reader knows far better than they—thus enjoying the proverbial superiority of the looker-on over the actor—as if each had twelve tongues, none of which had been set free for a year. But before they had half finished the doctor came back, and was not a little astonished to find his patient so much improved. Then Olympia retired to her own studio to undergo, alas, the Nemesis of reaction that followed the unselfish high spirits into which she had been thrown. Happiness was within the easy reach, as it seemed, of all the world but her. She who had the most intense thirst for life and love and all the other good things of life, was doomed to put up with the smallest sips, and those the bitterest that the bowl contained. She felt no grudging envy, but she felt that fate was unjust, as well as Aunt Car'line.

## CHAPTER VII.

Hail, graceful Tact! That to no fool denies
A charm to tame the wild and cheat the wise,
And, without lying, reaps the gain of lies:

That, courteous ever, kills without a blow,
And, with a yes, contrives to act a No,
And can compress a volume into "Oh!"—

That wins by losing, and by serving reigns,
By silence argues, and by giving gains,
That throws its stones, yet saves its window-panes:

That looks like porcelain when 'tis made of delf,
And, pilfering by its very scorn of pelf,
Tricks all the world: yea, even tricks—Itself.

THE Captain's revolt had not proved a revolution. Hitherto he had been simply ruled by his wife—now, he was enslaved.

Greed was not by any means the ruling passion of the mistress of The Laurels, though, in the not over-refined clay of which she had been made, it was an ingredient of some consequence in giving character to the whole. But it yielded in weight to jealousy and, still more, to that curious quality called "Proper Pride," which bears the same relation to improper pride that speculation bears to gambling, or that exaggeration bears to lying, or that a horticultural implement employed for digging bears to a spade. She had come to London to superintend the search for Olympia; a very reasonable purpose while the latter was the actual ward of her husband and, if all turned out well, a possible heiress for her son. But Olympia as her husband's daughter was a very different person from her husband's niece and ward. The dowry that Forsyth had given Olympia could enrich her and hers no more. On the contrary, a rich heiress at The Laurels would destroy the marriage chances of the three Miss Penders for years, and compel them to put up with second and third rate prizes, if they obtained any at all. So much for the effect of the prudent care for her offspring which few will be disposed to insult with the name of greed. And then there was that horrible discovery that her husband's heart had not belonged to her; the revelation, in all its vulgar sincerity, of the reason why the once young and good-looking officer of militia had married the rich widow with three children when the bloom of her youth was long past and gone. No doubt, in the bottom of her heart—for she had one—she had always known why; but knowing

and knowing that one knows are by no means the same thing. Her covert jealousy was now driven to make itself felt and to show itself openly. Olympia's existence at The Laurels would be a standing reproach and degradation to her—it was not to be supposed that the injured second wife would tolerate in her own house, bought with her own money, her rival's child.

Perhaps Lord Wendale would propose again, now that he could gain wealth as well as beauty; and to think of her rival's daughter as a countess, looking down upon her and her own children, was simply horrible. She had come to Gressford to be its great lady, and its great lady she would remain. And who was Olympia? The granddaughter of a foreign money-lender with a bad name, and the child of a woman who had made a runaway marriage with Mrs. Westwood's own husband: self-respect forbade that she should admit a girl with such a pedigree within her stainless doors. When suitors came to Olympia—and no doubt they would come in swarms—her true relationship to the Captain would be sure to get known, and then more would be found out, and scandal would set to work, and Gressford, Melmouth, Taunton, Clifton, all the universe in short, would be scandalised to their foundations. Mrs. Westwood would be pitied by all her friends—and, with her, to be pitied meant to be shamed. She hated Olympia when she thought of all these things.

She would not own to herself, even, that she was not the Captain's lawful wife, though she was alive to the probable necessity of having to be married again. Meanwhile, of paramount necessity, superior even to that of being married again, was the task of getting the Captain safely back to Gressford for the present so as to put it out of his power to communicate in person with Lord Wendale or commit himself by any other act of honest but suicidal folly. There would be time to re-marry at leisure, since nobody knew that there was any need. So she took advantage of the first bloom of her husband's slavish and conscience-stricken complaisance to say, as soon as Gerald had bidden good night—

"John—I shall go back to Gressford to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow, my dear? Why, we only came up to-day."

"I don't care if we came up yesterday. We will go home, and Gerald too."

"Whatever you like, my dear. Only Olympia—I thought you wanted"——

"John! After all that's happened, how can you speak of Olympia? If you talk like that I shall think you care about her more than me—you'ld *rather keep me in* London, away from home and my own girls,

than go home without her. It is cruel of you, John, after all that's happened—and cruelty's the only thing I can't bear. I shall be ill if I stay here another day, and perhaps, though you don't care about me, you'll be sorry when I'm gone."

It need not be said that the Captain, who would, that evening at least, have hanged himself if she had considered his suicide to be any compensation for her wrongs, surrendered on the spot without the honours of war. Orders were sent to Gerald to meet his father and mother at the Melmouth coach next morning.

Gerald did not come: nor was that surprising, seeing that he had not been at his hotel when the message arrived nor for many hours after the Melmouth coach had gone. Mrs. Westwood was annoyed, but it could not be helped: and that evening the Captain and the lady who knew not whether she was Mrs. Westwood or Lady Pender were once more at home, and he was safe under her wing. But, alas! hers were not dove's wings—she had flown away, but had not found rest for a day. The Captain was still servile, but sad—peace was dear, but Olympia was dear too.

"A letter from Gerald!" said Marian, on the second morning after their return. Mrs. Westwood opened it hurriedly, and read—and as she read she turned first scarlet and then pale. When she had finished it, she folded it up without a word.

"Well, my dear?" asked the Captain.

"Not bad news, mamma?" asked Marian.

"You've broken my heart among you, that's all," said the poor lady: and, indeed, she was being hardly used—she might have been spared this blow.

She pushed the letter over to the Captain, who read—and, as he read, his jaw fell. But for the father of Olympia as well as of Gerald there was more balm than for the mother of Gerald alone.

"Covent Garden, London.

"My dear Mother,—I am glad to tell you Olympia is found. I found her in a very odd way, which is too long to tell now. She is in very bad hands. That fellow Sullivan has got hold of her and her money too. Why did not you tell me about her being rich before? It would have saved ever so much bother and misunderstanding. She must be got home. I am very sorry you came away from London so soon. I went to your lodging and found you gone. I found your letter at the hotel: it was too late then. You or father ought to come up and make her go back with you. She is living all by herself and painting, and she won't have a word against Sullivan.

I am glad to tell you very good news, that Sullivan is a worse roge than we thought. He told Olympia that her mother died after a battle in America called Carabobo when she had escaped from a place called Caracas. I got Tom Harris to help me and we found out that battle was fought in a gazeter years before I was born. If he told her what's true, and why shouldn't he, as he had nothing to get, he must have told you a lie that Olympia's mother was alive when you married mine, and if he told her what's not true, Tom Harris says the lawyers would puzle him between what he told you, and what he told her, and no doubt they would too. So it's all right about mother and you. I hope you will come at once for she's as obstinate as a pig, and it will never do for her to go on living here. And now I will tell you something that will surprise you, and I hope please you too. It is such a long story I don't know how to begin, and I must cach the post so I haven't much time. When I was in London before I got to know a girl named Miss Miséricorde Drouzil, who is very beautiful, and there is no better in all the world. I could not ask her to marry me then because of Olympia. But now my life belongs to her in a way. I hope you will forgive me for not being able to tell you that evening I saw you that I had to fight an afair of honor with the Earl of Wendale. I told him on the ground all about Forsyth—not bringing in you, but as if I'd found out for myself, and I think I showed a great deal of tact in doing it. He thanked me very much, and said he would inquire and see no harm done to anybody, so we may now be at ease and leave it all to him. I fired wide, but I don't know why, he amed strait and I should be dead now if Miséricorde had not come between and stopped the ball in her sholder—she tried to be killed for me. If she had not, you would never have seen me again. So of course then we setled to be maried with your leave which of course you will give as she saved my life at the risk of her own. I ought to tell you she is a French girl and a Roman Catholic, if she's anything, and an actress, and she has no fortune, and no relations except a father who could be paid off and sent abroad for a trifle—but though you might object to these things about her I'm sure you wont after what she's done and being as good as gold. Olympia knows her and thinks the same about her as me. Olympia was like a brick—she tried to make us take all her money so that you might not object to her want of fortune, but of course that we wouldn't stand. She is a perfect lady, and when you see her you will know I am wise. If it had not been for her I should not be able to be, with love to you both and all the girls,

"Your affectionate GERALD."

What was to be done?

"My dear," said the Captain, when the two had retired for consultation into his study, "we must go up at once—we must make Olympia come home."

"John! Is Olympia your only child? I can't have Olympia here, that's flat. We can find some home for her, but I won't have her here. It's about Gerald, I mean—*our* child."

"Of course he can't marry an actress, that's clear—unless she's really a good girl, and she saved his life, you know."

"Saved his fiddlestick. Those actresses know how to act off the stage—and a French Papist too—a Jesuit in disguise, I dare say. I shouldn't wonder if the Pope isn't at the bottom of this, somewhere. I shall speak to the Honourable Mr. Lee. John, you must write an angry letter to Gerald, and tell him to come back—and mind I see it before it goes."

"All right, my dear—to-morrow."

"No—to-day."

By the time a reply to the angry letter arrived from Gerald, a week went by. He wrote a mournful letter of argument, combating his parents' objections one by one. This time he was too full of his Miséricorde to say a word about Olympia: and the Captain dared not even ask Gerald for her address, so watchful were the eyes of Mrs. Westwood, now doubly his wife since her doubts had been removed. She was bringing him to the point at which he could not say his soul was his own.

So the correspondence went on until Mrs. Westwood, in rereading it, found a sentence in the first letter that suggested more than it told. "Olympia was like a brick—she tried to make us take all her money so that you might not object to her want of fortune, but of course that we wouldn't stand."

It was just like Olympia, thought Mrs. Westwood—or rather so she felt, for to couple Olympia's name with anything but wickedness was more than her reason would allow. If Gerald was bent upon marrying this girl might it not be possible to gild the pill? In any case it might be worth while to see. Olympia's hand certainly seemed to lie very lightly upon her twenty thousand pounds: and if out of sisterly affection she wished to give a dowry to her brother's bride, who had any right to say her nay?

So, about the end of the third week, Mrs. Westwood gave her husband a last and crowning surprise.

"John," she said, "we ought to go and see after Olympia. It is a shame to leave a young girl like that in London alone—one

would think she was not your own child, after all. I'll write to Gerald and ask where she is, and then we'll go up again."

"Thank you, my dear!" said the Captain. "I'll write—to-day!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Fifth Fairy.*—And what shall I do, master?
*Oberon.*—Thou, the tiniest fay of all,
Thou art great, for thou art small!
Peas-Blossom shall deck the Spring
With its purple blossoming:
Moth and Cobweb weave for her
Silver robes of gossamer:
Thou shalt splinter in a trice
Moles of granite, bergs of ice—
Thou shalt make King Winter speed—
For thy name is MUSTARD-SEED.

OLYMPIA need not have run away from the mere sight of her master, as if he had been an ogre who had come to devour her. He certainly was not going to recognise her in the presence of such company as that in which he found her; and, to tell the truth, he was thrown into a far greater state of confusion and embarrassment than she. He had more than half expected to find her in Charles Seaward; but to find her thus, was the same thing as finding her without expectation. And then his recognition by Firefly, though it would probably lead to nothing, was singularly out of season, especially in the presence of a man like the Major. It was as though he had accidentally found himself upon a part of the ice marked "danger."

It was true, then. Olympia had gone off with Sullivan. It was still incomprehensible, but it was not the less true; his first instinct had been right, after all. Well, it was nothing to him. He had only been fool enough to love her, that was all; and he had made up his mind that very morning that such an all was the same thing as nothing. If Olympia had overcome her panic so far as to listen to the conversation that followed her flight, she would not even have heard the mention of her name. At any other time he might have taken some interest in Firefly; but, as things were, he kept his recognition of Olympia to himself; hoped that Mr. Seaward had not been taken suddenly ill; left word, as a matter of form, that he might call some other time, and then took his leave, and returned once more to the straight hard road, without interest, resting place, or goal, that henceforward *lay before* him. Some men, of less miserly repute, *might have given a thought* to the dowry that he had thrown away,

considering the hands into which it had no doubt fallen. He did not. He had bestowed it originally as the outward and visible sign of the payment of a debt of pardon, and to regret his blunder would be to forget the one dream of happiness that he had known since he was young. He might, a few months back, have fancied that he regretted his gift; but he was now a second Midas, who begged of Fortune spiritual bread, and she gave him gold. There was even some cynical satisfaction in watching the scramble for such rubbish among the hawks and crows. It might almost be worth while to return to his old gaming haunts to let them scramble for the rest, and amuse himself with their battling.

He did not, however. He returned to his easel from sheer force of habit, and asked himself every day why he did not carry out his fancy of leaving London. Possibly, since all parts of the world were now the same to him, he found it impossible to give the preference to any one point of the compass over the others. But it may be that where his heart was, there his body remained also—he could not un-love at will. And so the weeks passed on with him.

He never saw Lord Wendale now. Indeed, for that matter, he never saw anybody at all. His studio had never been a gathering place for friends and companions; but at last even he, in his self-imposed solitude, began to think that the unaccustomed absence of visitors on business was strange. Traders in art had always been as numerous in his studio as artists had been rare; and among art patrons he had a large *clientèle*. At last he ceased even to receive letters; and then a whole week passed without a knock at his door. He took little heed, but he missed the habit of being interrupted, and found that occasional speech with a fellow creature is not so easily dispensed with as those who try, without success, to avoid their kind are apt to suppose.

So once more he was driven to fall back upon mankind in the mass, as a substitute for the companionship of men. Every day he left his studio to mix with the outer crowd, not as a relaxation, but as a necessity. One afternoon he met his old acquaintance who had been wont to salute him by laying a heavy hand upon his shoulder. This time he saluted him with a broad stare: he cut Forsyth dead and passed on.

The cut might possibly have been the result of accident, though it was not likely. But he soon afterwards met another well-known painter, and then a large purchaser of his own pictures: and both passed him by. Then his pride took fire; it was impossible that his brand of felony should have become legible on his forehead, and to

no mere slander could he submit tamely. He broke his solitude by appearing in a certain well-known painters' haunt that he had not visited for many years; and not a man there took any more notice of his presence than if he had been an invisible phantom.

He took the bull by the horns, and went straight up to the man of highest standing present.

"I cannot pretend not to see that I am not welcome here," he said. "I insist on knowing at once what all this means."

"I should think you know best, Mr. *Francis*," said the other, and continued his conversation as if it had not been interrupted.

Forsyth, still bound to hide his innocence as if it had been guilt, left the room without a word. He could blame no man for refusing to associate with one who had confessed himself to be a felon. He went home and wrote to Lord Wendale, to let him know that his generous kindness had failed. He had not to wait many hours for the reply.

"My dear Forsyth," wrote the Earl, "I am indeed deeply grieved that your identity has become known—I know not how. I can only assure you that it has been through no instrumentality of mine. It is clear that I can do nothing for you now. Public opinion is too strong, even for me. I am wrong, though—I can do something for you. I can give you good advice, and the means of following it. You must leave England, and you will of course change your name again. I fear you will have to abandon your profession, as you will lose the prestige of your present name, and there is no doubt that you have been tending to work yourself out for some little time. Under all these circumstances, England is no place for you. I am, however, always your friend, and I will with much pleasure place to your credit at my banker's a sufficient sum to keep you in ease and comfort for the rest of your days. I would see you, but am unhappily obliged to go out of town, and start in less than an hour. Believe me to be, with the best good will to assist you in every way in my power, yours most sincerely,

"Wendale.

"P.S.—You will understand that my whole power to assist you depends on your going abroad. If my advice is not taken I should not be justified in helping you to ruin yourself by fighting against the contemptible, but invincible, prejudices of mankind."

He let the letter fall from his hands. "And this is the man," he exclaimed, "for whom I am bearing all! Well, I must not be turned *aside by revenge.*"

So he wrote:

"My Lord,—I will take your advice, but not your assistance. You are quite right—I am too worn out to fight, and I yield. I will go abroad.

"John Francis."

And so would have ended the story of the lost Lord Calmont—perhaps of Olympia too—had it not been for a certain mouse who, in the bills of the Phœnix Theatre, was called Firefly.

It was no coincidence, such as is met with every day upon the stage and every hour off it, that brought Firefly to Forsyth's door. Since her reconciliation with Gerald's sister, the poor girl's repentance for her jealous injustice knew no bounds: and what was more to the purpose, her blue eyes, trained in a wide school of observation, were singularly keen. It was not for nothing, as she well knew, that Forsyth's appearance had driven Olympia away. She was not to be deceived by a silence on his part so wholly inconsistent with the look of recognition that she had read at once in his eyes as well as in those of her friend. Her own heart had, during their very first long talk together, discovered that Olympia had a romance as well as she: and, though she did not admire such taste, it was as clear to her as noonday that Forsyth was either its villain or its hero. She never argued or reasoned or looked for evidence: her first thought was her last thought, and her instincts inspirations. Of course she told Gerald of the adventure, and he, from her description, was able to tell her of the intimate companionship of Forsyth and Olympia while he had been away. He ridiculed the idea of a girl like Olympia caring for a man like Forsyth—but, for once in her life, she thought him in the wrong.

"They have quarrelled, like you and me, Gerald. But she loves him, and everybody would love her—excepting you: and I must make her as happy as me."

"But what can you do, darling? What an absurd idea!"

"What do you know about other girls, I would know? Nothing at all."

So she set out on her mission of nibbling away the net that kept the heart of Olympia bound.

## CHAPTER IX.

They mocked me with water—I thirsted for wine:
They starved me with kindness—I hungered for thine:
And now that the want and the wand'ring are past,
It is but like winter comes summer at last.

I heed not—I have thee—thy midnight is mine,
And the tears of the stormwind are sweeter than wine—
Whate'er be the burden, I'll bear it for thee,
And the thorns of thy shame be joy's roses for me.

DURING the weeks of Gerald's correspondence with The Laurels Olympia had not changed her lodging, and was still living and working alone. But she was not without human interest now. Gerald and Firefly were as if they were her children. She tried to draw sad and lonely happiness from their joys and unselfish sorrow from their troubles, and she did not wholly fail. Her only disagreement with Gerald now arose from her obstinate belief in Major Sullivan. She insisted on tolerating his very unclean hands—in a double sense—for the sake of what she stubbornly declared was his heart of gold. "Sure 'tis only his way," she maintained: "and he bothered himself with a baby, and my poor mother died in his arms."

She was hard at work one day, about the middle of the fourth week from Mrs. Westwood's return to Gressford, when Firefly put her golden head in at the door, opened it, and then ran away without a word. So, at least, she must have done in fact, but, in seeming, she had transformed herself from Olympia's docile slave into Olympia's master. There was something of a witch about her, after all.

Forsyth was not embarrassed now. He was more himself than ever—more than ever grave and self-restrained. As for Olympia, she had been expecting this terrible visit too long to be startled into flight again: and she was a man and a coward no more. She nerved herself to be trampled under foot, and yet felt almost glad that she was not to begin her new life without seeing him once more.

"I am come to beg your pardon, Miss Westwood," said Forsyth, coldly, but without the note of sarcasm or scorn that she feared. "One can but judge from appearances—all others do, so why should not I?"

He seemed to expect her to speak: but as she was silent, he went on.

"*Yours has been* a strange story. Almost as strange as mine.

I am ashamed that I, who ought to know what judgment from appearances is worth, should have done by you as I have been done by. I meant never to see you again, and I only come now—not as myself, but as any stranger might who wished to make you listen to reason—if such a thing is possible. After hearing what that girl, who seems to have more sense in her little finger than you have in your whole head, has told me, I was forced to come, though against my will. She says your cousin wants you to go home, and you, with your usual obstinacy, will not go. I say so, too—you *must* go home."

"Mr. Forsyth—I—I never wanted you to come if you'ld rather stay away. Is that all you've come for? Then I won't go home."

"We will see. Why?"

"Because I won't," said Olympia, her heart beating like the drum of a rebel army driven to bay. "What is it to you what I do or what I don't do?" She was longing to run away again, but that was impossible now, and she was forced to stand to her guns.

"What is it to me? Nothing—except that every woman in danger ought to be something to every man."

She sighed, and called upon anger to hide her disappointed sigh. "Then that's the same as nothing. I'm at home now, I'm not in danger that I know of, and if I was, I don't choose to be something to every man."

She was almost deliberately courting a scolding, and it came.

"Miss Westwood," he said, with more warmth in his voice, "some people would think you mad—I know you better than anybody, better than yourself even, and I know that you are only a slave of impulse, without sense or wisdom to guide you. And so"——

"So you've come to give me what I haven't got?"

"Yes. If I can't be wise for myself I can for you. What do you mean to do in London, all alone?"

"I'll work. You've taught me—and thank you for that—and I've begun well."

"You have painted a picture that was bought by Lord Wendale, I know. We talked about your painting long ago."

"Yes—and you said I'ld never be great, and if I was I'ld be miserable. Sure wasn't that why I"——"made myself a man," she was going to say, but instead of saying it, she only blushed crimson. "But I don't want to be great, and if I'm to be miserable I am to be. I only want to work as long as I live, that's all, and not to go back to Aunt Car'line. I could never live in Gressford now. All my spirit's gone out of me, and Aunt Car'line would just trample me in pieces."

"Good God, what a child you are! Is it because you're afraid of a scolding that you won't go home?"

The same train of memories were called up in both at once—they were the very words he had spoken to her in Lyke Wood after she had lost Gerald, and when she was in years a child.

"Olympia!" he went on, "the very first day I ever saw you I told you to be patient and brave, and all would be well. It may be a long time first—a very long time," he added bitterly, "but there's always an end. Think how young you are—are you beginning life with despair? And all because you have an aunt that scolds you?"

That was too much to bear. If she could only tell him all, like a penitent to a confessor—that for his sake the air of the wide world had now become the breath of her life, and that imprisoned among the narrow garden walls of Gressford, with or without Aunt Car'line, she would have nothing to do but sit down and rust into dreary nothingness until she died! She must live in herself if she could not live in him, and life with her meant the full play of warm blood and a free career for the demon of strong health, that will not suffer his victims to sit quietly in a chair and fold their hands. And then to be taunted with being afraid to go back because of Aunt Car'line!

"I won't be laughed at," she exclaimed hotly, "I won't be treated unjustly. If you only knew—but it's all feeling, and you can't feel like I will. Only I'ld sooner die than go back to Gressford. I've always tried to be meek and to give up everything to everybody just like a lamb—but it's no good: nobody ever cared except for what they could get out of me. Whatever I did was always wicked and wrong, ever since I was born—I suppose I was made different from them. Even my own father left me to die anyhow, before I could speak, my mother and me, and now he's ashamed to own me, and the only friend I ever had gets called liar and blackguard for his pains. I don't mean Gerald, poor boy; but what's he? So that's why I won't go home. If I'm wicked and the poor Major's wicked and Aunt Car'line and Uncle John are good, then I'll hold to them that are wicked, and be wicked myself too. It's the good that are the bad, and the bad that are the good in this world. I won't go home just because it would be good to go home, and that's why."

"What wild talk is this? What is this about your mother? I thought you knew nothing of her."

"Ah, but I know now—I had a mother like the rest, after all: thanks to the poor Major."

"Olympia—*you* know more than I—guessed: than you told me—*who was it left her to die?*"

"Perhaps you'll ask why I don't go home when I tell you 'twas Uncle John?"

"Captain Westwood?"

"He's my father, it seems—worse luck, when I thought my own father was a brave man."

"And he knows it?"

"Sure he's known it all along."

"And why—what made him hide it then?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Sure he's like what you called me—he'ld be afraid of a scolding from Aunt Car'line."

"And who told you all this?"

"'Twas the poor Major. 'Twas he found me and brought me home: 'twas he picked us up, my mother and me, at a battle called Carabobo." She was proud of Carabobo: it was a distinction to have taken part in a real battle, though only as a child in arms.

"She died at Carabobo? Good God, and I was there!"

"What—you were there?"

"To think I must have been so near—that I might perhaps have saved her and you too—that I might have found her, after all, if only to have shielded her— And it was with Captain Westwood that she went away?"

"You knew my mother—oh, tell me"——

"Knew her? I loved her, that's all. I was to have been married to her— You remember our talk about that face? It was hers: and it was then I knew whose child you were. And now you know, perhaps, why I—I took so much interest in you: why I, who meant never to see you again, could not leave England without trying to help her child."

"You were to marry my mother? Sure you can't be so old—why you'ld have been my father instead of Uncle John. But oh"—— She left her sentence without an end: she was already out of conceit with her father, and now she was falling out of conceit with her new-found mother too. *She* would not have run away from Forsyth to marry Uncle John.

"Think that I am your father, Olympia—it is what I once wanted to be. You will trust my advice now—promise me you will go home, let me think you are safe, with your real father, before I say good-bye."

"Were you very fond of my mother?" The new-found mother seemed even less lovable than before.

"I worshipped her—but it was not to be, and perhaps it is as

well. Now, promise me you will go home. If ever you are in trouble"——

"Oh, don't ask me to go home! You are my real father—let me stay with you!"

"Olympia! With me? Don't talk so madly."

"Sure, 'tis not mad at all. I'll think 'twas you married my mother, and I'll be a daughter to you and be as good to you and as good in all ways as the day's long. But oh, I can't be good alone—and I'ld be alone with any one but you—the poor Major isn't you. I'll help you too—I can paint, and I'll learn everything and let you scold me as much as you like, so that we can go on together like in the old days. Why wouldn't we? You used to care about being with me, and if I'll be as good as you want me, why won't you now?"

"You don't know what you are saying, Olympia." He turned very pale—there was something in her words that made him tremble. "You shall be my daughter—far away—but"——

"I hate But! Why far away? I'm not going back—and I won't mind where else I go."

"But I'm going Heaven knows where—to America, perhaps—to Africa—to India"——

"Africa—India? Do you mean that's why you can't let me go too—only because it's so far away? As if the world wasn't all one to me?"

"Can't you understand? Don't you know there is but one way you can go with me?"

"How? Mayn't I choose what father I please? Don't you want me?"

"It would be too heavenly a consolation, God knows."

"Then why mayn't I go?"

"Because—because you would have to go as my wife, Olympia—that is why."

Again the crimson glow covered her. She had been so rapidly carried on by the current that in her headlong course she had almost managed to make an offer of marriage before she was aware.

He saw the flush, and felt in one moment the temptation of all that he had dreamed and yet might gain. He knew that he had but to open his arms to clasp to his heart the supreme consolation for all he had suffered, and more. Why should he carry on the battle any longer? Or, rather, what but a stock or a stone could refuse to yield? Self-conquest would only prove now a contemptible triumph over a heart of ice that was not worth the conquering. He

knew that he could not marry her, but the word of love was bound to come.

"Olympia—I love you! It is because I loved you that I dared not come."

"Ah!" she cried, in a joyful whisper, "you don't scorn me—you don't hate me. Oh, that's what I was wanting you to say some day before I died, and now"——

"Yes, I love you, terribly, with all my heart and soul! It would be heaven upon earth to ask you to come to me—but, oh my dearest, how can I say it now? I cannot ask you to be the wife of one whom the world knows as a felon—a forger—a convict, who has been found out, and can only ask you to share his shame!"

"You? You a—whatever you are you're everything that's good and great, and if you were all that, 'tis nothing to me. They call the poor Major a blackguard. 'Tis the way of all the Uncle Johns and Aunt Car'lines. I don't ask other people for leave to love who I like, and I won't be ashamed of *your* shame. If you're hunted down you'll want me all the more—there, don't tell me another word; you'll never be able to get me to leave you now."

"Olympia! Can you indeed love me like that—you who are so young and so beautiful, and I who am—what I am? I should be more than mad—thank God!—to throw this away. But I did not say I am what I told you—do you think I would ever have dared look in your eyes if what they say of me were true? But the shame for you will be the same."

"Of course it isn't true. Oh, it will be glorious to be the wife of an innocent man that nobody believes in but me! It'll be better than being a queen—and think of the glory when the truth comes to be known!"

"It will never be known."

"But I'll have it known. I'll work and work till everybody knows you as well as me."

He drew her to his heart. "This is God's gift," he said in a low voice, "and God's gift I dare not refuse, come what may." And he thought—for he could not lay aside the habit of so many years—"I do no wrong to some possible man by giving him a mother who will make him brave and true instead of an earldom—much good that has been to my nephew or me. Olympia, we will begin this new life of ours under a new name, where men and women are trained to love honour and to scorn honours. You are my youth now: and we will begin the world again."

"Why under a new name? Don't you trust me not to be

ashamed of yours? I'll go where you like, but we won't run away."

"It is not because I am ashamed of mine that I must not leave it hereafter to be a badge of shame. You are to be my wife now, and you must know all—if I can dare tell it you. Olympia—in marrying me you must be put to a terrible test—you must choose between being the wife of a man whom the world scorns because he has tried to be true to himself, and one whom the world honours because for your sake he commits an injury that his whole life has been spent in striving to avoid. It may be that my life has been one long mistake—though I think not—but I cannot bring myself, even for your sake, to be false to it, whatever it has been. Right or wrong, what I thought to be right does not cease to be right because I love you. But that must be for you to decide now."

"Sure I'll try to decide right, if you'll tell me—I'll never ask you to do what you think is wrong for me."

"I'm sure of that—but I doubt: you are a woman, and—I have but to say one word to make you the Countess of Wendale."

"Oh, for shame!" she said, almost recoiling from him. "Is that loving me to think I'ld even choose between Lord Wendale and you? Why I said 'No' to him for Gerald—and if I did that, would I look at him now? Why I used to hate you because I thought you were in a plot with Aunt Car'line to get me for him."

"Olympia—I am the Earl of Wendale."

"You?"

"Yes—I. You have heard of the Lord Calmont—that is our second title—who went abroad, and never returned? He was lost in dreamland: and when he came back it was to find others in the place which his own folly gave him no right to claim. He thought it a sin to ruin the hopes and careers of others in order to selfishly take back what he had thrown away. Not that the sacrifice was hard—without his dream the earldom was as little to him then as it would now be without you. He had become degraded, in body and soul. He became a drunkard and a gambler—you see I tell you all. At last—you will guess how and why—he signed his real name instead of the name he bore. He had to choose now between letting his degradation be the cause of others' injury and giving up his good name—and if he had not allowed himself to wrong others by his rights, how could he now allow himself to profit by his own evil? I am that Lord Calmont, now Lord Wendale: and I have to choose now—you have to choose—between becoming the wife of a *reputed felon,* and becoming the wife of an Earl. I must

now be in your hands. Think well: your choice may affect many lives"——

She was startled, but not surprised—the skies had already fallen long ago. She hesitated, though not from the reasons he supposed. The vision of glory that had once before tempted her to be false to one whom she did not love, had faded away for ever, and could not return. From the hands that she did love she had already received her crown.

"And you would never have asked me the question but for my sake?" she asked suddenly.

"Never. It is only for you."

"You'ld be content if I say I won't be a countess? You'll be content if I'm prouder of you than if you were a king?"

"Content? Do you mean what you say? I should be more than content—I should be happy! Thank God that I can even think that word!"

"Then I'll say what Cora said to Gerald—I'ld sooner you'ld give me up than buy me. You shan't make me dearer than your own good name."

"Once more, thank God, Olympia! I once laughed at you for being a heroine, but I have a heroine now."

"And I've a hero," said Olympia, proudly. "Let Lord Wendale keep all he's got, and I'll have you."

Talk of the devil. Lord Wendale, as the young man must still be called, was only a man, but he appeared. He had found leisure to think of Olympia's eyes again, and there was no reason that the duel he had fought for her, though in one sense it had proved a *fiasco*, should be wholly thrown away. It may be supposed how pleased he was to find Forsyth there when he had naturally expected to find his new *protégée* alone. For the first time in his life he did not feel wholly at ease.

## CHAPTER X.

The saffron dawn most swiftly grows to grey,
And unto tears the laugh of morning skies:
From doubt doth ever dawn the brightest day—
From mist the noon of Heaven's unclouded eyes.

Mrs. Westwood, as we have seen, had now come to hate her step-daughter with a hatred that out-stepped her powers of reason. She would have cut off her own right hand if by so doing she could have crushed out of existence the viper that, as she persuaded herself, the coldness of her own bosom had warmed. But she could not bring

herself to hate her step-daughter's fortune, after which she still hankered, founding her hopes of squeezing a few mouthfuls from it upon the passage in Gerald's letter, which she had now read and re-read a hundred times. After all Gerald had a moral right to at least a part of it, if not to the whole, seeing that it was given to Olympia in anticipation and in consideration of her marriage with him. Mrs. Westwood was quite as conscientious as Lord Wendale himself could be, and never acted except on the best principles.

Gerald was only too ready to send them Olympia's address, and they came, after sending their son a complete and definite refusal to accept the honour of an alliance with Miss Miséricorde Drouzil. His mother showed her usual diplomatic skill in combining her refusal with the threat that he must choose between the girl and his future share of her fifteen hundred a year, and an assurance that she never broke her word. The imagination of the reader should, in general, be spared; but it must for once be called upon to bear the strain of realising the effect of such a threat upon so foolish a young man, who still fancied that his mother meant all she said, and that, by disobeying her in this instance, he was doing her a service against her will. She wished him to be happy and to marry well, and what else was he going to do?

But this has little to do with the motive of his mother's journey. She and her husband once more found themselves in town, furnished with Olympia's address. The Captain had not been so happy for years. His conscience was clear, his back was freed from its burden, he should recover Olympia, his wife seemed reconciled to circumstances, and they would all live a happy and united family for the rest of his days. He was a sanguine man.

It was of course necessary to take Olympia by surprise, lest so wild a bird should take wing and fly away again. Mrs. Westwood, who knew little of London, was considerably impressed by the backways that led them to Monsieur Drouzil's door. Without any reason she had evolved some indistinct fancy that Olympia was living in luxury, upon the proceeds of her dowry, and was a little surprised when she arrived at number fourteen. Jane, who had no doubt received her orders from Gerald, made no scruple about admitting them; and they went up-stairs, Mrs. Westwood holding up her skirts and her nose.

They entered Olympia's studio, without knocking at the door, and found themselves in the midst of a *le*[illegible].

*Standing in front* of a large easel was Lord Wendale, in earnest

and low-voiced conversation with Olympia. Seated stolidly in a large arm-chair by the empty fire-place was Major Sullivan. Leaning through the window, with his back to all, was Forsyth the Painter. Had Mrs. Westwood been of a figurative turn of mind, she would have thought of those street collections of naturally hostile animals called Happy Families, in which the terrier lies down with the rat and the cat with the canary.

But she had enough to do to put her mind in order, and that in a moment's time. There was that agreeable man the Major, who knew nothing of Olympia and was now in her room, who had traded on her husband's stupidity, and had made out that Forsyth was a convict—or was it an earl? There was Forsyth, who might be a lord, but was certainly a forger. There, of course, was Olympia—and there, finally, was the undoubted Earl—there was no doubt about him, except about what he could be saying to Olympia. Surely the misguided young nobleman was not thinking still of such a girl? Still, the Earl was the Earl. Morally keeping her skirts from the *canaille*, she went straight to the middle of the room, curtsied gracefully to Lord Wendale, and put her arm round the waist of her step-daughter.

"Olympia, my dear!"

"Good morning, Aunt Car'line!"

"My dear! Is that the way you meet me after giving everybody such a turn? Don't you see your—uncle, my dear? This is an unexpected pleasure, my lord. I didn't know you knew anything about our poor girl here, or, of course, I should have been easy in my mind. Olympia, my love, how could you have had the heart to frighten me so? I came up at once, I'm sure, quite on the wings of the wind."

"Sure, 'twas very good of you, Aunt Car'line," she said, not venturing to look at her father, who felt as shy of her as if he had never seen her before. "What have you come for?"

"My dear! To take you home again, to be sure. So put on your bonnet at once—I've ever so much to tell."

"'Tis too late for that, Aunt Car'line. I"——

"Miss Westwood means," said Forsyth coming forward, and looking curiously at the Captain, once his successful rival, now his future father-in-law, "Miss Westwood means what I must tell you and Captain Westwood—and I must tell you now, since I shall never be able to see you again. I am leaving England in a few hours, I hope," he went on, with a glance at Lord Wendale, "and your niece has promised to go with me as my wife. I suppose I ought to have

asked your consent, but the deed is done, and cannot be undone. Of course you will understand why I ask for no interview and for no countenance of the marriage. So far as you are concerned, all shall end here. I say this at once because all here, even Mr. Sullivan, have a right to know, and I shall never see any of you, in all likelihood, again."

Lord Wendale started—but he was intensely relieved. His secret was safe now. Whatever might be his uncle's motive for keeping silent, it was clearly strong enough to make him leave England rather than betray it for Olympia's sake—he had lost a mistress, but he had gained a guarantee for the security of his earldom.

The Captain stared blankly. "By George!" he began, "why"——

But Mrs. Westwood froze him into silence with a look. She needed time for thought—it would be delightful to think of Olympia as the wife of a reputed felon, but was there not some danger of her becoming the wife of an actual earl? And then what chance was there of picking up crumbs from her dowry?

Her silence gave the Captain time to recover his wits and his tongue.

"By Jove, there never was an unlucky devil in such a mess as me. Don't you know—by Jove—yes, Caroline, my dear, there's no help for it now, I'm hanged if there is. We're all right, you know, now. I must have some private conversation with some of you, by Jove. My lord, did my boy Gerald, that I'm proud to think you had an affair with—he told me—did he say anything to you about me?"

"He asked me to inquire into a most painful subject, Captain Westwood. Considering who is present I think the less you say about that the better."

"Will your lordship give me a private conversation?"

"It is useless—quite useless." He felt that he might rely upon his uncle's silence now.

"I beg you, my lord"——

The Earl shook his head. "Nothing shall make me," he said, "give additional evidence against the unfortunate who have done all they could to retrieve their good names. It is all over now, and pray, Captain Westwood, do not let us make bad worse. It is cruel and—and—unphilanthropic, in the extreme."

"Mr. Forsyth"—floundered on the poor Captain, in spite of his wife's dagger-looks, "just for my satisfaction, don't you know, and my lord's, did you ever see me before?"

Forsyth put on his mask again. "Certainly, Captain Westwood—at *Gressford St. Mary*, almost every day."

"Hang Gressford St. Mary, by Jove! Isn't your name Francis?"

"Stop!" said Lord Wendale. "For your niece's sake"——

"I know," said Olympia proudly. "You can't say anything I don't know."

"I have the misfortune to be named John Francis," said Forsyth.

"Did you ever know a lady named Olympia—Olympia Sanchez, I mean, in Buenos Ayres?"

"Never. One Olympia is enough for me."

"You weren't in South America? You never knew Don Pedro? You never brought letters from Corbet and French of Bristol? Then I've made an awful blunder, that's all—and it isn't likely you'ld say you weren't if you were—I'ld have sworn you were the devil if you weren't"——

"I am John Francis the Forger, from Weyport Gaol—nothing more." He looked at Olympia sadly, but firmly, as if to say, This is hard for you, but it must be borne. "But you will not be disgraced by your son-in-law. Lord Wendale will give me a character, I trust—and then you will hear of me, under my unfortunate name, no more. Your niece best knows whether she can trust herself with me."

"Indeed I will," she said, and took his hand before them all.

"Then I must say, Olympia, I wonder at your taste in taking a common prisoner who's proud of it, that's all. But that's what comes of having a scapegrace of a fa—uncle, I mean. It's in the blood, anyhow, and if Mr. Charles Westwood wasn't your father, he ought to be."

The Captain was one of those slow men into whose heads ideas seldom penetrate, but, when once there, can scarcely be dislodged at all. He returned to the charge.

"I once knew a man at petty sessions accuse himself of committing a murder when he hadn't any more to do with it than you or I. As Olympia belongs to me"——

"I answer you three times, Captain Westwood—I am John Francis the Forger, and if you please, as you said, to mistake me for the devil, I can only say you are wrong."

"Then, by the hundred thousand pigs, I'll only say ye lie!" broke in the Major, springing from the chair in which he had been sitting like a statue. "Och, the powers, to think Danny's been chatin' his own little Molly Bawn! Faith, I thought 'twas the other Earl she was swate on, and not the little owld schoolmasther—Och, *c'ramba*, if I'd known!—I'ld make her a lady Countess, the darlin', and I've just sowld her to the wrong man—oh the murder of it intirely! And a Countess ye'll be, darlin'—so my little school-

masther, say ye're not my Lord Wendle if ye dare! And if ye don't, I'll ask ye to have it out in the back yard, or I'll know the reason why—the thund'rin' soft owld cahmpeenin' fool that I am!"

Lord Wendale started forward. "You are mad" he began, utterly thrown off his guard. Forsyth saw the gesture and heard the exclamation—in that moment he read his patron through.

"Wait!" he cried out hastily, holding up his hand. "For Heaven's sake, Sullivan, say no more. Lord Wendale, we will speak"——

"Indeed ye won't, though. Ye've made up your minds to chate-an-do Molly, Olympia, my little gurl, between ye, and it shan't be done. Ye're my Lord Wendle, and me Lord Wendle knows it too. No talkin'-and-timin' to do your schamin' in for me. Look here, me lord, I'm a owld cahmpeenin' fool, and I want money as bad as most of 'm, and there's three thousand gone—but I'll just ask ye why ye gave me a cheque they'll have at the bank, I cahlculate, made out to Major Dionysius Soollivan or Order, signed Wendle. And there's me owld friend the Captain that knows 'm, and me that knows 'm, and Lady Anne and Mrs. Davies and me owld friend Joe, and I'll split anyhow—them may call me a blagyard that likes, but Molly 'll be a lady Countess, and faith, I guess there's bigger blag-yards out than me."

One thought filled Olympia—her husband's name was being cleared. "Oh, Danny!" she said, "I always said you'd a heart of gold!"

Forsyth looked upon Lord Wendale with unutterable sorrow and shame. His one wish was a desire to cover his nephew's disgrace which had thus been dragged out into the light of day. For a long time the young man stood, the centre of all eyes, with bowed head and folded arms. For more than an instant he dreamed of doing battle for rights that long use had almost made his own: and he would have fought for them to the last had he been able to see the smallest shadow of possible victory. But there was none: to fight would only mean to expose the treacherous weapons with which he had tried to win. He was fairly caught in his own net: even he, good and wise as he believed himself to be, was driven to suspect himself of having made a blunder, and to perceive that he had in any case done what could not be undone. No words can express the remorse that follows the sin of being found out when joined with the self-accusation of folly and the weight of a useless crime. As a man of sense he must anticipate certain defeat by laying down his arms: as a *proud gentleman*, he must do so gracefully if not graciously. He

raised his face: and no new comer could have told that he had been moved. A Calmont was not going to break down before a Mrs. Westwood and a Major Sullivan.

"So there goes an Earl's coronet and eighty thousand a year," he said with bitter lightness. "I suppose, my lord—as it seems that not even yourself can hide who you are—that you think I have been behaving like a scoundrel. On my word of honour I never guessed who you were till a few days ago"——

"Faith, 'twas weeks," said the Major.

"And I had good reasons for delay, as you may suppose. I am vexed to the heart that the matter has been taken out of my hands. Why did you conceal who you were? How was I to believe that the tramp I found by the wayside was an uncle whom I had never seen?"

"You cannot be more grieved than I," said Forsyth. "You ask me why I hid myself—that is a long story—but you were once my friend and my benefactor, Arthur—what would you have thought of me if I had injured you?"

"Good God! Was that the cause?"

"There—say no more. I know what temptation means. I would give the world for the power of silence still. But, believe me, you are none the worse off for being at last the plain Arthur Calmont you once said you wished to be. I was plain Walter Forsyth: and I made it a name that was honoured by earls. I am prouder of that than I shall ever be of anything save the true, brave, unselfish love of my wife that is to be, and you will always have the earldom at your back as if it were your own. My title I cannot give up, but all my influence I can—and it is yours, if only for the sake of a hand that you once held out to a pauper convict by the road-side. Give me the same hand again."

Arthur Calmont took the Earl of Wendale's hand, and bowed his head once more.

Poor Mrs. Westwood! Cinderella had turned out a princess after all. But a future Countess, though still Olympia, was beyond the circle of her stings. After all, to have a half sister would be a great thing for the girls, and for Gerald too. Envy, hatred, and malice are not inconsistent with the most deferential affection, as the world found out long ago.

"Only to think!"—she began. "Didn't I always say that—ah!" her prophecy was interrupted by a scream. She had been run against and almost knocked down by a huge, shaggy bear, that had somehow burst into the room, with a broken rope hanging from his

muzzled nose. "John—do you see that—for heaven's sake carry him away—it will eat me, and I shall die!"

"Oscar—Oscar, my precious darling—ah, here you are at last!" cried out Firefly, darting into the room. "Oh what a race you have given me! Gerald, dear—here he is, the darling—*Mon Dieu*, Olympia—I didn't know"——

The solitary Olympia seemed to be entertaining all London in her room. But she saw the old gentleman there, and smiled, as she sheltered herself between her two friends.

"How fast you run, Firefly!" said a voice from the stairs. "Why, mother!—you here?"

"It's all over, Olympia," said Firefly, full of happiness and pride in which all the world must share. "And it would have gone so well—but we tied up Oscar in the Mews, and we hadn't been married a minute when they told me he'd got away—he couldn't get on, the poor darling child, without me, and we couldn't have him in the church, you know—he got off through the streets and we had to run—you should have seen the people, how they got out of his way—I'm out of breath still!"

"Gerald!" said Mrs. Westwood to her son, who was standing on thorns, and as red as fire, within the door, "what does this mean? Who is that girl with the bear?"

"It's my wife, mother—we were married this morning—it's the girl you know—it's all for the best"——

"Indeed it is," said Olympia. "Never you mind, Aunt Car'line—I'm a Countess now, and I'll do what I like with everybody and everything. And I'll begin with Cora. You like money, you know, Aunt Car'line, and I'm sure she'll be as rich as a Jew. And Gerald shall be an Admiral. And Carry and Julia and Molly 'll all have everything they want, and more, and Danny 'll be able to do without bones that aren't always over-clean, I'm afraid—and Uncle John 'll have money of his own—and the church 'll have a new organ—and there 'll be none sorry and none poor—and"——

"Stop!" said Forsyth. "You're leaving nothing for me!"

"Sure I am, though, and for myself too—you'll have me, and I'll have you!"

And so the romance of Olympia Westwood ended, and the education of Olympia, Countess of Wendale, began.

## PART III.—ATROPOS.

NOT always cares our triune Fate
  In tragic mood to sit and spin:
Not always thinks it loss of state
  To lift a needle or a pin.
Now, bent upon Ionic woes,
  She strips the pluméd forests bare,
And now she idly plucks a rose
  To set it in a maiden's hair.

And so—for once the story is—
  Clotho a knotted tangle drew
That balked the wheel of Lachesis
  And Atropos could not undo.
It was but in a village tale—
  But one small knot the temper tries,
And ah, full oft they sadly fail,
  Those sisters that we deem so wise!

"Nay, 'tis no use," they sighed and said:
  "Prepare the shears and let it go.
If shame must crown the honest head,
  And thieving prosper, be it so.
Our task is o'er—we've tried our best;
  That knot of folly balks us still;
And we must leave to Him the rest
  Who mends our blunders when He will."

Maid Clotho took the tangled skein
  Dame Lachesis had thrown aside;
Then once, and twice, and once again
  Queen Atropos her scissors plied.
But lo, the skein that stopped the wheel
  And tore the hands that tried to tear,
No less was proof against the steel—
  There was one thread of Honour there!

And, if such apologue hath need
  Of platitude to prove it true,
Then for a moral take and read
  The oldest that was ever new:
That Truth hath ample time to wait,
  That Patience fears no shameful shroud,
That Honour scorns the shears of Fate,
  And trusts the lining of the cloud.

THE END.

# A Christmas Dinner in the Bay of Biscay.

IT was last Christmas Day, the table-cloth was laid in the saloon of a mail steamboat, and the place was the Bay of Biscay. We left Southampton at noon on the 24th of December, 1873, and we were on our way to the Brazils, touching at Corunna, Caril, and Lisbon. Twelve hours before embarkation I had no more idea of spending Christmas Day in the Bay of Biscay than of sending up my plate for roast beef at the North Pole. In fact, my bachelor friends without domestic ties were invited, and had accepted the invitation, and with them and my wife and little ones I intended to dine and spend the evening of the twenty-fifth in strict accordance with tradition and national taste.

The reality was very different. "We want you, Mr. P——, to go to Lisbon and Madeira, and to do there whatever is required to ensure the speedy transmission of our correspondence from the Gold Coast. The mail steamer leaves Southampton to-morrow at twelve." These were my sudden and unchallengeable instructions, and thus it was that I found myself sitting down to dinner in the midst of the Bay of Biscay at five o'clock on the 25th day of last December.

We were a melancholy party. It was not the roughness of the sea or the motion of the ship. There was not a bit of a swell on. As smooth as landsman's heart could desire were the waters of that dreaded four hundred miles of open ocean between Ushant and Ortegal. Our boat was as steady as a castle. There was no cause of discomfort on board. Indeed we should have been thankful for a little hardship. Our grievance, I think, was the delusive decoration of the saloon with holly, the menu of roast turkey, plum-pudding, and mince pies—the hollow mockeries of an old English Christmas dinner at home—so well intended by steward and cook. These things taunted us of the unlucky destiny which sent us into the middle of the lonely seas to spend our Christmas night. They set us picturing the dear family circles from which we had run away. We took our places one and all without speaking a word. The captain, at the head of the table, wore the pensive air of a family man. Two "exploiters" bound for the Brazils had been roughened by hard experience, but they were touched in a tender part at this moment.

of sitting down to Christmas dinner in the midst of strangers on the desolate seas. Two engineers from Yorkshire, who had been cheerfulness itself till now, were suddenly mute as fishes.

Presently, when the fish, which we had just managed to taste, was taken away, and the turkey was being handed round, a Brazilian-bound stranger made a desperate attempt to force a conversation.

"Thinking of the children, I suppose," said he to the captain.

"Haven't got any," replied the captain, with pensive gravity.

Never was a failure more signal. The well-meaning inquirer gave it up, and again silence reigned supreme. There was nothing to fix the attention upon but the slight creaking of the ship and the swaying of the glass-rack over the table. The turkey would not go down, for every one of us had a lump in the throat less digestible than anything the steward could give us.

When the few words which had been uttered had passed almost out of recollection, and we were all mentally hundreds of miles away, the captain added, in the same serious and semi-tragical air:—

"I've got some little nephews and nieces, though," by way of explaining that he understood the tone of mind of his guests, and was not altogether outside the range of sympathy.

It was just when the plum-pudding made its appearance, and when our young children should have been clapping their little hands round our tables, that an awful discovery was made. *There were just thirteen of us at dinner!*

Darker grew and deeper the silence and the gloom.

But the subject was in a manner congenial. Here was dismal ground on which we could all meet. The captain began to tell stories of what had occurred within his own experience, and what his father before him had told of the events associated with the sitting down of that unlucky number at table, more especially on a great day like this in the calendar. Such was the impression, I honestly avow, of those stories upon my mind, that when some months afterwards I saw on the London newspaper placards "Wreck of a Royal Mail Steamer," I found myself saying—"Ah, that must be our unlucky boat." I am glad to say my prevision was wrong; but the lost vessel was one belonging to the same house.

My own poor little contribution to the melancholy batch of superstitious recollections was derived from an occasion when a dozen of us were dining at an hotel at Bath, and a thirteenth unexpectedly arrived—a gentleman known and much esteemed by the twelve. "Here comes the victim," was the remark made as the thirteenth man sat down—and within three months that thirteenth man was

dead. Now, I had never heard that the last arrival was necessarily the victim, and I was endeavouring to remove any particularly pointed application of the narrative by the well-worn argument that out of a general company of thirteen middle-aged men it was not so very unlikely that one might die in the course of twelve months, irrespective of the magic potency of fatal numbers; but somehow my philosophy did not mend the matter. After all, the idea was not absolutely exhilarating that the chances might be in favour of at least one of this small party dying before Christmas Day, 1874. Pondering wofully on this point, I glanced surreptitiously towards the seat which had been occupied by the guest who had been the thirteenth to sit down to this saloon dinner—and the place was vacant. The circumstances of the hour had been nearly enough for every one of us; the story of the thirteenth finished the Christmas dinner of 1873 for *him*. He lived three days longer, to my certain knowledge, and I trust he is good for a far happier dinner on the twenty-fifth of this present month; but it must be admitted that the odds on that mournful day were against him.

Dinner was over, but we could not say we had dined. The pudding had been tasted for the sake of "the children," but we were glad when it was all over. The passengers, one by one, slunk away almost unobserved to their berths. No one made the attempt even to appear cheerful. I believe I could have worked myself into a something resembling placid enjoyment of a cigar on deck with the genial Irish doctor, but just then, as he told me, we were steaming very near the spot where the *London* went down!

This was too much for one Christmas day, and I gave it up, and went off like the rest to my cabin to mix up in dreams the thirteenth arrival at dinner, the children, and the wreck of the *London*.

It is astonishing how cheerful we all were next morning. We had got over Christmas day, and had run through the Bay and were ploughing along joyfully at the rate of twelve knots off the coast of Spain. Not one of us on board, I think, would have exchanged places on that Boxing Day with those dyspeptic friends at home whose too cheerful spirits had so haunted us the day before. We were braced up and renewed for the business, full of interest and novelty, that lay before most of us. But if the fates will let me eat my Christmas dinner at home in this current December I expect some sort of recompense in double merriment for that melancholy dinner hour in the Bay of Biscay on the twenty-fifth of December, 1873.

V.

# DUBLIN POLITICAL SATIRE AND SATIRISTS FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY THE KNIGHT OF INNISHOWEN.

MR. BAYLE BERNARD'S Life of Samuel Lover carries me back to those almost forgotten days. The world did not know till he died that the author of "Handy Andy" had been a political satirist. There were two or three of us who remembered the fact, and when Lover had gone from among us, and no harm could come to him from the revelation of the secret which he and his veteran friends of the Dublin Comet Club had kept so well, I told the story in the pages of *Temple Bar** of his remarkable etchings in the "Parson's Horn Book," never till then associated with his name. For Lover was a young miniature painter of rare excellence in those early days of his career, and his sitters were the leading aristocracy of Ireland. Mr. Bayle Bernard has quoted my account of the "Horn Book" and of Lover's marvellous illustrations; but there was a great deal more that would have interested the readers of that part of his life, if his biographer had been one of us, full of recollections of the Battle of the Tithes and the Dublin satirists of forty years ago, and if he could have had before him, as I have at this moment, some of those exquisite caricatures that formed so strong an element in the book. Mr. Bernard, deriving his information mainly, I think, if not exclusively, from my sketch in *Temple Bar*, speaks of the "Horn Book" as "a bold and unsparing satire on the tithe system of the Irish Established Church, edited and partly written by Thomas Brown, a Wesleyan farmer and miller from the Queen's County, whose *nom de plume* was 'Jonathan Buckthorn,' and who was also called the 'Irish Cobbett,' aided by some young barristers, *littérateurs*, and members of Parliament. The impression caused by this work may be partly judged by the fact that it subjected some of its contributors to Crown prosecutions; and the excitement thus produced, it is allowable to infer, had something to do with hastening, if not occasioning, the politic measure of Lord Stanley." This was the famous Act of Parliament which exempted the tenants of Irish land after the 1st

* August, 1868.

November, 1833, from further payment of tithe, removing the burthen to the shoulders of the landlords. Beyond question the "Horn Book" helped to raise the political storm in Ireland which, partially appeased by the Irish Church Acts of 1832 and 1833, broke forth again after many years, and was pacified at last by the revolutionary wand of the great Prospero of 1869.

For brevity sake, before I go further, I will quote here from my sketch of 1868 a passage relating to the "Horn Book" which Mr. Bernard has incorporated in the biography :—

> This extraordinary book, which had a greater circulation than any work ever published in Ireland, and which created a greater sensation than had been known since the days of Swift, was illustrated with etchings of the most exquisitely humorous character from the hand of Samuel Lover. Various were the pens that supplied the literature, but his alone were the illustrations. What feasts—Balshazar feasts of loaves and fishes—it contained; what fishing in the sea of sees; what steeplechases for the Mitre Cup; what Satanic shooting excursions (the metrical portion modelled on Porson's and Coleridge's "Devil's Walks"), in which the great enemy of mankind, with his dog Cerberus, *(proh nefas!)* took down and bagged episcopal game! Since Hogarth sketched Churchill as a bear, dressed in canonicals, with a pot of porter in one hand and a clay pipe in the other, there surely never was such audacious caricaturing of ecclesiastics. I forget how many editions of the "Horn Book" were published, but the first went up to several thousands, at five shillings a copy. Lover's share in the matter was only confided to a few; but they kept his secret well, otherwise his business as a miniature painter might have been seriously impeded. In after years, as he mixed in the crowds and bustle of London life, this political escapade was seldom spoken of, if not altogether forgotten.

Those were days of extreme public excitement. The air was charged on both sides of St. George's Channel with political electricity. On the one side Birmingham Unions and Bristol Riots, the fiery meetings at the Crown and Anchor and the fights and triumphs of the Reform Bill; on the other, the Repeal Agitation in full chorus, the Leinster and Bar Declarations, the political duels in the Phœnix Park and elsewhere round Dublin, the Monster Meetings, the Ministerial Coercion Acts, the Viceregal Proclamations, and the war of the tithes in which the blood of Roman Catholic farmers and peasants was shed—those tithes which parochial rectors, with their tithe proctors and armed police, gathered in at the point of the bayonet. Those were the days, too, when the French Revolution of July stirred up from its depths the spirit of popular discontent throughout these islands.

The Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, after the most magnificent promises and expectations, had not produced tranquillity. To

the suffering masses of the Irish people it brought no material relief from oppressive landlords and low-priced labour. The popular miseries and discontent were heightened, moreover, by partial failures of the potato crop, and myriads were left without food or the means of obtaining it. Then arose the cry for a native Parliament, which O'Connell declared was the only panacea for the ills of Ireland. "If the Union," said Mr. Sheil, "is not repealed within two years, I am determined that I will pay neither rent, tithe, nor taxes. They may distrain my goods, but who will buy?"

Throughout many districts, especially of Leinster, the Roman Catholic farmers refused to pay tithes, allowing their corn and cattle to be distrained, for which, except in rare instances, no native purchasers could be found; and these *spolia opima* had to be sent to Liverpool and Bristol, where such an amount of English sympathy was evinced in behalf of the tithe martyrs who followed them that the greatest difficulty was experienced in selling them. In Ireland those who dared to purchase at the auctions of cattle and farm produce distrained for tithe were generally massacred by the peasantry. In Westmeath alone were perpetrated in one year over a score of those dreadful murders under circumstances of the most revolting cruelty.

In the midst of this bitter and wide-spread discontent the "Horn Book" appeared in Dublin, and was followed shortly afterwards by the *Comet* weekly newspaper. The former declared fierce war against the Established Church; the latter, whilst supporting the same cause, advocated also Parliamentary and Municipal Reform, Irish Poor Laws, Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the Repeal of the Union.

The first of these startling publications professed to be issued by the "Political Tract Society," which changed its name into that of the "Comet Literary Club," with the subsequent appearance of the first number of the weekly newspaper.

The Comet Club numbered not more than about a score of the patriot satirists of young Dublin. They were a very youthful band. With three exceptions they were under five-and-twenty years of age, and some were not more than eighteen or nineteen. John Sheehan was the youngest of the Comets, and he held the position of second or sub-editor. J. O'C—— and H. N. J—— were about one or two and twenty. The former, one of the first Irish statists now living, with the exception perhaps of Doctor Madden, published the "Green Book" and the "History of the Irish Brigade" in after years, and the latter an excellent metrical translation of the "Odes of Horace." *T. Kenedy, who* wrote under the signature of "O'More," was also

the same age. Robert Knox, who afterwards edited the London *Morning Herald*, and Sterling Coyne, who also held a high position on our metropolitan press and produced a number of successful dramas, were not over three-and-twenty. Maurice O'Connell might have been from four to five and twenty. Browne, the chief editor, was about forty-five. Lover, whose birth his biographer states to have taken place the year before the Irish Rebellion, would have been about five to six and thirty. Dominick Ronayne, a barrister of the Munster Circuit and member for a southern borough, whose poetic satires on public abuses and characters identified therewith, under the signature of "Figaro in Dublin," were in many instances superior to Churchill or Gifford, was a middle-aged man. He was one of the handsomest specimens I have ever known of the dark Celtic race which abounds in the South of Ireland. He never made much way at the bar or in Parliament. He was a most agreeable and gentlemanly man in society, but he had not the faculty of thinking on his legs, or he was too fastidious to utter anything in public which had not been well thought over. He had a marvellous acquaintance with and accurate recollection of the satiric poets, ancient and modern. Like most of the Munster scholars, especially those who had been coached by Dr. Magin's father at his famous Cork Academy, for the Dublin University, he had the satires of Horace and Juvenal at his fingers' ends, and he could repeat by heart whole pages of the "Dunciad," the "Rosciad," and the "Baviad." George Dunbar—*nom de plume* "Nebula"—the most sparkling and classic writer of English prose in any publication of his time in either country, was about three-and-twenty. He had previously a distinguished career in Trinity College, Dublin. He was an original and elevated thinker, especially on art, on which subject he carried on an interesting controversy with George Mulvaney, senior, the father of the present popular secretary of the Royal Irish Academy. His impassioned critique on Taglioni's first night on the Dublin stage will never be forgotten by those who read it with such delight at the time, and will be found preserved carefully to this day in many a Dublin lady's scrap-book. Clarence Mangan, who signed his own initials to his articles, in prose and verse, began his erratic literary career in the *Comet*, to which he gave the first of his "Leaflets from the German Oak" long before he contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* or to the literature of the Young Irelanders. He was one of the *Comet's* merry youngsters. Of the twelve names above-mentioned, five were Protestants of the extreme liberal school, namely, Browne, Lover, Knox, Coyne, and Dunbar—the last-men-

tioned joined the Saint Simonians in Paris in after years—six were Roman Catholics: Ronayne, Maurice O'Connell, J. O'C——, H. N. J——, Kenedy, and Sheehan. Mangan's religion was undemonstrative and doubtful. As he used to say himself in those days, it would be the foulest judicial murder next to that of Socrates to make him drink of the poisoned cup for an over zealous love or hatred of any of the Churches. Poor fellow! there was a pleasant cup, filled not with hemlock juice but the beverage of his country, to which he was over-partial throughout life, which, as in poor Magin's and many another gifted Irishman's case, carried him off at last. He wound up, however, like a true Celt, dying a sincere Christian, and a good Catholic as well, according to the account which his friends have given of his dissolution.

Of these dozen contributors to the "Horn Book" and *Comet* as well as to the "Valentine Post Bag," a waggish and witty duodecimo of amatory epistles in verse to and from a number of the Dublin magnates, but three are now alive—J. O'C——, H. N. J——, and Sheehan.

It was announced in the original programme that the sinews of war, the artillery of reason, and a whole rifle brigade of wit would be brought to bear against the great scandal of the age. Another pregnant announcement had it that the new political luminary's constitutional principles would be similar to those of the *Examiner* (then edited by Albany Fonblanque); in buoyancy and spirit it would rival the *Age*, and in national humour it would, like Paddy McKew's flask of whisky, *speak for itself*. "Measures not men" was an antiquated principle laughed at. "How come at Cæsar's crime and not dismember Cæsar," &c. The younger members, whilst professing to be anything but bullies or fire-eaters, let it be known that they could finger a hair-trigger as well as a pen, and that if unfairly put upon by the fiery champions of Ascendency they would accommodate them. This explanation was intended for Trinity College gentlemen *in statu pupillari*, who threatened once or twice to pull down the publishing office, which was almost at their gate. From this state of things it can be easily conceived that if the *Comet* did not with the first whisk of its tail set fire to the Liffey, it raised throughout Dublin and the Irish counties generally—the Celtic mind being just as readily ignitable as the "tow of Islamism"—a great moral conflagration.

The "sinews of war" for the literary enterprise which was destined to challenge the attention of every party in Ireland, and to draw down upon it the utmost severities of the Whig Executive, were sup

plied by a Roman Catholic distiller (now many years dead) of one of the Leinster Counties, and by a young Protestant gentleman, still living, a Justice of the Peace of another county. The latter had a distinguished academic career at Trinity College, Dublin, and had been just called to the Irish bar—a profession, however, which he never followed, having inherited a handsome fortune as well as an ancestral taste for field sports and the general pursuits of a country gentleman. The former, although a gentlemanly educated man, and a very good speaker, never mingled in the literary contests of his time, and kept so much aloof from the political ones that he refused more than once to be put forward for the representation of his county. The latter, besides contributing in purse towards the publication of the "Horn Book," was the author of two of its best chapters, the titles of which were "The Devil's Shooting Excursion" and "The Fate of the Frog." Lover's illustration to the former was his *chef d'œuvre*, and, looking at it in a purely artistic point of view, the *crême de la crême* of the work. In the racy sketch—very few copies of which, I suspect, are still in existence—the "enemy of mankind" was seen out with his dog and his gun on his manor, in all the pride and circumstance of his sporting panoply. Old Cerberus had just come to a set, his three most intelligent countenances looking as perfectly calm and confident as if the monster had been brought up to the business all his life. A canonically arrayed personage rises up on high with the grace and celerity of a pheasant. Just as he reaches his altitude and turns to fly forward, mitre horizontalised and lawn-sleeve wings outspread, the fowler fiend brings his double "Joe Manton" up to "a present" and blazes at his game effectually. Nothing can exceed the cool business-like ease of the infernal sportsman; and, when you have looked and laughed—as malignant human nature, for the most part, laughs in such cases—and when you think you have seen all, you look again, and discover a plump black-stockinged leg peeping out from the mouth of the game bag, which tells that this is not the first shot that has been taken, nor the first head of game that has been brought down.

"The Devil's Excursion" opens smoothly and quietly enough, following a well-known classic model:—

> The month was November, the morning fine;
> The clock had just struck half-past nine;
> The Devil had swallowed his coffee and toast
> By his parlour fire, and was reading the *Post*.
> "A rare morning!" he cried. "Ho, my dog and gun.
> I must forth, I declare, for a taste of fun!
> For the last three days I've been pinned to my desk,

Writing Ireland's history—in burlesque;
A farce for Calcraft * to bring on the stage,
And the deuce a better he's had for an age."

Forth go the interesting pair, the fowler fiend squibbing his double Joe as he commences his excursion, which emits a silvery chime; but the poet will not tell in what furnace the shot was melted, nor whence the powder came:—

Away then he walked adown his farm,
His tail like a lady's train over his arm,
His gun on his shoulder, his bag by his side,
And Cerberus *casting* in three-headed pride!

"What a set! to ho!" To north, west, and east,
Pointed at once the well-trained beast.

Up start from the stubble a plump and respectable-looking trio, but as sluggish on the wing as "their cousins the crows." Bang! bang a pair come down, are retrieved and bagged, and the third wends on his solitary way:—

Six bishops next he meets in a bevy,
All rustling along in pomp to levee,
And as they cunningly schemed in pairs,
How each was to broach there his own affairs,
He came up and fired on them unawares!

Picking up a brace and reloading as he follows up the others, "bang" he goes again, and wings another. Then, very well satisfied with his morning's sport so far, he next falls in with the Dissenters, who are too many for him, and dodge him successfully:—

Reloaded he leaves that field and comes
"In search" (as he says) "of daintier crumbs"
To a bare wild pasture on which he finds
A flock of Dissenters speaking their minds.
Quoth he, "I must talk with these excellent friends
Of the public weal, and—their private ends.
None on their rights they'll let encroach,
But stretch their long necks at my approach;
Wary and cunning they see me and fly;—
See there, they're off, aye, up in the sky,
Where I don't think I'd reach them quite so high!"
And swift through the æther their phalanx whirled;
For they were not weighed down by the gifts of this world!

Their wearied and baffled pursuer leaves them in order to attend

* The well-known manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal, who died in London, *secretary to Charles Kean.*

to "a monstrous King-fisher Primate" which has just flown up from the rushes hard by :—

> Pontificals fluttered about him loose
> Like wind-shaken feathers around a goose;
> But a bullet of gold he got through the head,
> With an aim so true that he tumbled dead,
> And the King-fisher Primate was after his fall
> Bagged, *Pontificalibus*, mitre, and all!

The poem closed with a very few lines more; and if some may think it was time it should, they must not forget that there were righteous people then who thought it time that the scandal which suggested the pasquinade had ceased also. The Bishop of Derry enjoyed £18,000 a year, the Bishop of Elphin, £13,000; the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin; £15,000, the Bishop of Raphoe, £11,000; the Archbishops of Tuam and Cashel, and the Bishop of Clogher, £10,000 a year each. The other members of the Irish episcopal order had seven, eight, or nine thousand each. Two only were as low as five thousand each. Our English Parliament of those days thought to patch up the national quarrel between Ireland and her Church, and to blunt the weapons of the Dublin political satirists, if not disarm them altogether, by reducing these enormous incomes after the death of the then holders; and great was the indignation of Whigs and Tories alike at the ungrateful and even contemptuous manner in which the Irish Tithes and Temporalities Reform Acts were received by the bulk of the Irish people.

The second poem of the same author is shorter, and I will transcribe it without curtailment, premising that frogs are not less plentiful in Ireland than in England, St. Patrick's crusade against Hibernian reptiles notwithstanding :—

### THE FATE OF THE FROG.

#### A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

> I once stood in dream by a gay river's side,
> And was gazing methought on the wandering tide;
> As sparkling it rushed thro' the fresh May flowers—
> The soft "callow young" of the April showers,
> That up thro' the reeds rear their rich yellow throats,
> To drink the clear stream, as by them it floats;
> And I felt that all nature was bounding with pleasure,
> Whilst I, too, partook of that heavenly treasure,
> A heart, light as air, which, elastic with joy,
> Knew no cankering care nor unworthy alloy!
>
> And behold! as I smiled o'er this beautiful scene,
> A fragment of Earth clad in gold and in green;—

A sod of rich verdure—came sailing along—
Borne off from some bank, where the current was strong;
It was deck'd out with daisies and hyacinths blue,
And buds from its bosom drank up the cool dew,
And the moss and the lichen and harebell were there,
Whilst each little blade wore its holiday gear:
A ray of soft light shone around as it swam,
And each seemed to say, "Oh how happy I am!"
Yes! I thought in my soul, if the Ants and the Bees
Of that Isle be not grateful, they're tardy to please.
But lo! what great monster appears on that turf?
He sits in the centre, and scowls o'er the surf.

'Tis a FROG bloated—swollen and hideous with bile!
Can an OVERGROWN TOAD, then, be Lord of that Isle?
Ah! 'tis true.—And a *tenth* both from Ants and from Bees,
Of their honey and store, he's permitted to seize!
The Ants in a passion wax fierce, and complain;
And the Bees are outrageous;—but all is in vain:
The Toad has a charm that drugs their small wits,
And bows down their minds to the earth where he sits;
Confused with this drug, which they don't understand,
They look on, whilst he rakes up the tenth of their land,
And ransacks the best of their stores and their hives,
Which "*undrugged*" they'd defend at the cost of their lives!

But hold!—do I see?—and "Down rebel!—down dog!"
Do I hear in hoarse voice from the PATRIARCH FROG!
Ah! yes; for his "*abjects*" are up in array,
Whilst the overgrown wretch turns pale with dismay:
He totters;—he falls;—his old *drug bottle's* broke;
And is found to contain nought but fungus and smoke.
His body, carbuncled, and spotted and pied
With "impure increase," they roll off to the tide,
And hurl the base burden, with echoes of glee,
To be swept to the gulphs of some bottomless sea!

Then I heard their loud shouts, and beheld on that Isle
Once more JOY'S light laugh, and PROSPERITY'S smile;
And I saw the glad Insects assemble to raise
Their voices in songs of "thanksgiving and praise,"
That the "MARCH OF THE MIND" had restored them their sight,
And turn'd all their mystified darkness to light.
Here the joy of the Pigmies rose loud o'er the stream,
So that starting I woke, and "behold! 'twas *no dream!*"

The second, I think, in order of merit of Lover's etchings on steel in the "Horn Book" was "The Siamese Twins" in the character of Church and State, in which one of the interesting youths has his head surmounted by a crown and the other by a mitre. The connecting bond of flesh was labelled "LAW." Over the doorway of the

exhibition was written "For *a limited period*, the wonderful phenomenon of the Siamese Twins;" and underneath the picture appears the well known opinion of Abernethy, "The connexion is unnatural; I say it may be cut." The sketch represents the great surgeon, scalpellum in hand, on the point of operating, and the Twins in an attitude of fright and deprecation. The lines which accompany the sketch bear the stamp of the writer of the foregoing; and I think I am safe in attributing them to the same authorship. The poem opens thus:—

From Siam late, as all folks know,
There came a very monstrous show;
Two bodies joined in one were seen,
With callous ligature between:
But few have heard the sober truth,
The history of their birth and youth.

The poet recounts how their sire was "one Harry King" (Henry VIII.), who conducted his affairs very defiantly, although "with great *éclat*," and amongst other irregularities

With his Parish Priest he lived in strife,
And to flout him took a second wife.
* * * * *
He was a burly portly fellow,
And she a *belle*, though somewhat *yellow*.
Her maiden name was AMOR NUMMI;
Though by it how indeed she'd come, I
Cannot well say:—PALM-ITCH they name her
In England. Now the Lady Seymour,
His lawful wife, was at this crisis—
But what care KINGS for vulgar vices!
They don't indeed, nor does it matter:—
The scandal made a monstrous clatter,
And in due time produced its fruits—
A Prodigy! 'mongst men or brutes
Ne'er seen before: together tied
TWIN BABES were born side by side,
Who could not part; inseparable,
Alike they fared at bed or table:
They laughed, they sighed, they wept together,
Were tickled by the self-same feather;
Conceived themselves in equal danger
From awkward friend or wicked stranger;
*Monksworth* tea they swallowed up
(They hated *Pup*) from the same cup;
And on their birthday, in th' afternoon,
Supped sop from th' exact same wooden spoon:
Such was the monstrous double twin,
Of PALM-ITCH born and HARRY KING!

ıe supreme minister of religion is sent for, and soon arrives e person of "the Chief Priest of th' Arabies":—

A doughty dervish, proud and pursy,
Ready if vexed to damn and curse ye!

: says he has studied the extraordinary case, and has prayed that en would enlighten him respecting it. From the skies he s the meaning of the double wonder, which he declares—

'Twere sacrilege to cut asunder.
Their names writ full I saw in vision,
The letters in juxtaposition—
'Twas CHURCH AND STATE, I do assure you;
I therefore solemnly conjure you,
SIR HARRY, though the thing's a monster,
Not to let t'other from the one stir;
And thus fulfil the words of Fate,
Naming this CHURCH and this one STATE.
And may they thrive, grow straight and tall,
Like double cherries on a wall!

ıe youths grew up, their father dies,

And they were left both young and lusty
To uncles, aunts, and many a trustee.

ıese failing and dropping off, they set out on their travels and to England, where they open a show and exhibit themselves. some time they begin to feel uneasy, the climate not altogether ing with them; and

An inward ulcer's apprehended,
And people fear it can't be mended.

ıe reader is strongly advised to go and see them. They'll be linked together

With several strange, tough thongs of leather,
(Or *parchment* rather), plaited strong
Into one rope: and all along
This curious manifold calf-skin fetter
The words "Law! Law!" in rubric letter
Are printed deep.

'erybody asks them why they don't cut the unmeaning, unnatural and be free; and they answer, "We're fond of it." Besides, 'tis ν," and they'll kick, and bite, and fight with any one to the last l think of cutting or untying it.

And if we fall, we'll fall together,
With our dear *sacred* strap of leather!

ıey are told that the public health, public decorum, and the *of the united* nation call for the operation; and the doctor,

like the *Deus ex machinâ*, makes his appearance at the critical moment.

> At this the TWINS wax pale and tremble,
> By turns weep, laugh, talk, pray, dissemble.

The doctor (a capital likeness of Abernethy in the illustration) endeavours to persuade them that the operation is a mere nothing, that they'll scarcely feel his pretty little toy of steel, and that there was

> No more blood
> In that same strap than if 'twere wood.

The twins are in a great fright, cry out "mercy," and declare that, if approached by the doctor knife in hand, they'll fill heaven and earth with their cries.

> "I say no drop of blood shall follow!"
> Returns the doctor. "Blood and thunder!
> You'll be much better cut asunder"——

And he proceeds to tell what sooner or later must be their wretched fate —

> ——Ye both will perish.
> That paltry *strap* ye so much cherish
> Will be the cause: that gangrene dread
> Which lurks in CHURCH'S spleen will spread,
> And he will die; and thou'lt be tied,
> STATE, to his stiff dead body's side.
> I need not add, so vile a load
> Will soon despatch you the same road.
> But if *I* cut this bad connection,
> CHURCH can then come 'neath my *protection*,
> And happ'ly by good use of knife
> I may in time preserve his life;
> The *gangrene* root by root may sever,
> And make him good and sound for ever.

Church and State will not for the present, at all events, consent to be separated. Law must be right, and nothing like leather. They'll think over, however, all he has said to them.

> And he, a most good-natured man,
> Agrees at once to this their plan;
> Willing to leave them without rout,
> To eke their own salvation out.

There is something prophetic in this Vision of Judgment. In the conception of the poem one sees a suggestion of Voltaire, and there is a reminiscence of Swift in the working out of it—of Swift, when he was Rector of Lara, and had only his clerk, the "dearly beloved Roger," for his congregation.

Of a very different order, in spirit and matter, was the chant of the "Orange Yeomen" marching forth with the police to the tithe-gathering. I can give only the opening stanza as a sample. It was from the pen of "J. O. C.," one of the most vigorous of all the "Horn Book" and early *Comet* writers, whose verses might have been written with a scythe, and his prose with a tomahawk :—

March! march! out for the tithes, my boys!
Screw on your bayonets and give them no quarter:
Let them come on with their pitchforks and scythes, my boys,
Cut them and crush them like mince in a mortar!
Heed not what conscience says,
Set cabins in a blaze,
Fighting your way by the flames, to keep order;
Aim with unerring eye,
Pick them down as they fly,
Let not a scamp of them cross o'er his border!

The "Prostrate Incubus of Ireland" stretched on a bed of thorns, although presenting a rather ghastly picture, had about it a good deal of grim humour. It may be safely given to Brown, although at this distance I could not positively swear it. One Paddy McKew, an impersonation of the peasantry, like Captain Rock or Terry Alt, is supposed to address the effigy of fallen splendour :—

Och, mavourneen! are you there?
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
Och, mavourneen! are you there?
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
'Faith it is yourself that's there,
And all standing is your hair,
At the Horn Book whilst you stare,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh!

You're on a bed of thorns,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
You're on a bed of thorns,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
Every one of them *buckthorns*,
With your conscience on the *Horns*,
'Mid the world's jeers and scorns,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh!

Your Crosier's snapped in two,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
Your Crosier's snapped in two,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
For a pike it won't *now* do;
And you'll have no scrip, nor shoe
To your foot—och, *wirasthrew*!
Says the Shan-van-vaugh!

Sure, it was the HORN BOOK,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
Sure, it was the HORN BOOK,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
At your riches ran a-muck,
Brought your Holiness bad luck,
And with mitres played the puck,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh!

And no wonder that with fright,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
No wonder that with fright,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh;
Your eye-balls strain their sight,
And your countenance turns white,
At ould Erin's great delight,
Says the Shan-van-vaugh.

The "Shooting Excursion" was not the only Satanic poem in the "Horn Book." Indeed there were half a dozen pieces in prose and verse in which the agency of the enemy of mankind was familiarly utilised in this war against tithes and temporalities, as Homer's Olympic deities were on either side of the combatants before the walls of Troy. The following, from the "Song of Lucifer, in his prospect of her downfall, to his best beloved," by H. N. J., has the ring of Tom Moore's political rhymes about it, although only intended to be a parody on one of the sweetest *morceaux* of his Lalla Rookh :—

Oh, pure was the Church, every blessing bestowing,
How holy it was till wealth's luxury came;
Like blue-bottle flies o'er a joint of meat blowing,
Destroying its sweetness and tainting the same.

Long, long in green Erin, on each sunny highland,
Shall PAT and his SHEELAH remember the doom
Of the tyrant who preyed on the Emerald Island,
With none but myself to mourn over thy tomb.

And still, when the bright merry harvest is burning,
And calls to the cornfields the young village maid,
The humblest, when homeward from labour returning,
Will sit down content with "NO TITHES TO BE PAID."

The smart peasant lad, with his tight doe-skin breeches,
As he goes to his mass on some festival day,
Will laugh at the fall of Church pomp, pride, and riches,
When Parliament takes all thy acres away.

I must content myself with only one more extract from the "Horn Book," which fame attributed to a female pen. The lady, however,

has kept her secret to this day, if she is living; and if she is no more, it has died with her:—

Is this true religion, in which it is given
To ride in a Juggernaut chariot to heaven,
And unblushingly offer in God's holy fane
The victims by sanctified avarice slain?
If so bear me hence to some African wild,
Where the altar the Child of the Desert has piled,
Lies ready to send forth the incense of love,
Breathed in pureness of heart to the regions above;
Let me list to his innocent prayer as it soars
To the Being who made him, the God he adores.
Yes, Child of the Desert, I'll warble with thee
The songs of thanksgiving, the tones of the free.
I'll bow to the God of thy innocent mind,
Who dwells in the thunder and speaks in the wind.
Away from that land of deceit I will turn,
Where offerings more costly, more largely may burn;
Where insolent preachers, tyrannic and proud,
The shrines of injustice and bigotry crowd;
Where Hope may despair, for Religion's a cheat,
And Faith but a shroud to encircle Deceit.
Thy thoughts all as pure as thine own sunny sky,
Thy hopes sprung from virtue, thy prayers from on high—
Oh, Child of the Desert, to thee will I fly.

This brings me to the prosecutions. Lord Denman, in his judgment in the House of Lords, in O'Connell's appeal against the Irish Queen's Bench, declared that such a trial as that in which the great "Liberator" was condemned was "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare," seeing that he was pronounced guilty by a jury which he had legally challenged, and the challenge was not entertained. The jury boxes were always packed with "men of the right sort" at these trials. The Irish millions supplied O'Connell with the means of appeal, but the unlucky members of the Comet Club could not afford to appeal. Brown and Sheehan, as editors of the "Horn Book" and *Comet*, were tried by a judge of the most pronounced Conservative opinions, and by a jury consisting of twelve members of different Orange lodges in Dublin, picked out by an Orange Crown Solicitor, and an Orange Sheriff and Under-Sheriff. Brown had written an article in the *Comet*, not, as has been often said subsequently, in the "Horn Book," called the "Black Slugs"—a title which Cobbett had bestowed on the English parsons some years previously. In this terrible tirade certain dignitaries of the Irish Church declared that they discerned a design not only to bring the Church into *contempt, but* to put its ministers in danger of their lives; and

an *ex-officio* information against the *Comet* editors was filed accordingly. Mr. O'Connell defended the author Brown; and Mr. Holmes, then an old man—the brother-in-law of Robert Emmett—was counsel for Sheehan. The latter might have pleaded his extreme youth and his guiltlessness altogether of the obnoxious article, and his advocate wished very much to do so on his behalf. Mr. O'Connell, however, declared at consultation that to do so would be to weaken his own client's position, and to abandon him would be disgraceful in the eyes of all honourable men. The result was as everybody anticipated. The celebrated advocates, with exceptional eloquence, abused the Church, and said that their clients had right and justice on their side in abusing it. The court and jury were rendered doubly irate by the defence set up. The judge charged home, and the jury disdained to leave their box. *Væ victis!* Sentence to each of the unholy culprits—twelve months' imprisonment and £100 fine.

They did not fare so badly, however. The fine was never exacted, nor the imprisonment all eked out. Brown had Newgate (the Dublin one) assigned to him, and Sheehan Kilmainham, where, being then in delicate health, he was allowed to take up his residence and enjoy the fresh breeze from the county of Dublin mountains. Both, it ought to be recorded in justice to the Marquis of Anglesey, one of the most kind-hearted of men, were allowed to rent a portion of the governor's house in their respective prisons; and the younger martyr especially had, with the exception of his liberty, a very pleasant time of it, during the few months he spent in expiation of his implicated offence against the Irish Church Establishment, his punishment being chiefly confined to a continual round of banquets, and even dances (Irish dances!), to receiving political deputations and poetic addresses, with an occasional visit *incog.* to the Theatre Royal, in company with the governor, to see the unrivalled Taglioni. Some four or five months had passed away when Brown, for whom his friends, chiefly in his native county, where he was extremely popular, had subscribed a very considerable sum for the purpose, proposed voluntary exile to the United States to the Castle authorities. The proposition, at once accepted, was shortly afterwards carried out; and it was when the Jonathan Buckthorn of the "Horn Book" and *Comet* had bade farewell to his native shores, that Sheehan, through his friend the O'Gorman Mahon, then member of one of the southern boroughs, applied to the same quarter to be liberated, on the ground of his having been made throughout the whole of this most unfair and ridiculous business the victim of party punctilio and Quixotic honour. His application, too, was immediately acceded to, on the Executive being assured that he was going to London to pursue his

studies for the bar, as well as to learn what boy patriots in most countries, and even the best of causes, stand very much in need of—common sense—whereof a very moderate amount would have kept him out of the consequences of that campaign against a great power in the State in which men like Lover knew how to engage and come back without a scar. Sheehan, having by this time had enough of the satirical war against the tithe system, in which he had spent a portion of the early morning of his life, got himself called consecutively to the Irish and English bars, and was beginning to practise at the latter as a member of the Inner Temple and Home Circuit when he married the widow of an Indian colonel and sister of an East India Company's chairman, whose means enabled him to indulge a love for literary ease and foreign travel. He has edited several English newspapers, and sunk large sums of money unsuccessfully in more than one. He was editor for some dozen years in Cambridge and London of the Cambridge Whig newspaper, the *Independent;* and, whilst in the famous academic quarter, had his name put on the books of Trinity, *ad eundem gradum*, from the Dublin University, where he kept terms before his literary connection with Mr. Brown and subsequent political *escapade* introduced him to the Irish public. He reported in the Parliamentary Gallery for the *Morning Herald* and *Mirror of Parliament* with Charles Dickens, and was at Madrid and Paris as correspondent for the ill-fated *Constitutional* in 1836-7. He was a colleague on the latter with Thackeray, Laman Blanchard, and Jerrold. He is now a widower, and indulges his undiminished attachment to literature in the afternoon of his life by contributing to some of our best reviews and periodicals.

Mr. Brown, the Corypheus of the "Horn Book," died a good many years since, very much respected, and in prosperous circumstances, in Cincinnati, where the handsome pecuniary testimonial presented to him by his Irish friends on leaving Dublin enabled him to purchase a large tract of land and pursue as well his former business of a miller. He did not, like Mr. Sheehan and the other survivors of the "Horn Book" and *Comet*, live to enjoy the triumph at last of the cause for which he suffered; but the whirligig of time has brought about its revenge, notwithstanding. He is reported to have said on leaving the shores of Ireland, "It will all come round, and come to pass, and on both sides of the Irish Channel—free religion in a free State—all that I have fought and suffered for; though I shall not live to see it." And the doughty champion of the Irish pen might even now have truly added:—

*Exoriatur aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!*

# With the Herring Fleet.

BY W. SENIOR.

"YOU'LL find it rough accommodation on board the *Seabird*, sir, but we'll make you as comfortable as we can."

And what more can I expect? Beggars, says the proverb, are not precisely in the position of choosers, and I have begged from the owner of the *Seabird* the privilege of a passage during one of her herring-fishing excursions. The worthy owner was once sailor boy, sailor man, and skipper himself, and he is too close a stickler for the proprieties to grant the cheerful consent which trembles on his lips until he has obtained the ratifying approval of the *Seabird's* commander. It is not every shipmaster who will be pestered with a useless landlubber on his busy decks. But the captain of the *Seabird* with a broad smile speaks his welcome, and superadds the warning couched in the above remark.

The herring season is in full swing, for the middle of October has arrived, and in the splendidly furnished market-place, which visitors to Yarmouth will well remember, the poulterers' stalls are laden with Michaelmas geese. Huge baskets of ripe blackberries are also exposed for sale, and pyramids of delicious outdoor grapes add their testimony to the lateness of the season. Should other witnesses be required, you may find them on the bits of cardboard in the lodging-house windows announcing empty apartments, and a consequent scarcity of visitors. When these signs and tokens appear, you may be sure the herring season is in full swing. While the undoubted summer lasts, Yarmouth is one of the most popular resorts of middle-class London, but about the period when "the hunter's moon" begins, the visitors smell the east wind and take flight. Then, about the second week in September, the herring boats are ready for the great harvest of the sea, which is expected to last till the end of November.

The *Seabird*, therefore, has already seen a month's active service. There she lies in the turbid tidal river which gives Yarmouth its name, resting awhile that her crew may enjoy a few hours' respite. Yesterday she came in with a cargo of fish; to-day she is moored idle in the bend of the river, within gunshot of Gorleston Pier;

to-morrow she will again spread her wings of dusky canvas and make sail for the fishing-ground in yonder offing. Her little flag—a white square on a ground of scarlet—flutters jauntily on the mizen-truck. The aft companionway, the hold, and the forecastle, are fastened down with padlock, and no careful watch patrols the black, solidly-patched, service-worn deck. Truly the skipper indulged in no mere affectation when he suggested that the *Seabird* was not exactly a floating palace.

To-morrow comes with the brightest of sunshine and the most musical of Sabbath bells. The crew arrive in twos and threes, swinging themselves down upon the well-worn decks, and if one or two lads seem to be suffering from that common malady in these parts—a Saturday night on shore—there is, let it be charitably said, little wonder. For three weeks until yesterday the *Seabird* was hard at work outside of the harbour, and it would be expecting too much from human nature, especially human nature in a sailor's guernsey, to demand that the strapping young able-bodied fellows, who are as yet not half awake, should not make the most of their very brief holiday after the manner of their kind. At length here we are on board—skipper, mate, cook, crew, and cabin-boy, eleven souls, with a stranger on what we may term the quarterdeck to make the complement a dozen, all told. The Hams and Peggottys of the village lounging on the quay above our heads make facetious remarks to the *Seabird's* crew touching their "first-class passenger," who somehow manages to survive these trials, and keeps close to the steerer at the helm, while the crew, with a lusty "Heave-ho!" warp the *Seabird* out, and run up the big mainsail and jib.

Impelled by wind and tide the *Seabird*, in a few minutes, has ploughed through the yellow flood past Gorleston pier-head and is cleaving blue water, crushing, as it were, millions of diamonds out of her sun-gilded track as she goes. The church bells make fainter and fainter melody, the low shore land becomes lower, the people and buildings on the beach dwindle, dwarf, and fade. It is an old-fashioned iron-handle which the skipper at the helm grasps, and this suggests inspection, which reveals that the *Seabird* herself, if not old-fashioned, may without defamation of character be described as a homely sort of craft. The Yarmouth herring fleet may have more comely vessels, but not many of heavier tonnage than the *Seabird*. She was once a smack, but has been latterly converted into a "Dandy," that is to say a yawl-rigged concern of some five-and-twenty tons. As a rule the Yarmouth herring boats are lugger rigged, and the largest are not more than five-and-thirty tons.

It is a day of peace on land, but these East coast toilers of the sea, I soon discover, are wroth with a keen grievance. What is uppermost in the mind will speedily be proclaimed by the tongue, and the sight of a small half-decked fishing boat, of not a third our size, inflames the more inflammable of our men. The grievance is, broadly stated, the presence of Scotch fishermen in Yarmouth and Lowestoft waters, and very bitter are the feelings of the English on the point. This is a Scotch boat making for land, and as she passes us within half a cable's length, our young men discharge a broadside of jeers and taunts at her handful of men. "Pretty fellows these Scots to brag that they never profane the Sabbath by handling rope on that day, and yet to be skulking about like this," shouts one. "They can live upon barley-meal without a morsel of meat from week-end to week-end, can these miserable Sawnies," quoth another. The cabin-boy facetiously rubs himself against the capstan-head and blesses the Duke of Argyle; the cook—unkindest cut of all—flourishes aloft the leg of pork he is preparing in the caboose. To these demonstrations of derision the Scots answer never a word, but keep on their way to the river's mouth.

Unfortunately the crew of the *Seabird* in this matter but represent the whole of their brethren of the East coast, and during a week's stay in the Yarmouth district I found a collision between English and Scotch fishermen every day probable. But the strangers have a perfect right to compete with the Norfolk men in their own waters, and the knowledge of this adds bitterness to the feelings with which the local fishermen find the market glutted and prices lowered by men who come in considerable numbers from a distance. The truth is the Scotchmen's mode of fishing answers too well for the taste of Yarmouth and Lowestoft. Their canny principle is small profits and quick returns. While the local luggers remain in the offing for two or three days the Scotchmen run in with their fish every morning and keep the fresh herring market supplied, sometimes overmuch. Hence the complaints of low prices heard this year on every hand. I suspect too the Scots work more economically than their English brethren. They are saved the expense of salt, and their small handy half-decked boats and lighter style of fishing require fewer men. Finally the North Britons are careful souls, whose fare is as frugal as their perseverance is incessant. Hence it comes about that though the Christmas of 1874 may bring good-will, let us hope, to the majority of mankind, it will find bad blood between these rival herring fishermen.

So much I gather for later confirmation, while the Seabird increases

the distance from land; and the men and boys, as they coil their ropes, and put things ship-shape, dwell upon their grievance, and nurse it to keep it warm. The mate has a cluster of unoccupied fishermen around him, and reads something which evidently absorbs their attention. It is the account in a local paper of an actual disturbance at Lowestoft in which a party of Scotchmen had allowed themselves to be drawn into a dispute—a dilemma they generally avoid with scrupulous caution. By and by loud laughter convulses the little auditory; this follows the reading of a police paragraph narrating how a fisher-boy had been summoned by an owner for remaining ashore. The evidence showed that the lad had poisoned his hand with a fish and was really unable to fulfil his contract, whereupon the presiding magistrate had said, "In this case, willing as the Bench always is to protect *the owners*, we must dismiss the summons." It is the idea (right or wrong) that the Bench could ever dream of doing otherwise than "pertect the owners" that prompts the sarcastic mirth of the *Seabird's* merry men.

Our skipper is a fair-complexioned man. You often meet with this blonde type of men and women on the Yarmouth coast, inclining you to lend a serious ear to the disputed tradition which teaches that Cerdic the warrior, or some other antique Saxon, settled here and planted a race with hair as yellow as the sands upon which they landed. Our skipper is a Saxon in every feature, and he stands beside the helm; but, unlike the gentleman who occupied the same position on board the schooner *Hesperus*, his mouth is pipeless, smoking being unentered upon his list of small vices. He good-humouredly listens to his subjects as they growl about the Scotchmen, smiles, I fear approvingly, and with a cheery hail gives the order, "Now, my lads, bend nets. Look alive, bo'!" The latter adjuration is for the cabin boy, who is dreamily employed in washing a tub full of potatoes for the mid-day meal, and whose occasional glances towards the dim line of coast the watchful skipper has noticed. The "Bo'," a pale-faced, silent youth, who confides to me that he doesn't like the sea, grins in a melancholy manner, and looks alive as directed.

Bending the nets is an initiatory operation which must not be omitted. The bulk of the nets are neatly stowed away in the hold, but here lies a pile of recently repaired articles that must be tied together with strong twine. The patriarch of the crew, acting as storekeeper, assists the mate in cutting the fastenings into requisite lengths, another man passes them on to the tyers, and another clears away the work when it is done. Thus early the orderly method by

which alone herring fishing can be prosecuted becomes apparent, and everything forthwith goes on with a precision and discipline which, from the rude appointments of the boat and the rough-and-ready manner of the crew, you would not have considered probable.

Away on the starboard bow some one descries an object in the water—a cask, perhaps, or a chest. Our world, you must observe, is very limited in its area, and it is astonishing what importance trifles assume in it. We become quite excited as the skipper luffs up and steers for the prize, while all rush to the windward bulwarks and lean over the rail with undisguised interest. It is only a small rough box, but it is fished carefully up, and for the space of half an hour all the probabilities which human ingenuity could suggest as to the origin and history of this bit of woodwork are advanced. Talk about an "exhaustive debate," you should have heard the crew of the *Seabird* before they had dismissed this sixpennyworth of white deal from their hands and minds.

About the hour when the people on shore are walking home from their churches and chapels the *Seabird* has reached the fishing ground, and has taken her station as one of a very numerous family. The sun has become obscured, the sea rises with the wind, and the skipper prophesies "a breeze." To the crew this is a matter of positive indifference. They must remain here until a certain quantity of herrings are in the hold—it may be one day, it may be three—but the weather is a consideration which never troubles them. Since the sun was beclouded we can see nothing of land, but ships of all sizes are continually passing, proceeding up or down with an adverse wind. The *Seabird*, it appears, will drive with the tide all night, and I make apparently careless, but really anxious, inquiries with the view of ascertaining what the chances are of being "collided." Are herring boats ever run down? Oh, yes, run down sometimes. A lugger, for example, was cut in two last year—no, the year before—and seven out of eight men went to "the locker." This is the way in which death by drowning is spoken of—very familiar, it struck me, as well as slightly disrespectful, to the Davy Jones commonly associated with the metaphor.

The person who was facetiously described by the shorelings as the "first-class passenger," soon makes a disagreeable discovery. Deeming himself a very good sailor, he has gone to some trouble to enter upon this expedition; solely in the expectation, however, of being perpetually under sail. Movement is life. Movement on the sea, so long as it is decidedly progressive, is life in a not unpleasant form. Now I hear the order given to take in sail, and am informed

that for the next twelve or eighteen hours the *Seabird* will drift with the flood—perhaps a dozen miles north and then a dozen miles back again; but always and entirely at the mercy of the waves. Verily circumstances alter cases. The billows which, while we were careering seawards with a stiff breeze on the beam dashed over the bows, were welcome and delicious to the *Seabird*; and to the passenger who, having nothing else to do, was able to enjoy the motion. To be tossed like a balk of timber on the said billows, and yet be like the caged squirrel whose perpetual wanderings never raised him an inch higher, is a vastly different thing. Yet this is the prospect; and I find out, when too late, that the trawler, and not the herring boat, should have been the object of my wooing. However, there is no help for it; out here there is no shore boat to hail.

The small sails are taken in, and the topmast struck. The mainsail follows, and, as if to remove all hope, the mainmast is lowered backwards, as the river steamers lower their funnels when passing under a bridge. The spar drops into a crutch upheld by a stout piece of timber about twelve feet long, fitted into the deck somewhere about the centre of the vessel. Brought for the moment broadside to the waves, the *Seabird* wallows and rolls furiously and helplessly, until she is, by the small sail on the mizenmast, brought up to the wind. The rolling then ceases, but there supervenes a very lively game of pitch and toss, which threatens to become livelier as time wears on. This, then, is to be our condition for the night; and the only comfort we can snatch is that there are fully half a hundred boats in similar plight within ken, looking for all the world like disabled craft whose spars have been carried away in a hurricane. The *Seabird* is now technically "driving;" the movement, if any, being astern.

Mugs of hot tea, solid ship's biscuit, and, when called for by an epicurean member of the crew, a herring fried very brown to cover it, having been handed round, the word is given to "shoot nets." Every member of the crew but the cook and cabin boy engages in this work, which requires care and occupies considerable time. The dark brown nets lie stowed away in the hold, and the first work is to bring them to light. It will simplify the description to explain at once that the drift net is nothing more than a wall of netting extending from the bows of the boat to a distance of about two miles, sunk by means of a cable nine or ten yards deep, and kept near the surface by small kegs called "bowls" and by a plentiful employment of large corks along the upper part of the net. The herrings swim in shoals, run their unsuspecting heads into the net wall, and become entangled in the meshes. This, however, is anticipating. The nets,

or, to be strictly accurate, the series of nets, tied together in an unbroken length as before explained, are not yet shot.

The skipper and three "hands" receive the nets, which glide freely over a roller from the hold; a lad takes up the "seizing," a short length of rope attached to every thirty yards of net, and walks with it to the bows, delivering it to a man who is paying out the stout cable, which, in addition to its function of keeping the bottom line of the nets fairly sunk, sustains the frail fabric as a connected whole. Sometimes vessels passing across the line of nets tear them asunder, and but for the cable the dissevered portion—perhaps a mile in length—would be destroyed. A trusty man is therefore placed in the bows to affix the seizing to the cable with thoroughness. As the *Seabird* drives astern and the shooting proceeds the bowls ride ahead of us like huge black floats, growing smaller and smaller until they are mere spots on the wave. Already, before the nets are fully shot, three brigs, a French fishing smack, and a barque reaching over towards land, pass across our line, doing more or less damage, one may be sure. The process of shooting keeps all hands in action for a couple of hours, and then, sitting as best they may on deck, with a service that gives little trouble and appetites that require no caviare, the men dine. Potatoes (such red kidneys the mate, who had grown them in his garden, swears never were before) cooked in their jackets, a grand leg of pork boiled to a turn, pudding *alias* "duff," biscuit hard and wholesome, and a *petit verre* of highly perfumed Jamaica rum, constitute the sole bill of fare. Each man is his own carver, waiter, toastmaster, and speechmaker, and the music of the spheres leaves nothing to be desired in the way of orchestral accompaniment.

"Nightfall on the sea" is not a bad notion for a warm drawing-room, brightly lighted, and with the soft presence of women to give savour to the salt of home. I could in this paragraph draw a vivid portrait of a being who watched the footsteps of nightfall one after another upon the water on a Sunday evening about four-and-twenty miles east of Yarmouth, with a dismal sense of the falsity of poetical pictures of things pertaining to the maritime profession. He sat shivering and ill at ease, overcome by qualms with which conscience had nothing to do; a limp object on a sail behind the tiller handle, feebly noticing that the bow of the vessel was sometimes high in the air and the next moment down at the end of a slippery incline. Through his heavy head scraps of sea balladry were blown by the blast. He vowed never again to perpetuate the heresy contained in the fiction, "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep." He

scoffed at the bard who found something to sing about in "the odour of brine from the ocean." He grinned with ghastly expression when, noticing the lowered mainmast, the pretty words, "he climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more," were shaken uppermost. He was especially hurt to think that even the oblivion of actual sea-sickness was denied him. Such a sketch I might limn for the amusement of the callous; but I forbear.

The herrings have not behaved as we had fondly hoped. At eight o'clock a few fathoms of our two miles of net wall are hauled in, just as the moon struggles out of a bank of clouds, but there is no encouragement to proceed further. Then the men disappear down the aperture of two feet square into the small dark closet around which their berths are hidden. The skipper, kind and thoughtful as a mother to his "first-class passenger," insists upon offering him the use of his bunk, and spreads him a bran new Union Jack for blanket. On deck the two lights prescribed by law have been hoisted on the mizen-stay, and the watch has been set. The two lanterns are a signal to trawlers and passing vessels that the herring fishermen are out, and would prefer the gift of a wide berth, lest their nets should be broken. The sea seems alive with double warnings, and from some of the boats turpentine lights—yclept "flare ups"—are perpetually flashed. Pitching and driving, you feel a queer sensation when a full-rigged ship, phantom-like, seems to be bearing down upon you, and somehow all the stories of collision you have heard, read, or written, crowd in procession through your mind, as you earnestly keep your eye on the approaching monster, resolving, should the worst come to the worst, to hoist yourself on board the destroyer by the bowsprit rigging. The monster passes half a mile ahead; but only think what might have happened. Think of the *Northfleet!* And so on.

The fishermen sailors sleep in their clothes, and are contented with their lot. Theirs is a co-operative system; they are paid by results. The more fish the more pay. Called up on deck at twelve, and again at two o'clock, they rub their eyes and go, and return again if they are not immediately wanted. At four o'clock, however, a genuine cry rings down into the darkness. "Haul ho, boys! Haul ho!" Now we turn out in earnest, for "Haul ho!" means herrings, and who knows but that it may mean herrings in such quantities that to-morrow, instead of pitching and driving inanimately, we may be able to hurry to harbour? The men encase themselves from head to foot in oilskin, and in the cold starlight prepare to haul in their two *miles of netting.*

The cable, or warp as the men term it, is brought in by the capstan worked in the old-fashioned manner with bars. Some of the Boulogne boats have small steam-engines to do this work, which requires the incessant labour of four or five hands until the hauling is at an end. To the landlubber prone upon the flag of his country in the skipper's bunk, the tramp, tramp of the men on their ceaseless round is as the march of an army, and it is their preliminary circuits that have recalled him from an uneasy dreamland, and brought him into the keen morning air to watch his shipmates deal with the herring. Two men stand about six feet apart in the middle of the boat on the starboard side to haul the net upon deck. At the bow the sailor who was perched there in the afternoon is perched there again to unfasten the seizings he had then tied to the warp. A man takes his post in the hold to stow away into the smallest compass, and in regular layers, the nets with bowls attached. The other men are "scudders," which, being interpreted, signifies that they seize the net as it is passed over the bulwarks, and by violently shaking it, jerk the fish out of the meshes. In a little while we are all speckled with scales, like harlequins in silver mail; there are scales everywhere, high and low; scales in your beard and scales in your pocket—aye, in the tobacco-pouch in your pocket.

Thus the herrings are scudded on the deck for the space of five hours, and when the neighbourhood is too much cumbered with fish, they are shovelled into a separate part of the hold through holes formed for the purpose. The fish are mostly exhausted from their struggles to be released from the net, and many of them never move after they are shaken from the toils. Others, on the contrary, leap about the deck vigorously; but it is soon over. The proverb, "dead as a herring," seems to cast a reflection upon the vital powers of this little fish, and there is ground for it. Herrings speedily yield up the ghost when taken out of the water. They are most exquisitely tinted at first with a hue of faint rose-pink, but the mere contact of one herring with another is enough to strip it of its beautiful vesture. The majority are caught by the gills; a few, I noticed, have thrust themselves more than a third of their length through the mesh, and they retain the impression of the cord in a girdle cut round the body, though it does not fracture the skin. The position of the bulk of the fish on one side of the net shows which way the shoal moved, and the common direction they took. A few now and then have been captured while swimming from an opposite quarter, waifs and strays probably. Here comes a cod caught somehow in the gills, and already drowned; for him and his kindred a long-handled landing-

net is kept near. From first to last the nets bring up a dozen mackerel and half as many whiting.

The other boats near us are hauling in concert, and over the line of nets of a lugger that two days later, alas! is doomed to founder in the tempest, whose vanguard gusts are sweeping the *Seabird's* decks, a horde of buccaneer fowl, gannet, gulls, and what not, are hovering, dragging the nets out of water, and robbing the fishermen of their hardly-won spoil. The sun rises on the sails of many of the herring fleet homeward bound. Some of them have been driving out here for two or three days, and are returning with fewer fish than has fallen to our share in one night. It is still undecided whether the *Seabird* shall take flight or linger through another day and night. There is nothing to complain of in the "take," but every man and boy can remember when, in very exceptional hauls, ten times the quantity have been taken. Not this year, however. They all agree that the good old times have gone, and that the herrings are neithe so numerous nor so prime as they used to be. Several boats are mentioned while the herrings are being shaken out of the nets and the scales are discharged around in volleys which have earned hundreds of pounds less than in the previous year; the truth being that 1873 was a wonderfully fertile fish harvest. After five hours of hard work the last bowl is seen tossing on the crest of the waves and disappearing in the troughs; the skipper takes the hatch from the well in which the fish are stored, pronounces the haul to be "a last" —nominally 10,000, but actually 13,000 fish—and laconically orders the crew to make preparations for getting under weigh. A wise skipper this! Instead of smothering his dainty herrings with salt, as many of his compeers are doing, and staying for another chance, he determines to hie for port and save the fresh herring market.

A rude, laborious life my comrades of the *Seabird* must have. In all weathers, and for nine months in the year, they pursue the double avocations of sailor and fisherman; fishermen first, perhaps, and sailors afterwards. At times a gale suddenly rises before the hauling begins, and it is a point of honour with the east coast fishermen never to forsake the nets. They make everything snug, and so long as the craft can be kept head to wind they ride out the storm, buffeted and tossed, while we at our firesides little wot of their hardships and perils. The herring season over, the *Seabird*, for example, becomes a trawler, and scours the North Sea in the teeth of the winter weather. Every available inch of space below decks is required for stowage, and there is scarcely room for comfort. The *trawlers remain on their* distant fishing grounds for weeks together,

fast cutters visiting them daily to convey the fish to shore; and many a fisherman is washed overboard during the transfer of the fish to the carrier smack.

The *Seabird* has heels this morning as she heads for land. Each added sail causes her to throb with delight; the crew, after their long spell of toil, are light-hearted too, and even the forlorn object who sat on the sail abaft the tiller handle last night shares in the prevailing gaiety. "Homeward bound" after all is a better tune than "Nightfall on the Sea." There must be no stoppage till the *Seabird* ranges alongside Yarmouth fish wharf; the herrings must be sold at Billingsgate before the town is fairly astir to-morrow morning, and the *Seabird* to-night must once more shoot her nets a score of miles at sea. At the mouth of the river a tug answers our signal; takes two other new arrivals in tow, and drags us with a rush past Gorleston on the one side and South Denes on the other, to the wharf. Here the well-known scenes are repeated. The fish are taken away in "swills," placed on the wharf, and sold by auction. The market is somewhat glutted to-day, and it is only after a remonstrance from the salesman that the herrings are disposed of at five guineas per last. Prices are very fluctuating in this bustling market; in the early part of the season when fish were scarce a small cargo was sold at £40 the last; not many weeks since it was impossible to coax the buyers into giving more than £2 5s. Only this morning the first-comers obtained as much as £10 per last.

The *Seabird*, with her genial skipper and jolly crew, having had the last herring emptied into the "swill," is tugged out into the stream, and from the pier where the boys are hauling up small codlings and whiting, an hour or two before sunset I can spy the little flag with a white centre and red ground afar off, voyaging in company with other boats, two at least of which have nevermore returned to land.

# THE £ s. d. OF LITERATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUTHORS AT WORK."

## PART II.

F all the poets of that day the worst paid was the greatest of all, Wordsworth. "The whole of my returns, I do not say net profits, but returns from the writing trade," the poet said, when reckoning up his income from Paternoster Row, "do not amount to seven score pounds. I have laboured hard through a long life without more pecuniary emolument than a lawyer gets for two special retainers or a public performer sometimes for two or three songs." But Wordsworth need not have gone to the bar or to Drury Lane for his comparisons, for when his ballads, "The Excursion" and "The White Doe of Rylstone," were lying on the shelves of Messrs. Longmans' warehouse, with the printer's bill unpaid, Theodore Hook and Horace Smith were cashing £1,000 cheques for burlesques and squibs which are now only to be found in the pigeon-holes of Stationers' Hall. This was the amount paid by Colbourn for Theodore Hook's second and third series of his "Sayings and Doings." The price of the first series was £600, and £600 was the sum paid also for "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." James Smith received £1,000 a piece from Charles Mathews for his "Trip to Paris," and for the rest of his comediettas of this class; and that was the price of the "Rejected Addresses" and of "Horace in London."

It was Jeffrey's criticism in the *Edinburgh Review* that kept down the sale of Wordsworth's poems; or perhaps I ought to say this was Wordsworth's explanation of his failure to catch the public ear. Southey traced his failure as a poet to the same all-powerful pen; and Southey's epics might all have been bought up any day by a cheque for a couple of hundred pounds. The author of "Roderick" had to live by prose; and if Southey got little or nothing by his poems, except the pleasure of writing them, he was well paid for his prose, especially for his contributions to the *Quarterly Review*. His customary fee for these was 100 guineas each; but Murray sent him cheques for £150 for articles like those on Nelson and Wesley. These contributions formed the main source of Southey's income for

years, and with the aid of a trifling pension from the Crown and his salary as Poet Laureate Southey kept up Greta Hall in the easy and hospitable style of an English gentleman, sent his sons to college, secured two or three months' leisure every year for a run to the Continent or for the completion of those prose epics upon Portugal and Brazil which are monuments at once of his genius and industry, and, above all, set an honourable example to men of letters for all time by leaving his family in independent, if not in affluent circumstances.

Perhaps no man of letters working five or six hours a day at his desk through a long life made less by his labour than the author of "Roderick" and "Kehama." Yet when Southey began his career the pay of the magazines and of the newspapers was at its lowest rate. Coleridge could hardly keep body and soul together by writing articles and squibs four or five days a week for the *Morning Post;* and the utmost that Charles Lamb could make by his contributions as its chief jester was £100 a year. Hazlitt's rate of remuneration upon the *Public Advertiser* was 5s. a column, and Perry's first engagement upon the press was as assistant editor of the *London Evening Post* at a salary of 75 guineas a year. Sir James Mackintosh once made £10 in a week by working night and day translating French and German newspapers, and writing original articles for the *Oracle;* but the proprietor was scared at the end of the week at the amount of Mackintosh's bill, ran about his office telling everybody that no paper could stand that, and in the end put Mackintosh upon a salary. But perhaps the most striking proof of the low estimate in which political writing was held at the close of the last century and at the beginning of this is supplied by the fact that Mackintosh wrote his powerful and eloquent reply to Burke's "Thoughts on the French Revolution," the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," for a £10 note.

It was Archibald Constable, the publisher of the *Edinburgh Review*, who changed all this, and to no man, not even to Miller, are authors under greater obligations than to the Napoleon of publishers. Till he appeared—to quote Lord Cockburn—the publishing trade was at nearly its lowest ebb, partly because there was neither population nor independence to produce or to recognise a vigorous publisher, and partly because the publishers we had were too spiritless even for their position. Constable began as a lad in Hill's shop, and had hardly set up for himself when he reached the summit of his business. He rushed out and took possession of the open field, as if he had been aware from the first of the existence of the latent spirits which a skilful conjuror might call from the depths of the

population to the service of literature. He contributed in no slight degree to render letters a remunerative profession, and through the *Edinburgh Review* he helped to make an epoch in the history of the periodical literature of Great Britain. By means, first of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and, later, by "Constable's Miscellany," he developed a fresh branch of literary enterprise, and laid the foundations by the latter of the movement in cheap popular literature that was afterwards to be extended to proportions greater than even he dreamed of. Abandoning the old, timid, and grudging system, Constable stood out as the general patron and payer of all promising publications, and confounded not merely his rivals in trade but his very authors by his unheard-of prices. Ten, even twenty guineas, a sheet for a review, £2,000 or £3,000 for a single poem, and £1,000 each for two philosophical dissertations, drew authors from dens where they would otherwise have starved, and made Edinburgh a literary mart, famous with strangers, and the pride of its own citizens. Yet when in 1802 Sydney Smith recommended Constable to fix the salary of the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* at £200 a year, and the rate of remuneration at 10 guineas a sheet, Constable hesitated, and Messrs. Longman asked if it was possible to make a review pay at all with such an expensive staff of writers. The scale was unparalleled. Yet, high as it was then thought, even this scale was doubled in less than five years; and in 1820 Jeffrey was drawing a salary of £700 a year, and dividing close upon £3,000 among his staff of contributors. Lockhart's salary as editor of the *Quarterly Review* was £1,200 a year, and £1,500 if he wrote three articles in the course of the year. All the regular contributors of the first rank were paid 100 guineas each for their contributions, and Southey and Croker frequently received 150 guineas for theirs. The pay upon the second and third rate magazines, however, continued for many years to be 8 and 10 guineas a page. These were the original rates of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, of the *New Monthly* and the *Metropolitan*. Half-a-guinea a page was all that Charles Dickens asked the editor of the *New Monthly* for his "Sketches by Boz," and the original stipulation with Messrs. Chapman and Hall for "Pickwick" was 15 guineas per number, each number to contain thirty-two pages. This scale, however, was only adhered to through the first four or five numbers, and after these Dickens was paid in proportion to the profits, making in all £4,000 by his work, and the publishers, it is said, £20,000. Thackeray's contributions to *Fraser* were paid for at the 10-guinea rate; and Charles Lamb's articles in the *London Magazine* for a couple of years were all covered by a cheque

for less than £200. But the 10-guinea scale, with the Blackwoods, was only a minimum, and one of the most brilliant of the early contributors to *Maga* owned that he was often embarrassed by the amount he received for his articles. He returned one cheque as out of all proportion with the value of his work according to the scale, assuming that it had been sent in error. "No; it is quite right," said Mr. Blackwood, returning the cheque. "There is no error. Only it is not my rule to pay for literature by the yard."

The editors of the annuals were the first to deviate from the standard rates of pay, offering fancy prices to popular authors to give them a poem or a story, or a dozen pages of chit-chat, a guinea a line to Moore for one of his "Tales of the Peri"—two guineas a line—100 guineas for anything that he liked to do—£500 for 100 pages or £600 for 120 pages. These were the temptations that the editor of the *Keepsake* held out to Moore one year in order to put Allan Cunningham into the shade with his rival publication; but Moore declined, partly out of consideration for Allan Cunningham and partly because "these jobs fritter away your time and thoughts, and are, after all, so disproportionately paid that you could make ten times the sum during the time you waste on them, if you went on with your regular work." This star system, with its lavish payments, was the ruin of the *Keepsakes*, because the circulation of these publications came in the end to depend upon the names of the contributors, and with editors bidding against each other all round men with a name were able to make their own terms, and, of course, struck higher and higher every year, till they killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. The editors of these *Keepsakes*, however, broke up the routine of regular pay; the magazines, instead of paying all contributors alike, adopting a minimum scale, and paying special writers at a higher rate. That is the rule still. The scale on most of the magazines a few years ago was a guinea a page. That was Thackeray's scale on the *Cornhill*. But the rate has been reduced upon most of the magazines in the course of the past three or four years. It is now seldom more than 10s. 6d. a page where the pages equal those of the *Gentleman's*. *All the Year Round* pays 10s. 6d. a column. The pay of *Chambers's* is 7s. 6d. a column, 15s. a page. A man like Sala, however, of course, seldom writes by scale. His minimum is £1 1s. a page. Hepworth Dixon can double even upon Sala, and demand 25 guineas for a dozen pages. The highest sums that have been paid for magazine contributions in our time were those paid by the Edinburgh *Review* to Macaulay. He often drew £200 and £250 for his contributions, and perhaps

still more for papers like those on Bacon and Clive. The tradition runs that Brougham once asked Jeffrey for £1,000 upon a promise to work off the debt in a year, and did it, writing the whole of one number of the *Edinburgh Review*. That may, of course, be fable; for this story of Brougham's writing the whole of an *Edinburgh Review* is told of several writers. Shirley Brooks, it is said, wrote the whole of one week's *Punch*, Christopher North wrote the whole of one *Blackwood*, Gilbert à Beckett wrote all the articles in one day's *Times*. But Brougham's capacity for work was equal to an *Edinburgh Review*, and the anecdote is at all events characteristic. The rule of pay for contributions to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* is no longer what it was in the days of Brougham and Macaulay. Even Mr. Freeman has, I suppose, never received a cheque of 150 guineas for one of his articles. But a man of special note in literature may have almost anything he likes to ask. Thackeray's salary as editor of the *Cornhill* was £2,000 a year, and Charles Reade recently refused to take a magazine in hand for less than £3,000. Yet when Jeffrey was retiring from the chair of the old buff and blue, Messrs. Longman hesitated to fall in with Moore's terms of £1,000 a year, although for £1,000 a year Moore was willing to give up the greater part of his time to the conduct of the magazine. Jeffrey's salary had been £700 a year; and the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* was then the blue ribbon of literature. The editor of the *Echo* I presume has not less than £700 a year to-day.

The newspaper press, however, in the time of Jeffrey hardly had an existence. The *Times* was little more than a sheet of advertisements, market reports, police news, and scraps of scandal. Its articles were simply paragraphs like the "Notes" of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to-day. The Duke of Somerset would, no doubt, have consigned all the original articles in the newspapers of that day to the slop-basin. Tom Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, was the only man with any pretensions to scholarship upon the London press, and even Barnes did not relish the idea of being known as editor of the *Times* out of Printing House Square. His salary was £1,000 a year. But when Mr. Barnes retired from his post in 1830, the proprietor tried to tempt Southey from his books and the lakes by an offer of £3,000 a year and a share in the profits of the *Times*. And those were the terms upon which the appointment was offered to Moore. The editorship of the *Courier*, an evening newspaper like the *Globe*, was £1,000 a year, and that was Douglas Jerrold's salary as editor of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. It was looked upon then as a fancy salary. It is now the standard upon most of the London morning newspapers, the

evening papers, with the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, paying only about two-thirds of that amount. The salary of the editor of the *Globe* five years ago was £600 a year, and that is the salary of the editors upon most of the provincial morning papers, although in three or four cases, at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, the rate is equal to that of the London morning newspapers. In the Colonies the rate varies. It is lowest in Canada, although with the multiplication of the press it is rising there. In India and Ceylon the salary is often as high as £2,500 a year—higher, that is, than the proprietors of the *Daily News* thought adequate for a man of the genius and position of Charles Dickens in 1846. His salary as editor of the *Daily News* was £2,000 a year. The highest salaries now paid upon the London press, except, perhaps, in the case of the *Times*, are those paid to special correspondents. Mr. Sala received "the pay of an Ambassador" from the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* for years; and Mr. Archibald Forbes can hardly receive less from the *Daily News* than the salary of an Under Secretary of State, £1,200 or £1,500 a year. The rate of remuneration for general contributions—that is, for articles and criticism—is not rising in equal proportions. It is still now as a rule what it was five-and-twenty years ago, £2 2s. an article. That is the average rate. The *Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* pay £5 5s. an article, and frequently more. And that is the rate upon the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. It is less upon the *Examiner*. The *Echo* pays a guinea and a half. But upon some of the London newspapers the guinea rate is still adhered to. That was the rate of the *Star*. It is still, I believe, the rate upon the *Post* and the *Globe*, and it is the rate all through the provinces. This £1 1s. represents what may be called the low-water mark in the scale of newspaper pay. The *Times*' rate represents the maximum. That often rises as high as 10 guineas an article. The customary rate for correspondence is £5 5s. a column, and that is the rate for reviews, although now and then it may rise as high as 30 guineas for the review of a single book. I have only heard of one payment of that amount, and that is mentioned as a marvel of munificence on the part of the *Times* by Mr. Grant in his "History of the Newspaper Press." It is probable that the review was equal to an article in the *Quarterly*, and if that was the case this critique of a single book probably represented a week's close work. The munificence of the *Times* is a proverb. It always pays well. But the only observation it is necessary to make upon this "cheque of £30 for the review of a single book" is that it is the rate at which a single air is

often paid for at the Opera, that an actress frequently receives £30 a week to play a part in a comedietta, and that a Chancery barrister will hardly put on his wig to argue an interpleader before a Vice-Chancellor for less than 50 guineas.

The upshot of all this may be put in a sentence. It is that nowhere are newspaper writers paid worse than in England, and that nowhere are original authors paid better. Perhaps now and then a man with the genius and productive powers of a Dumas may turn £28,000 or £30,000 a year by his pen; and a man who has the luck to hit the public fancy with a play, as M. Sardou hit it with "Rabagas," may reckon upon reaping a golden harvest, perhaps a harvest worth 100,000 francs. But the success of a play like "Rabagas" is a fluke, and if we are to talk of the bank-book of a man like Dumas, we must compare it with the bank-books of Scott and Dickens. These are the Napoleons of literature, but I talk of average flesh and blood; and taking writers like Hepworth Dixon, Disraeli, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, I doubt if we can lay a finger upon the names of half dozen French or American writers whose accounts with their publishers can be compared in amount, work for work, with those of the English authors. The Premier coins money with his novels, Hepworth Dixon's returns from his sketch of the Tower of London are said to have been £10,000, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert's profits from that exquisite trifle of his, "Alice in Fairyland," exceed even this amount. The sum paid by Messrs. Blackwood for "Middlemarch" is estimated at £8,000, and Mr. Reade, Mr. Collins, Anthony Trollope, and Miss Braddon have received £3,000 for several of their novels. Mr. Dion Boucicault a few years ago was making £20,000 a year from his plays, and Robertson must at one time have been in receipt of £10,000 a year from his five comedies. But there are very few newspaper writers in London who are making an income of £1,500 a year by their pens. A special correspondent like Dr. Russell or Mr. Archibald Forbes may make that and more, because a special correspondent is paid at a fancy price, the work requiring physical as well as mental qualifications which only a man here and there possesses. But I believe you may count upon your fingers the men on the English press who by their pens alone make £1,200 a year, and they work like horses for eight or ten hours a day for that. Yet in France and America £1,200 and £1,500 a year are second-rate salaries upon the press, and £10 is the ordinary price of an article upon most of the Paris newspapers. That was the sum paid to M. Louis

Blanc for his London letters and to M. Sainte-Beuve for his *feuilletons*. M. Lemoinne's salary as a regular contributor to the *Journal des Débats* was £2,000 a year, and M. Albert Wolff and M. Francisque Sarcey can, it is said, always reckon upon £15 for an article, and may contribute at that rate as many articles as they like. £750 a year may, perhaps, be taken as the average salary of newspaper writers in Paris. Even in Russia twenty-five roubles is more frequently paid for an article upon a first-class paper than £5 is paid for one here. In Germany ten thalers is the regulation honorarium, and that may, I think, be taken as representing the low-water mark in the scale of newspaper pay, although here we have many men contributing to the provincial press at a guinea an article and less.

What is the cause of this difference between the American, French, and English journalist? And what is the explanation of the low scale upon which journalists are paid in England in comparison with journalists across the English Channel and the Atlantic? The answer to both questions lies, I believe, in one word. The American and French press is a personal press. The English press is an impersonal press. In France and America journalism is a profession, and is followed as a profession by men who put themselves in training for their work as others put themselves in training for law, physic, or arms. Here journalism is a pastime, except perhaps with a handful of men, and a large proportion of the work of a newspaper is done by men who are looking to anything but newspaper work for their success in life. And that makes all the difference in the world to the press and to journalism as a profession. In France and America the press is an independent power, and journalists, as a class, are the equals, socially and politically, of the members of the Legislative Assemblies—often their superiors; a man like M. Lemoinne, at the head of the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, often possessing more power—more personal power—than the most eloquent member of the Assembly. A journalist in England is a shadow—a man without a name—without a position in the world—standing outside every profession without belonging to an independent order that he can take the slightest pride in—a supernumerary even in politics. The press in France is, next to the bar, the high road to fame and fortune, to Ministerial portfolios, to embassies, to prefectures, to seats in the Senate, to seats in the Cabinet. Here the press is the adjunct of every profession, and the avenue to nothing except a vice-consulship; and all that a particularly successful man upon the English press can look for is the dull reversion of the editorship of the

*London Gazette*, or £100 a year from the Civil List. Perhaps at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner a duke or an earl may talk over a glass of claret about the power and influence of the press, and congratulate us upon its purity, independence, ability, and all that sort of thing; and when the Editor of the *Times* is hand in glove with the Ministers of the Crown, is to be found all through the Session in a privileged seat in the House of Commons, is to be met in the highest society of London, and prancing on a 200-guinea cob in Rotten Row; when the editor of the *Daily News*, of the *Daily Telegraph*, of the *Advertiser*, and the *Echo* are to be found at the Reform Club, it cannot be said that the press is now what it was a few years ago, when the editor of the *Times* did not belong to a single club in London, when Lord Lansdowne refused to propose Tom Barnes at the Athenæum, when Douglas Jerrold was hardly thought admissible at the Reform Club, when a distinguished Liberal statesman was blackballed at Brooks's because he was supposed to be "one of those newspaper fellows," and when Moore, with the *Times* on his knee, sat chatting, in the long gallery of Holland House, with one of the most distinguished members of the Whig party, over "the great misfortune of the total severance that has taken place between those who conduct the press and the better ranks of society, as well as their separation even from literature, instead of forming, as in France, a distinguished branch of it." At that time Albany Fonblanque was the only English journalist in society; and although the drawing-rooms of Holland House and Kensington Gore were well sprinkled with *literati*, with poets, novelists, historians, critics, you might have searched all through the glittering hosts with a lantern to find a journalist. And of these *literati* Southey was the only strictly professional man of letters, that is, the only man living by his pen alone. To-day you may meet dozens of men everywhere living, like Southey, by their pens; but they do not pass as journalists, are not known perhaps to half a dozen people in the world as journalists. And that is the characteristic peculiarity of English journalism. It is not one of the recognised professions. Many of the articles that appear from day to day in the London press are the work of men who are pushing their way to the front in Westminster Hall or Lincoln's Inn, of men sitting in chambers in the Temple waiting for briefs that do not come, of medical men without patients, of captains without commissions or the chance of commissions, of clergymen without churches, of politicians in training for Under Secretaryships, of women in ringlets and steel spectacles, and *perhaps now and* then of a professional man of letters who has

not yet hit the fancy of the public with a novel or a play, and who uses a newspaper, as Southey used the *Quarterly Review*, to pay his rent and taxes and to keep a roof over his head till he is independent of newspapers. "I must do this sort of work," said Moore, speaking of his contributions to the *Times*, "because I must have money to go on with; but it is the hardest earned money I get, and I could earn ten times the amount by my regular work if I could only do without the money that these things bring me."

The anonymous system is the bane of the English press. It is a system fatal to the press as an institution, and fatal to the influence and advancement of newspaper writers. Upon the writers themselves the influence of this system of secrecy is demoralising, tempting men to write to order instead of writing with the freedom and independence of their own personal authority, tempting them to write in the loose and haphazard style which is supposed to take best in the carriages of the Underground Railway and on the knifeboard of the Peckham 'bus, to write what will sell, what will suit the whim or passion of the moment, to write what the paper ought to say upon this or that, instead of writing from those wholesome considerations which generally weigh with a man who feels and knows that he is writing upon his own personal responsibility, writing what will be taken, not as the thought of the *Times*, of the *Pall Mall*, of the *Telegraph*, or the *Post*, but as his own personal opinion, and perhaps be brought up against him to-morrow. "I do not ask you to write this because it is right, or just, or anything of that kind," the editor of a high class paper is said once to have told a contributor who, like Midshipman Easy, wished to argue about his orders, "but because I want it written in this way, and if you don't like to do it I will find some one else to do the work." And the observation is characteristic. That is the spirit in which the anonymous system works. The editor is an autocrat. The writer is a slave. "I do not ask you to think, I only ask you to write what I think, and to put my thoughts into the best English you can." This is the principle upon which the English press is worked, the London press particularly. The contributors upon the London press come to the office, as "An Old Pressman" said in the *Examiner* two or three years ago, "from Clapham, Camberwell, and West Brompton, at an appointed hour, like chorus-singers to a rehearsal, without knowing what they shall have to play or to fight for, whether they are to be converted into priests, into fishermen, or into gipsies. After a more or less moderate delay they receive their theme and keynote, and are allowed a couple of hours for looking into their club to see whether anything towards copy can

be got there, and for making up their minds as to what sort of encyclopædia, dictionary, guide book, law digest, or other files of their own production they shall refer to. Then perhaps they write a couple of provincial pot-boilers to be despatched by the evening mails, and after dinner proceed to the manufacture of the 200-line article which the chief cook is to revise and season at midnight; and the all-absorbing reader is made to swallow all hot the next morning." There is but one word for this system. It is a system of literary slavery; and to hear that system defended, as it is defended every now and then, as the secret of the strength of the English press and the surest guarantee of its independence, is enough to put one out of conceit with the use of language as a vehicle for the expression instead of the concealment of thought. The independence of the press! What is this independence, and where is it to be found? Who represents, or who is supposed to represent it? The proprietor —the editor—or the writers? The writers are governed by the editor. The editor is governed by the proprietor. The proprietor is governed by the publisher. He prints and publishes his paper with one thought and one object—to make it pay, and all the world knows that if a paper is to pay the less the proprietor and editor think of independence the better. A Conservative newspaper may be independent of the Liberal party. A Liberal newspaper may be independent of the Conservative party. But where is the newspaper that is independent of its own party—independent of its leaders—independent of everything but principle and public honour? The fact is "the independence of the press" is a figure of speech—a metaphor—a metaphysical expression. It means nothing in the shape of personal independence on the part of the writer, for all that a professional writer has to do is to write to order—to think by proxy—to hand in his article when it is written, allowing the editor to turn it inside out—to take his cheque at the end of the month, and to say nothing. It means nothing in the shape of independence on the part of the editor; and the only case in which of late years an editor has attempted to be independent—I refer to the case of Mr. Edward Dicey as editor of the *Daily News*—the proprietors interfered at once, took the control of the paper out of his hands, and presented him with a cheque for a year's salary.

The original conception of the anonymous system was excellent—that is, if the system can be said to be based on any conception at all, considering that it is a relic of what Mr. Bright calls the dark ages, when a writer in the press was liable if he spoke too plainly to be called out the next morning if he was a gentleman, and, if not, to

be waylaid by ruffians in a dark alley behind St. Martin's Church, to be horsewhipped within an inch of his life, to have his nose slit, or perhaps to be shot out of hand if he happened to be particularly malicious—to know too many secrets or to be too plain spoken in his satire. It was assumed then—and perhaps rightly—that if a man was to be in a position to write without fear, to say frankly what he thought of this or that man—of his policy or his conduct—he must be shrouded behind the mysterious and impenetrable "we." The mysterious "we" in time became the majestic "we"; and it was supposed that an article published under cover of this majestic "we" carried more weight than it would if published as—to quote the *Daily Telegraph*—"the mere arguments and suggestions of individuals." Public men and the public were to be overawed by a man in a mask talking in falsetto instead of his natural voice, and attitudinising behind a semi-transparent screen, like one of Professor Pepper's ghosts. It was a splendid conception. Without the mask—standing alone—with "a mere name" at the bottom of a column of bourgeois, a writer might do nothing. But transform this "mere name" into "we," roll up three single gentlemen into one—turn "the mere arguments and suggestions of individuals" into the views of "that aggregate and real living entity the newspaper itself," and a bundle of sticks—to adopt a recent illustration of the *Daily Telegraph*—might pass when bound together by "a ligature" for the fasces of a Roman Lictor, and in their midst the world might, by a slight stretch of the imagination, suppose the axe of the national will to be concealed. A man of mean presence—of shrill voice—of equivocal position, and with an affluence of impotent thought, might as well ask the permission of the Speaker to stand behind a screen in the House of Commons—or to speak through a trumpet—and to mimic the lofty style of a Pitt, a Gladstone, or a Bright, on the plea that, personally and alone, his "mere arguments and suggestions" might not be listened to; that it is necessary in the interest of truth, if the truth is to be spoken without shame, that he should be shielded from "the menaces of his oppressors, the insolence of office, and the sneers of fools." I have not the courage to attempt to criticise this conception. It is to me the quintessence of imposture. I mean it as a compliment to the founders of the press when I say that this conception is equal to anything in the art of humbug that Barnum has yet hit upon.

The only man who has an interest in an impersonal press, as far as I can see, is the proprietor, and the interest of the newspaper proprietor in an impersonal press is an interest of £ *s. d.*, an interest which conflicts at once with the interest of the professional writer and

of the press as an institution. The newspaper under this system is a sort of political Saturn, devouring its own children. The writer perishes, but the paper is more and more; and the proprietors of the press, as Peter Parley said, drink their champagne, as the gods of Odin drank their nectar, out of the skulls of authors. The *Times* is the only newspaper that makes the slightest provision for men who break down in its service. "The profession of the press," as Mr. W. H. Smith well said at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner a year or two ago, "is the only one in which a man may labour from day to day and from year to year without recognition. His ability may be marked, but it is unknown to the public; it is known only in the office of the newspaper, among his *confrères* in the gallery, and among places of resort confined almost entirely to gentlemen of the press. In the ordinary professions, and in art and science, success makes a man, but in the press the individual is almost always unknown." In fiction, in poetry, in art, in surgery, in law—in everything except journalism, a man's reputation and experience tell in his favour. They form, with his professional training and skill, part of his stock-in-trade, and upon the strength of this the lawyer, the physician, the artist, the architect, are able to charge a higher fee for their work than the man of equal skill and equal training who has yet to acquire experience and a reputation. But in the case of the press reputation stands for nothing—means nothing—except perhaps in the case of a special correspondent; and experience stands for next to nothing.

The proprietor, by suppressing the individuality of the men upon his staff, cheapens their work, appropriates for his paper all the credit which a brilliant or thoughtful article ought to reflect personally upon its author, and shuts out all the best men upon his staff from those appointments and honours which form, or ought to form, the natural reward of honourable and consistent service in the press. Why should not a thoughtful or brilliant article in the *Times* or any of its contemporaries bring its author as much credit as a thoughtful or brilliant speech in the House of Commons? This is not a new question. It has often been asked. But it must be asked again, and must be asked till it is answered. A single speech in Parliament often marks out a man for one of the highest posts in the Government. Yet the man who by a single speech perhaps leaps into the Cabinet or into a position which opens the Cabinet to him the day after to-morrow, might concentrate all the highest faculties of his mind upon the work of newspaper writing for twenty years under the present close system without ever being known beyond the four walls of his office, might spend his life in a quiet suburb of London with

bank clerks and stock jobbers, die a pensioner upon the Newspaper Press Fund, and be buried in a corner of Kensal Green Cemetery with half a dozen mourners round his grave, and with nothing to mark the disappearance from the scene of a man of rare power and accomplishments but a couple of lines in the first column of the *Times* supplement. This was the case with Coleridge, with Edward Sterling, with Bailey, with Jacob Omnium. It is or will be the case with dozens of men now at work upon the press. It was said by Fox in the House of Commons that Coleridge's articles in the *Morning Post* led to the rupture of the Truce of Amiens. Yet at the time these articles were written Coleridge was often at his wit's end where to find a spare guinea to pay his washerwoman. "In this labour," said the poet, looking back at his work upon the *Morning Post*, "I employed, and in the belief of partial friends wasted, the prime and manhood of my intellect. Those writings added nothing to my fortune or my reputation. The industries of the week supplied the necessities of the week"—and nothing more. Sir Robert Peel has put on record in a memorable note his appreciation of the powerful support that Edward Sterling rendered to his Government through the *Times* during one of the most perplexing crises in English politics. "I should be doing injustice to my own feelings," said Sir Robert Peel, "if I were to retire from office without one word of acknowledgment—without at least assuring you of the admiration with which I witnessed, during the arduous contest in which I was engaged, the daily exhibition of that extraordinary ability to which I was indebted for a support the more valuable because it was an impartial and discriminating support." Yet out of Printing House Square Edward Sterling was a man without a name, the *Times* appropriating in return for perhaps £1,000 a year all the credit that under an open system of writing might have secured for its contributor a seat in the House of Commons, and perhaps a portfolio in the Ministry.

It is enough to put these facts in their baldest form and to ask whether it is the interest of the public that a system should be kept up which entombs, for all practical and political purposes, so much of our best intellect, and robs society, as Mr. Cobden once put it, of the full development of that individuality which, more than all besides, is essential to the progress and elevation of our species.

In France and in America men of the press hold their heads as high as Addison and Swift held theirs, play a conspicuous part in the politics of the day, sit in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, in the Cabinet, and even aspire, like M. Thiers and Horace

Greeley, to the highest position in the State. What are the gentlemen of the press here? The pariahs of politics—men who, even when exercising the power of a Cabinet Minister, are perhaps in receipt of a smaller income than the doorkeeper of the House of Commons. The only Government appointment, as far as I know, legitimately open to an English journalist is the editorship of the *London Gazette*, a paltry sinecure of £700 or £800 a year; and if a vice-consulship, a school inspectorship, or a county court treasurership should by a fluke fall into the hands of any of the class, it falls into his hands surreptitiously, is challenged by the Opposition at once as a bribe or as the acknowledgment of secret and perhaps dishonourable service, and the appearance of the nominee in Whitehall makes as much sensation in the ranks of the Civil Service as the appearance of a pike in a pond of gold fish or of a hawk in an aviary. Of course literary men of one sort and another are to be found here and there in the offices of Whitehall—Mr. Henry Reeves, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Sir Arthur Helps and Mr. Patrick Cumin in the Privy Council office, Mr. W. R. Greg in the Stationery office, Mr. Planché in the office of the Somerset Herald, and Mr. Smyth Pigott at the Lord Chamberlain's. But none of these men hold their appointments because they are men of genius or men of literary distinction; and, as a rule, when men of letters, and especially journalists, are selected for the public service, they are huddled away clandestinely into inferior employments in order to avoid any ugly questions in Parliament. This was the case with Albany Fonblanque. He was one of the most brilliant and successful allies of the Whigs on the press. His articles were distinguished above all the rest by their pure English, by their wit, their polish, and their trenchant power. The Whigs, to reward him, shut him up in the statistical department of Somerset House, and the world heard no more of Albany Fonblanque, except as the compiler of a weekly table of corn averages. It was exactly the same with Mr. C. J. Bailey, one of the most brilliant men upon the *Times* a few years ago. He was packed off to the Bahamas as Secretary to the Governor, with £2,000 a year, and till a couple of lines recently appeared in the *Times* announcing his death from yellow fever the world heard nothing of him, except when his promotion to the governorship was notified in the *London Gazette*. Mr. Gilbert à Beckett was made a police magistrate. Mr. Knox is a police magistrate still. Mr. Hannay was posted off to Barcelona as Vice-Consul. Mr. Stigand is Vice-Consul at Boulogne. These, in fact, are the highest positions in the State open to English journalists, unless they can find their way into the House of Com-

mons, and take part in the political discussions of the day by talking, instead of writing in the press. The only professional writer holding a position anything like equal to his powers and accomplishments is Dr. Dasent. He is one of the Civil Service Commissioners. All the rest of the men of letters holding office under the Crown hold their offices, not by virtue of their distinction in literature, but in spite of it; for, if the plain fact must be told, literary accomplishments and literary distinctions form no recommendation for a man in the eyes of an English Minister, even if they are not a positive disqualification for any appointment involving anything above routine work. The author of "Esmond," of "Vanity Fair," and of "Pendennis" asked for an appointment in the Chancellery of the English Ambassador at Washington a few years ago, and was refused. Had Thackeray been a Frenchman instead of an Englishman, a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* instead of *Fraser's Magazine*, the Premier would have placed him at the head of the English Embassy at Washington, as Napoleon placed M. Prevost Paradol at the head of the French Embassy. But in France all State appointments are open, and the press is open. Here the avenue to State appointments is through the House of Commons, the House of Commons representing "a protected ability of £2,000 a year"; and to be a journalist is, if you are a man of particularly brilliant genius, to stand a remote chance of being one day made a police magistrate or a Vice-Consul. Had M. Beulé, the recent French Minister of the Interior, been an Englishman, he would have been nothing more, as the *Spectator* well said, than a scholar and a writer of the second class. "He would have held a fellowship at Oxford, have contributed articles on the antiquities of Athens to the *Quarterly Review*, have lectured at the Royal Institution on the friezes of the Parthenon, have written a few books on the art of Greece or Rome, and at his death have been noticed by the *Times* in about as many lines of small type as it would devote to the memory of some eminent and bustling stock-broker who had been floated into the House of Commons on the billowy crest of shares, and who had died in the odour of £500,000. But in France he was a great personage, and became such chiefly because he was a scholar and a man of letters." Had Horace Greeley and Mr. Raymond been editors of the *Times* and *Daily News* no one out of Printing House Square or Whitefriars would have heard of their existence. In America it was only by a fluke that Horace Greeley missed the Presidency, and everyone seems to agree that Henry Raymond might, if he had lived, have run for the Presidency with every assurance of success. Mr. Schulyer Colfax relinquished

an appointment as editor of a newspaper at St. Louis to take the Vice-Presidency of the House of Representatives; and he was thinking of relinquishing the Vice-Presidency to take the editorship of the *New York Tribune* when the threat of an impeachment closed his career. M. Thiers was for many years a Parisian journalist. M. de Rémusat, M. Thiers' Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a journalist; and all the most eminent of French statesmen of late years have been deeply tinctured with literature, and frequently with the literature of journalism. Lamartine and Louis Blanc were men of letters. M. de Girardin was a *littérateur;* and next to the bar, it is notorious that the press opens the shortest road to place and power in France as well as America. Here, and here alone, literature is tabooed, and journalism is held to be a disqualification for everything except a vice-consulship.

I put in no plea for literature *in formâ pauperis*, and I am not supposing that because a man can write a brilliant article in the *Times* or the *Pall Mall Gazette* he possesses all the qualifications required in a Secretary of State, or ought to be sworn in the Privy Council at once. Literature is independent of the Government if the Government is independent of literature. But I will say this—that it is no credit to a Government like ours that it should be divorced from literature as it is, that every avenue of the State should be closed against the man of letters as a man of letters, that all the prizes of politics should be reserved for men who happen to possess a seat in Parliament—that is, for men with incomes of £2,000 or £20,000 a year; that the only provision the State makes for a man of letters is a pauper's dole from the Royal Bounty, and that he can qualify himself for this dole only by a process more humiliating to a man of spirit than the process involved in applying to a Board of Guardians for a shilling a week and a loaf. The fault, however, is the fault of writers themselves. The press at present is the slave instead of the ally of the politician, and will remain his slave until it asserts a position for itself, quits the catacombs, holds up its head in the light of day, and makes itself an independent power in the State, instead of an echo of rival factions, of Tory, Whig, or Radical. An anonymous press means a weak press, and must mean a weak press, because the only motive that can induce a man to take up a pen in its service is the lowest of all motives—a motive of £ *s. d.*—and every man with a capacity for writing anything beyond leading articles, or aspiring to play a conspicuous and honourable part in life, will abandon it upon the first chance that offers itself, or write only, as so many men write at present, to eke out the income of a

profession. Throw the press open, make it an avenue to the House of Commons, and an independent power in the State equal to Parliament itself, and the boldest, freest, and most original spirits in the country will be as proud to be known as members of the staff of this or of that newspaper as most men are now to be known as members of the House of Commons.

This, the supersession of the anonymous system, is all that is now needed to make literature in all its ranks one of the noblest of professions, and I hope to see the day when the best writers upon the press will be as well known as the members of the Cabinet, when every article in the *Times* worth signing will have its author's name at its foot, when Printing House Square and Fleet Street will supply as many recruits to the ranks of Parliament as the Courts of Quarter Session and the Vestry Halls, and when a Premier in search of an Under-Secretary, and a constituency in search of an able and thoughtful representative, will know that they have quite as good a chance of pricking one in the "Newspaper Press Directory" as they have in the "Red Book."

# WATERSIDE SKETCHES.

## IX.—OUR CLOSING DAY.

NOT to the waterside at all must the reader—kind, intelligent, and indulgent, of course—be now transferred, but to a warm, well-lighted apartment to which he has been aforetime introduced. On the last night of March, it may be remembered, a united family, not ashamed to avow themselves followers of quaint, pure-hearted Izaak Walton, whose nature was eminently unselfish, assembled amidst their piscatorial trophies on the eve of their "opening day." Since that occasion three of the four seasons have sped their allotted course. It was an occasion for the putting on of harness, just as the present is the time when the waterside warriors have met to lay it aside, and, so to speak, place their weapons on the rack. The twenty-eight pound pike, that great perch, the bellows-shaped bream, the dark fat tench, the burly-shouldered chub, and the handsome trout maintain their fixed expression upon the walls. The hand of change touches them not. Two, however, of the angling brotherhood have for ever laid down the rod since the year opened, although both were merry and hale on that first of April expedition by the waterside. Though their places have been filled, our departed friends are not forgotten; on the contrary, as we stand in informal groups around the fire, awaiting the expected summons to the half dinner half supper which yearly calls us together, their good qualities are lauded and their skil is sadly remembered.

In due time the cloth is removed, and preparations are made for "a night of it." We are very old-fashioned and conservative here, as we have been any time these last fifty years. A few of the very young brethren have incurred the pity of the majority by drinking claret during the feast, and they now are given up as hopeless because they produce elegant cigar cases, and talk of Partagas and other fashionable brands. Rare old brown sherry, port with real bees' wing, and ripe fragrant Madeira have been circulated amongst the veterans, and now nothing but the longest of churchwarden pipes, artfully twisted spills quite a yard long, tobacco on small trays, and an open line of glimmering night lights posted down the centre of *the mahogany*, with mighty bowls of punch such as this generation

seldom sees, will satisfy the traditions of past gatherings, and the tastes of present feasters.

We are very practical. The president raps the table with an ivory mallet and says, "Gentlemen, 'The Queen.'" We rise and say, "The Queen," sip, and sit again. "Gentlemen, the secretary will make his annual statement," says the president. Thereupon we are informed that the past season, like the season before it, was a miserable time for anglers. Last year there was too much rain; this year there has not been enough. The fly-fishers who had travelled far and wide had found the trout streams barren and dry; the bottom-fishers had been scorned by the roach, put to shame by the perch, and left in the lurch by the barbel. The pike-fishers still lived in hope, but until sharp frost cut down the weeds, and floods washed them away, the angler could not be said to have a fair chance. There had been a great run upon the library, and the most ancient works on the gentle art were as much read as ever, in spite of the growing rivalry of modern anglers' literature. Then the worthy official entered into details touching the cutting of weeds, capture of poachers, payment of keepers, stocking of preserves, and the routine business was over. "Gentlemen, pipes," laconically and formally rising, now observes the president. This is tantamount to the military "stand easy," and clouds arise and tongues are loosened without a moment's delay.

Every member is required to contribute to the entertainment of the general body, beginning with the oldest and proceeding down the incline of seniority. Thus no time is wasted in profuse excuses or affected apologies. You may sing, or perpetrate a speech, or recite, or stand on your head, but you must do something, and bring your contribution within a hard and fast compass of five minutes.

The fence-line of three score years and ten has been passed by our patriarch—the dear old man of whom we are all so proud, who was never known to lose his temper, to do his fellow an evil turn, or to pass the bottle; who this very autumn sent up from the Shropshire streams a fine dish of grayling caught by himself, with flies of his own making. He is a "character," and has an unfaltering belief in the old times. "I'm an old-fashioned fogey," he tells us, "but I don't think you youngsters are as jolly or genuine as the anglers of my early days. You are over-wise in your own conceits, bless your hearts; but it's only theory. You read more, but you modern anglers are not half as good naturalists as your fathers were. You can give the scientific name of a polecat, but you never saw one, and if you met him walking down Regent Street you wouldn't know what

he was. Now, when I was a young man I shot a polecat in the very copse some of you know so well at the back of the osier-bed. I doubt whether you know a hawk from a handsaw." Here our gay comrade, who is nothing if not Shakespearian, interposes, "Hernshaw, not handsaw." General laughter succeeds, in which the patriarch joining continues :—"There you are. It's precisely what I mean —you youngsters know too much. I say handsaw, and stick to it. But there, it isn't your fault altogether; the world moves on and things change. The time is past when a kingfisher perches in confidence on the rod of an angler, as I have known it to do. But it's all right, and I'm delighted to be here once more. I can't throw a trolling bait any longer, and I've as much as I can do to see a rise a dozen yards off if there's a ripple, but I enjoy my summer outings and the soft winds as much as any of you; and if I can't wade in a swift stream or do a day's spinning, I can nick a grayling with the best of you." And indeed he can; and the old man hopes that God will bless us all, and that when we are in our seventy-second year we shall be as hearty and happy as he is. To which we add an internal "Amen" in the midst of the applause.

The next gentleman would make a splendid backwoodsman, if six feet two of straight lissome framework and an unquenchable love of field sports count for anything. Yet he has a gentle soul in that long, rugged body, and says the tenderest things in a wonderfully sentimental voice. The voice lifted into song is sweet as the pipe of an Arcadian shepherd. Though essentially a town-suckled, town-bred, and town-loving man, he thus warbles :—

Give me the brook at the foot of the mountains,
Where cool sparkling waters spring fresh from the hill;
Give eddying scours, cascade-hollowed fountains,
And rills rushing down through the glen to the mill.
There's a maid at the mill; there are trout in the stream;
For the trout will I whip; of the maid let me dream.

Ah! tell me no more of glory or duty,
Of vict'ries of peace, or triumphs of war;
My mountain-born fish, my mill-nurtured beauty
Are the only delights that tempt from afar.
Yes; the maid of the mill and the trout of the stream
Where'er I may roam ever rise in my dream.

The trout it is said loves bright summer weather,
And merrily plays at the opening of day;
So stroll I to where the brooks join together,
And wrong would you be should you tauntingly say
'Tis the maid at the mill, not the trout in the stream,
*That hastens* my footsteps at dawning's grey gleam.

**My first cast falls on the hurrying water,**
**An old casement creaks 'neath the time-honoured eaves—**
**A miss! And thy fault, O miller's fair daughter,**
**Peeping out from thy bower of dew covered leaves.**
**Witching maid of the mill! Lucky trout of the stream!**
**The angler fares ill who of maidens will dream.**

**Lo! here by this spot, where merry trout gambol,**
**At noon lies the only protection from heat:**
**At evening, perforce, I hitherward ramble—**
**Is not the quick flash of the waterwheel sweet?**
**Hush! The maid of the mill walks forth by the stream;**
**Shall I follow? Or still idly angle—and dream?**

* * * *

**Given is the brook at the foot of the mountains,**
**Where cool, sparkling waters spring fresh from the hill;**
**Given eddies, and scours, and cascades, and fountains,**
**For they all rush down through the glen to the mill—**
**And I live at the mill, whipping trout from the stream:**
**I followed, was hooked, and need nevermore dream.**

To the sentimental backwoodsman succeeds one who, instead of a prosy conveyancer, should have been, as nature intended him, something in the comic line of life. He does not sing a comic song now, however, since he knows he will by and bye be called upon willy nilly to repeat certain old favourites of that ilk. The truth is he has for a week been preparing a string of wretched puns, which he thus runs off the reel, drolly emphasising the words italicised: "Gentlemen, I hope no one will *carp* at what I'm about to say, or think my remarks an enc-*roach*-ment. Is it not a fact in natural history that *every Jack has his Gill?* It is not every *acute angle*-r who can *keep a pike*, or say with the *judicious Hooker*,

> I had a bream, a whacking bream,
> I dreamt that I had three.

Before sitting down I should like to state my in-*tench*-ion of pre senting to you, though not by any means as an *eel*emosynary affair, a copy of *Mrs. Barbel's 'Dace abroad and evenings at home,'* bound in *gut*-ta *perch*-a; also to observe that the true motto for every angler is *I'm a float.* The fact is"——

The fact was that the company would have no more rubbish of this sample, and the word-torturer subsequently confided to me that his most effective abominations were unsaid. We, however—the conveyancer's cheap wit must be the excuse for the simile—only jumped from the frying pan into the fire, inasmuch as the next three entertainers were terribly dull dogs. One of them floundered (why did not the

conveyancer contrive to work in the *flounder?*) through two sentences, and broke hopelessly down; the other recited a soliloquy on "The chief purpose of man"; the third, who had a voice like a saw-sharpener, dashed into "Where the bee sucks," screeching in the most excruciating fashion the long run on the last word in the Bat's back line. At this stage of the proceedings there was a universal desire for a melody, in which a chorus-singer might hear of something to his advantage, and the member whose turn came next happened to be just the fellow for the crisis. Swinging his pipe and looking round with a now-then-all-together air, he roared in stentorian harmony:—

> Now Johnny the angler's a jolly lad—hurrah! hurrah!
> He's never disheartened and never sad—hurrah! hurrah!
> He's out of the racket of trouble and toil;
> He's king of the water if not of the soil:
> And light is his step when Johnny comes marching home.

There were eight verses of this home-spun material, the last stanza containing the inevitable moral. The author suggested that there could not be a better all-round bait for the angler than contentment, and laid down the indisputable axiom that "Fair-play is a jewel for fishes or men." Probably this was the most roughly constructed doggre sung during the evening, but nothing could exceed the gusto with which the "responses" were taken up, or the fine effect produced by the raps dealt out to the table as a suitable accompaniment to "hurrah! hurrah!" Another member chanted in a sort of Gregorian the story of poor "Cock Robin," and at the end of every verse the whole company, taking their parts like a well-trained choir, gave a pretty melancholy refrain:—

> All the birds in the air fell a sighing and sobbing
> When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.

True, sobbing according to tradition does not strictly rhyme with Robin, but we were not fastidious, and were not tired, although the verses were just as numerous as the birds, beasts, and fishes who were concerned with the tragic decease and touching interment of the defunct Redbreast. The late Mr. Weiss himself could not have sung the "Village Blacksmith" better than it was given, and there was one who came so close to reality in his imitation of the veteran Ransford that it was necessary to look a second time to decide whether it was not that splendid interpreter of Dibdin who sang and acted "Tom Tough." Next to the Cock Robin chant in popularity should be mentioned a singularly quaint and catching slave song brought by a young member from Carolina, where he had heard it

sung by the plantation hands. The general burden of the solo I have forgotten, but the chorus printed itself upon the memory at once, and I fancy it gives a pretty clear notion of the rest: –

> There is a good time coming and it's almost nigh,
> It's a long, long time on its way.
> Then go and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp
> And meet us at the gum-tree down by the Swamp,
> To wake Nicodemus to-day.

There are aggrieved anglers as well as parishioners, and our aggrieved member carried the meeting entirely with him on introducing the great live-bait question. This he maintained was the question of the day, and though he hesitated to commit himself to a definite statement, he broadly hinted that Government must sooner or later take it up. Giving head to the righteous indignation which rippled through his voice he graphically depicted the mingled horror, disgust, and disappointment suffered by honest anglers who were unable to secure live-bait for love or money. A pretty state of things, forsooth! Here were hundreds of fine fellows who spent the Sunday as it should be spent, meditating calmly by the murmuring river, innocently angling, not so much in a spirit of irreverent sport, as because it had been early taught them that a certain somebody is uncommonly sharp in finding mischief "for idle hands to do":—How the deuce were these honest anglers to keep up this praiseworthy habit if the fishing tackle shops could not procure live-bait? If there were laws against the capture of small fish let the laws be altered; what was the use of Government if the wants of the people were not supplied? The author of these ideas of political economy worked himself into such a passion that his five minutes had expired before he could arrive at the one or two practical suggestions he intended to make.

This was fortunate for his immediate neighbour, who was wretched at the thought that he could not sing, and had nothing to talk about. He accordingly, being prompted by his brother member, took up the parable; he suggested the appointment of specified bait-catchers on the Thames, and recommended all the angling societies of London to withhold their subscriptions from a certain association until it had by its influence procured this concession to the pike fishers who, it was darkly threatened, would otherwise rise in their thousands. Next, he wished to know on behalf of self and partner why the anglers of the United Kingdom did not hold a gigantic Waltonian festival at the Crystal Palace, or better still, as being nearer the Lea which Walton loved so well, at the Alexandra Park. Certain concessions

le by some of the Railway Companies to anglers, in imitation of
plan originated on the Trent were described and applauded, and
speaker concluded rather abruptly by drinking our healths with
hope that we should live long and die happy.

That gallant acquaintance, the Gay Comrade, was observed closely,
his friends knew by the dignified reserve ennobling his brow
that tempered brain had prepared for us an intellectual treat. He
dealt with what may be termed the melodramatic aspect of the
reation to which we were all devoted. He poured out his soul in
itation, thus :—

I greet thee friend upon this autumn day,
And give thee welcome to this sheltered lake.
Here for a season let us haply stay,
Of this good weed—Returns—I pr'ythee take.
So gaze we now upon the tinted leaves
Which mix their colours by their own good law.
Breathes there the man who in his heart believes
That Providence is not above us ? Psha !
Fill up thy pipe, thou tall, thou goodly youth,
And strike a light upon this roughened edge.
See'st thou the float ? Alack in naked truth
It still bobs pikeless near yon fringe of sedge.
Now let us therefore our discourse resume.
Another light ? With pleasure ; strike it low ;
(The worst of fusees is their—well—perfume.)
Those drifting clouds are white as driven snow.
What is the theory of wind, of heat, of cold ?
Why points the needle to the northern pole ?
To deal with these a man must needs be bold.
Pray sink the bait can in that middle hole,
Else will those gudgeon prematurely die,
Nor roach nor dace their little span will save,
I'll give my bait, I think, another shy.
Ere saw'st thou pike so cowardly behave ?
Mark now these thirty yards ; how neat they show,
Coiled carefully upon the level ground,
One, two, three—swish—call'st thou not that a throw ?
That should a good fish take, if one's around.
Have you the *Echo* seen ? or *Punch ?* or *Fun ?*
It doesn't matter ; only one gets dull
On hours of waiting.
Look ! by Jove, a run.
Down goes the float. See how the pike can pull.
This is as it should be. I dare would bet
A heavy jack is running out the line
Into deep water, into deeper yet
Before he gives a pause.
Let us combine
To drink his health. Unscrew thy silver flask
And sip we lightly the ambrosial tap ;
Now turn with caution to the genial task.
In grass or sedge should we our capture wrap ?
Prepare the gaff with care, else do I vouch
Our prize may vanish at the nick of time.
A little moment further shall he pouch ;
To strike in haste is piscatorial crime.
Haul in the line with very cautious hand :
Thus the requirements of the case are met,

I'll show you how a captured pike should land,
And you, the lesson learned, will not forget.
I gently strike soon as the line is taut—
Though the barbed hook has doubtless done its work;—
The bending rod denotes a finster caught,
The plunging top betrays his angry jerk.
He's spent, I ween, as lifelessly he's drawn,
Reluctant, but not hostile, to the shore.
The winch revolves.
Here on this grass-grown lawn
Shall lie the prey, to murder fry no more.
The float appears from the pellucid deep,
Then comes the knot that fastens line to trace;
A moment yet and you may snatch a peep
Of the dead weight now winching in apace.
About five pounds would be a shrewdish guess,
If one may judge from shoulder, fin, and tail,
Which he betrays—maybe a little less.
Ah! hapless fish, useless it is to sail
To right, to left, with that indignant stroke.
This trusty gaff was never known to fail,
You'll shortly find it is no passing joke.
So so: your yellow side is upward turned;
As good you are as numbered with the slain,
And you, good friend, the lesson well have learned—
Begad, he's off! the gimp has snapped in twain.

By the time that the Waltonian brotherhood rose, crossed hands, and pronounced that grand benediction "Auld Lang Syne," they had thoroughly gorged—not the meat and drink to which they had nevertheless sensibly done justice, but—that bait Contentment which had been recommended to them by the Boanergesian soloist. So at peace with the world were they that even the Home Secretary, at whose mandate the party was prematurely dissolved, was pardoned as a victim rather than condemned as a persecutor. With all their hearts they bade each other a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Amidst the hand-shaking in the ante-room some kindly words were generously said of certain papers which had appeared month by month in a certain magazine. There have been many kindly words to the same effect generously said and printed in many a quarter during the year, and it is with grateful thanks indeed that the author of them puts down his pen, and for a while at least, subscribes himself for the last time

RED SPINNER.

# THE "MIDIAN-UARA."*

*(From the Irish.)*

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

THERE'S a sad sea-maiden
Sighs day and night;
For lack of Eden
Her eyes weep sore;
If you come upon her
By pale moonlight,—
Farewell to honour
For evermore!
Tho' her hair is redder
Than blood fresh spilt,
'Tis thou must wed her
And share her guilt;
'Tis thou, more pity!
Must buried be
In her shining City
Beneath the Sea.

II.

But shouldst thou view her
When shines the sun,
And softly unto her
On tiptoe creep,
Thou'lt find her dozing
As I have done,
Naked reposing
In a sunny sleep;
Then be quickly ready
To seize her hair,
And to name Our Lady
As she wakens there;
And tho' Heaven may thunder

* *Anglicè*, "Maid of the Sea."

O'er the waters wide,
To the walls of wonder
She'll be thy guide.

III.

In the year of hunger,*
That's long gone by,
When I was younger
Who now am old,
By the Ocean dreary
Like a *taisch*† went I,
Thin, weak and weary,
With want and cold.
O sweetly dreaming
Was the Sea that hour,
And the sun was gleaming
Thro' a golden shower;
As I wander'd sighing
For the famish'd Land,
I beheld her lying
On the yellow strand!

IV.

Like the silver shining
Was the Maiden's skin,
The red locks twining
To the breasts of white,
Her cheeks were hueless
And chill and thin,
Her lips were dewless,
But her eyes were bright.
Behind her creeping
I held her hair,—
As she scream'd upleaping
I said the prayer;—
"O *Midian Uara!*
I hold thee mine;
Thy help I'll borrow,
By the Cross's sign!"

* The year of the Irish famine. † Ghost, or spirit.

V.

Hast thou ever noted
A wounded seal,
As it bleats shrill-throated
Before it dies?
As a seal's eyes turning
On them that kill,
With a dying yearning,
Were the Maiden's eyes.
With those orbs of azure
She gazed on me:—
"O what's thy pleasure,
*Gilli ma chree?*"
And her tears fell brightly
Upon the sands,
As she trembled whitely
With wringing hands.

VI.

"O take me straightway,"
To her said I,
"To the City's gateway
That well ye know—
'Tis the hunger kills me,
And that's no lie,
And a longing fills me
From earth to go."
She ceased her crying,
And sadly said,
With the white gulls flying
Above her head,
"Is it there, *mavourneen*,
Ye'd wish to stand,
That were bred and born in
A Christian land?"

VII.

I knew her nature
Was sly and deep,
Tho' the wicked creature
Had a heavenly face;

And I looked below me
At the waves asleep,
As I answered, "Show me
That very place!
'Tis thou must charm me
To take the track,
And no hand shall harm me
Till I come back."
As I spake, deep thunder
Was heard that day,
And I saw, far under,
Where the City lay!

VIII.

'Neath the green still ocean,
Far, far, below,
With a mystic motion
That can't be told,
I saw it gleaming
On a strand of snow,
Its bright towers beaming
All glass and gold!
And a sound thrill'd thro' me
Like the sound of bells,
Upwafted to me
On the ocean swells;
And I saw far under,
Within those same,
White shapes of wonder
That went and came!

IX.

"O Mary, mother,
That savest me,
'Tis the place, no other,
Where I would go;
For 'tis sweet and pleasant,
Set 'neath the Sea
In the bright white crescent
Of the strand below.
'Tis the hunger in me
That works its will,

Lest the devil win me
To steal or kill."
I held her tighter,
And prayed anew:—
As I spoke still brighter,
That vision grew.

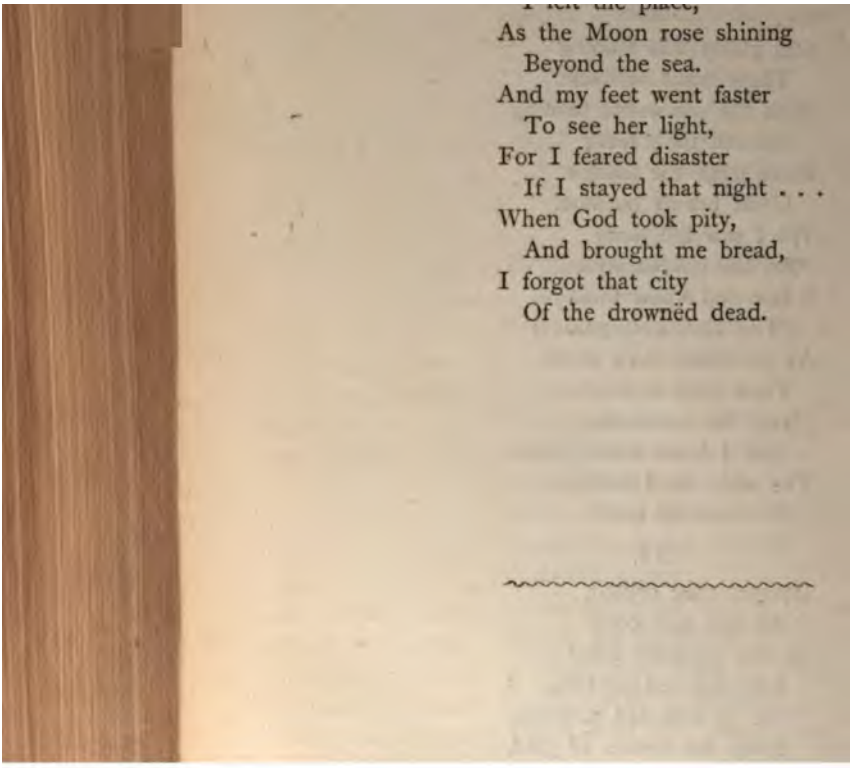
X.

Still glassy and shining
Those walls of flame,
With the sea-weeds twining
Around their feet;
More large the place's
Great towers became,
Till I saw the faces
In the golden street.
I saw and knew them
(The Lord's my guide!)
As the water drew them
From side to side;
I saw the creatures,
And I knew them then—
The white fix'd features
Of drownëd men!

XI.

Upright they drifted,
All wet and cold,
By the sea-wash lifted
Like the red-sea tang,
While in wild sad cadence,
From the towers of gold,
The wild sea-maidens
Struck harps and sang:
"*O shule, shule,*
*O shul' aroon!*" *
I tell thee truly
They sang in tune;
I heard the ditty
From the ocean-land,
And I swooned for pity
On the yellow sand.

* "Come, come, my darling, come!"


I left the place,
As the Moon rose shining
Beyond the sea.
And my feet went faster
To see her light,
For I feared disaster
If I stayed that night . . .
When God took pity,
And brought me bread,
I forgot that city
Of the drownëd dead.

# A Rambling Story.

BY MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

Author of "The Iron Cousin," "The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," "The Complete Concordance to Shakespeare," &c.

## PART VII.

I WAS passing through Tuscany, making forward on my way to Naples, when on one sultry afternoon I found myself pursuing a track that, before I was aware, led me up among the mountains, apart from the main highway, and thickly wooded with rough, irregular forest trees. It was a wild spot, solitary and grandly picturesque. The shade was most welcome after the heat and glare of the open plain across which I had been proceeding, and the rugged beauty of the scene was no less refreshment to my artist's eye, than the coolness to my frame. I slackened rein and suffered my horse to take his own time, and he went on at a foot-pace, while I took rest of spirit by enjoying the grandeur of the scene, and encouraging hopeful thoughts of her I loved.

Suddenly I felt a check upon my bridle-hand, and looking down to see what ailed my horse, I saw him snort and draw back with that noble instinct of sagacity which prevents the animal from treading upon what lies cast upon the ground before him. I dismounted to examine the object which lay there, and to my horror found it was a dead man; blood was oozing from a wound upon his forehead, and flowed in a dark pool around and beneath his head; I raised it, but life was extinct. He seemed by his dress to be a postilion or driver, his whip lying at a little distance from his stark hand.

At this instant I thought I heard a moan, as of one in mortal pain. I looked around, and not far off perceived a form stretched on the ground, still breathing, though with evident difficulty. I hastened towards the sufferer, and found him to be a gentleman severely wounded and almost senseless. He moaned deeply once or twice, and made an attempt to speak, but I entreated him not to make any exertion, but to trust himself to my care.

I lifted him gently and placed him in a half recumbent position against the sloping mound at the foot of the nearest tree; in this position he seemed easier, and drew his breath more freely. Seeing him thus, I thought I would venture to leave him, in quest of some

habitation that might afford a roof against the coming night, while I went to seek surgical assistance at the nearest village or town.

I had to proceed more than half a mile before I could discover the slightest vestige of a dwelling; but at length I came upon a hut or hovel tenanted by a woodcutter. I hastily explained my errand, but at first he seemed dubious of giving me the aid I sought; he muttered something about its being ill meddling or making with the affairs of the Signori Masnadieri, and hinted that in all probability this was some of their business, and therefore best let alone, as the Signori Banditti did not like being interfered with. However, at length, by dint of appealing partly to his compassion, partly to his foible for florins, I induced him to accompany me back to the spot where I had left the wounded traveller, and to help me to bear him to the hut.

On our reaching the place, I found the stranger able to speak. He raised his eyes to my face and said in English, "Don't abandon me, don't leave me!"

The woodcutter and I, raising him between us, bore him to the hovel, and there placed him on the only bed it could boast. After making the best arrangements I could for his comfort, I told him that I desired to go as far as the nearest town, in hopes of finding help and returning with a surgeon immediately.

"No doctor's help will avail. I shall die, surgeon or no surgeon. I feel it; I know it; I have received my mortal wound. Remain with me—a friendly hand, a friendly ear, will do more to relieve than all the probes and plaisters that were ever applied. Give me water, sit beside me, and let me speak the tale I have to tell; the wrongs of me and mine cry for vengeance—I must try and secure an avenger—an avenger."

I endeavoured to soothe his agitation, and he resumed:

"You seem to be a gentleman—your conduct towards a stranger, your manners, your voice, all tell me that you are a gentleman; you will therefore be able to feel for a gentleman—a nobleman, in this disastrous fate which has befallen him. I am the last male representative of an ancient English family, and I have made it my first rule in life to preserve the honour of my house untarnished, and its dignity unimpaired. It was with this sole view that I exercised a degree of severity over the actions of one of its members, which no other less pure motive could perhaps have authorised. She, the young relation I speak of, would listen to no proposals I made for matching her with a suitable husband from among the gentlemen of our own sphere in life; she obstinately closed her ears to all overtures of the kind,

and persisted in remaining unmarried. Her beauty—she is very beautiful—and her fortune, which is very large, excited the cupidity of an unprincipled profligate and prodigal who had the audacity to plan a scheme for carrying her off and marrying her in spite of my refusal. This villain, spendthrift and libertine as he is, was frustrated in his daring attempt then ; but now—now—" He broke off, whilst I scarcely breathed, from a thousand varying doubts and emotions.

"I had brought my niece abroad, in the hope of dissipating one chagrin she had by change of scene, and we had been some little time in Venice when I was summoned suddenly to Naples, where an old and valued friend lay at point of death. I dreaded leaving my ward to her own control. However, I had no resource but to go, and I left a tried servitor, a man devotedly attached to my will, with charge to keep vigilant watch over my young relation. I had not been long gone when, perceiving his young lady's attention unduly absorbed by the conversation of a fellow employed to paint her portrait (oh, that mad whim for artists which possessed her !), and observing that the hours appointed for sitting to him each day rapidly lengthened into whole mornings and then late into the afternoon, he resolved to despatch a messenger to me, informing me of what was passing in my absence ; I wrote instantly back to him, desiring him to lose no time in removing her from such dangerous intercourse, but to bring her away from Venice without delay.

I bit my lip hard, to repress the exclamation that arose from the depths of my indignant heart. He, all unconscious, proceeded in the same strain, taking complacent credit to himself for all he had done.

"I desired him not even to consult her at all on the subject, but to arrange everything for her journey and then set out for Naples, bringing her there as speedily and quietly as might be, without resorting to force, if possible, but with force, if necessary,—secure that all was for her own eventual advantage."

Through all my burning resentment against this cold-blooded maintainer of his family dignity I could perceive that he dwelt upon having acted throughout for his ward's sake as if involuntarily seeking to extenuate whatever might seem harsh in his conduct towards her ; it was the unconscious vindication offered by natural feeling on behalf of aristocratic pride, and pride of will.

"She was brought safely to Naples," continued he, "arriving there just as my poor friend breathed his last. I was thus free to give all my care once more to my ward. I plainly told her I intended to *prevent her* degrading herself by an unworthy alliance, and that I had

therefore chosen to remove her from Venice before she could commit irretrievable folly and disgrace. A singular expression crossed her face as I said this, but she merely asked what were my present intentions regarding her, and upon my replying that I meant we should return immediately to England, she bowed her head and spoke no more."

He turned, addressing me pointedly as he continued.

"I tell you all this that you may the better understand upon what terms we were together when the fatal event occurred which has removed from her side her protector, her careful guardian; and that you may feel interested in the fate of a beautiful woman,—a noble creature,—a true lady.

"This afternoon, while the carriage slowly ascended a steep road at the entrance of this accursed mountain spot, I suddenly heard her utter a startled exclamation, which drew my attention to her side of the carriage; beside it there rode, with one insolent hand easily placed on the ledge of the open window, a gentleman on horseback,—no other than that villain baronet, the persecutor of my ward; he bowed carelessly to me as he said, gaily laughing: 'Well met, my lord; Fortune has done me a kind office at last, in recompense for the many scurvy tricks she has played me; this meeting more than consoles me for all former disappointments. To have encountered you and your fair niece so near my own Italian domicile warrants my supposing that you both mean to favour my poor house with a visit; I'll give the driver orders to convey you there at once.' 'Do no such thing!' I exclaimed, 'neither my niece nor myself have leisure for visits.' Reining his horse close against the carriage-window, his face thus brought into insolent nearness to my ward, Sir Henry dared to address her with smiling familiarity: 'Will not my fair foe deign a single glance, or syllable of favour while I plead my suit?' He leaned forward, caught at her hand, and snatched it to his lips vehemently; the action, my niece's alarm as she shrank from him, roused my utmost indignation, and I exclaimed: 'Sir Henry, I plainly tell you that I have travelling pistols in the carriage, and unless you quit my niece's side, you will compel me to use them upon you!' He laughed contemptuously. 'Do not threaten me with force, my lord, until you know whether I may not possess superior force to your own. Come, madam, say you will accompany me willingly; I would rather have your voluntary favour than your extorted yielding; yet one or the other I am resolved shall be mine. Give me that which I prefer.' His look of ruffian eagerness caused her to shudder as she said: 'Never, never!' He drew back with a deep oath, rode forward, and gave some order to our driver; I hastily

drew forth my pistols, but Sir Henry, perceiving this, shouted aloud; upon which there suddenly appeared among the rocks skirting the road, a troop of armed men, evidently banditti, who stood with their presented pieces awaiting the order to fire upon our party. I discharged my pistol at Sir Henry, but I suppose it missed, for I saw him the next moment waving his hand above his head, as a signal to the robbers. They fired, and the driver fell; I felt myself wounded as I stepped out of the carriage and attempted to discharge my other pistol; I reeled and sank upon the wayside, and then I saw Sir Henry dismounting and coming towards the carriage; I heard his scoffing voice as he laughingly exclaimed: 'Thanks, my lord, for leaving me your vacant seat by your fair niece's side; we shall drive together to my villa; I wish you a very good evening!' He leaped into the chariot—one of the robbers got into the driver's place and drove off; in another moment the whole scene swam before my eyes and I lay senseless until you found me and brought me hither."

He ceased speaking and seemed exhausted by the long effort he had made to tell me all he desired I should know. In an agony of impatient misery I started up, about to rush from the room with the vague intention of hastening after her, to help, to save; but the motion I made attracted the wounded man's attention, and he cried:

"Where are you going? Don't leave me, don't leave me! I am dying! Don't abandon me!"

"But she,—she needs help,—she is in mortal distress—in mortal peril," I exclaimed.

"You are interested, then, in her fate? Pass me your word as an English gentleman that you will do your utmost that this noble lady shall suffer no dishonour. Her name is Lady Gertrude Vivian—spare no effort to snatch her from Sir Henry's clutches, for he will hesitate at no outrage that shall make her securely his."

Again I started from his side, stung by the thought of her urgent need for immediate succour; but, as before, he piteously exclaimed: "I am dying fast; don't forsake me!"

A sudden and awful change passed over his countenance; the interval of ease that had enabled him to recount all he wished me to know ceased, and a mortal struggle took place. My humanity would not let me leave him to encounter it alone, and I remained in spite of my torturing desire to be gone.

At length the face settled into immobility—I could not mistake that terrible signal. The first feeble light of dawn broke into the chamber just as the chill shadow of mortality overspread the features.

of the dead man, and I went out into the open air, free to pursue my distracted search.

I had scarcely the slightest clue to guide me, but I resolved first to repair to the spot where the affray with the banditti had taken place, and endeavour from thence to trace the course which the travelling chariot had afterwards pursued; I followed for a considerable distance one of the branching roads upon which I had ultimately fixed, when I found, to my unspeakable disappointment, that instead of leading to any place that could at all seem to contain the villa-retreat of an English resident, it only became more and more wild, solitary, and overgrown with tangled thickets of trees and underwood.

I came to the conclusion that I must have adopted the wrong track, and I was about to retrace my steps, when my ear was struck by the sound of many voices—men's voices—loud but not in anger; rather the loudness of revelry and cheerfulness, for there were several hearty laughs and animated *evvivas* as if the speakers were discussing some welcome subject of entertainment. They were evidently Italians, and talked at the usual high pitch of Italian tone in conversation. A few words that reached me riveted me to the spot, and made me pause to listen for more.

"The rascal! Talk of English good faith? He an Englishman, and break his word? We helped him to get the lady, and he cheats us of the money he promised for the job! But we'll see if we can't pay him off for his non-payment. He must be a deep Englishman that'll outwit an Italian! And an Italian *cavaliere masnadiere* too! And moreover, a *capitano* of *cavalieri masnadieri!* But leave me alone—I'll match him—I'll be even with him, I warrant him." The close of this speech was followed by a prolonged shout of approval, and the speaker resumed:

"This English Milor, if he have no ready money (his excuse for not paying us) has a cellar of excellent wine—(a burst of *evvivas*)—and a capitally-stocked larder—(loud bravos)—and costly plate—(cheers)—and rich jewels. (A storm of applause.) What is to hinder us from paying ourselves out of all these, my brave comrades?" (A peal of hurrahs.)

In my eagerness to hear all that was said, I had advanced near enough to obtain a view of the jovial talkers; they were a company of stalwart fellows, picturesquely habited and luxuriously lolling about, some leaning on their elbows, some stretched at full length, strewn upon the grass in various attitudes of repose, enjoying a noontide meal beneath the trees. He who was the principal speaker sat in the midst, reclined upon a heap of spread cloaks,

while the piled firelocks around, and the pistols and dagger that gleamed at the belt of each man, plainly bespoke their freebooting profession; under the scattered trees, and fastened to their boles, stood horses grazing, in equal numbers with the men.

As I stood there breathlessly watching and listening, my figure caught the eye of one of the troop—in another instant the alarm was given—and in another I was surrounded by eager challengers and questioners.

"A spy! a traitor! a traveller! an Englishman! Kill him! Shoot him! Stab him! Despatch him!" burst from a dozen mouths at once, in various tones of execration and fury.

"Silence!" shouted the leader of the band, "bring the intruder here; bring him before me! Let me question him."

A score of arms dragged me to the foot of the sylvan throne where sat the robber chief.

"Now, sirrah, what hast thou to say for thyself? An eavesdropper, eh? A scout of those thieves, the police, eh?"

"No such wretch, Signor Capitano," I replied.

He laughed. "A rich rip of a traveller, then?"

"No such monster, *capitano mio*."

"What then?"

"A poor artist."

"Aha, what proofs?"

"A scanty purse, and a fruitful pencil."

"Let's see them."

I took out my purse and laid it on his knee, then producing my pocket sketch-book, I drew forth the pencil and jotted hastily on one of the leaves as spirited a transcript as I could give on the spur of the moment of his own handsome, reckless countenance.

He took it and grimly smiled as he recognised the likeness; then calling some of his troop round him, he showed it to them, laughing. There was a universal shout of delighted admiration, as the resemblance was in turn beheld, and exclamations of surprise and enchantment burst in quick succession from each of the party. I rapidly sketched some more of the picturesque figures around me, and as head after head made its appearance in pencilled effigy, with its characteristic roughness and marked individuality, the shouts of pleasure increased in vehement proportion. In the rapture of approbation which my performance excited, the robber-chief arose from his seat and, clapping me on the back, exclaimed:

"Thou'rt a good fellow! a right good fellow! I'll tell thee what, I like thee so well that thou shalt stay with us and be our portrait

painter, if thou wilt. Thou speakest our language well—so well that one can hardly detect the cold northern twang in thy tongue—yet I can see thou'rt one of those frozen islanders, those ice-blooded Englishmen; thou'rt so cool and unmoved in all this bustle. Here, take back thy purse—thou well deservest it; and I'll put thee in the way of making it heavier than it is—if not with gold, with gold's worth. We're upon an expedition that'll bring us what's been fairly earned but unfairly kept back. Thou shalt share our booty. Thy coolness and courage will be useful, and the plunder will be worth the risk. Such a cellar of wine! Such plate and jewels! such a well-filled larder! Ah, rogue, thou hast fallen into a good thing here. But give me thy hand, thou shalt be welcome to make one of us; thou'rt such a dab at face-drawing."

In his mingled delight at the prospect of the enterprise, and his approbation of my powers in portraiture, he drew me aside and entered into minuter explanation of his plans, after having exacted an oath from me that I would never repeat them or betray the troop into the power of the police authorities. He told me that he had been hired by an English Milor to attack one of his own countrymen's travelling carriages which he expected to pass that way, and which contained a lady he loved, with her tyrannical guardian. That a sum had been stipulated for and agreed upon for the job, but that when all was done neatly and satisfactorily—the guardian shot out of the way and the lady secured—the English Milor had jeeringly postponed payment, saying he had no ready cash by him, but would settle accounts when he had come into his wife's money, as he should probably marry the lady when he had brought her to hear reason at his villa retreat among the mountains. That as the Milor had chosen to break his compact, *il capitano* should right himself, and take what was so unjustly withheld; that he merely waited till evening to attack the house (a very retired one), secure the plate and jewels, ransack the larder, empty the wine cellar, and bear off the lady as his own share in the adventure.

This last point in the confidence decided my quiet acceptance of his proposal to share in his proceeding; I was only too glad that I had thus chanced to fall in with the means of joining it, and I awaited with smothered anxiety the time for putting it in practice. At length the shades of closing day fell upon the landscape as I found myself retracing the bye-road through the wood in company with the robber chief and his troop. He had supplied me with a horse, and remarked with much complacency that he saw I knew how to sit a steed in a manner to do credit to a cavaliere maznadiere.

He told me that he had a particular service to require of me, and that he entrusted me with it as a mark of the peculiar esteem and confidence he had in our national principle of honour. He added, laughing, that my island phlegm and coolness were one of his reasons for selecting me for this duty, as he thought English ice-blood was more safely to be trusted than Italian lava-blood in such matters. He explained that what he especially gave me in charge was to keep an eye upon the lady, and make her my particular care; and, in case he himself should be engaged superintending the pillage of the house, to consider myself entrusted with the duty of conveying her safely to the robberhold. He farther added—and he smiled significantly as he said it—that he should desire two of his troop to escort me there, in order that I might run no chance of missing the way.

As these preliminaries were adjusted, we approached a spot that bore marks of habitable residence; the trees were trimmed and fenced in, there was an air of order and enclosure, and at last, within a grove of orange trees, olives and peach trees, there was a trellised avenue leading up to a compact dwelling-house of stone, surrounded by statues, fountains, and terraced walks.

Arrived in front of the mansion, at a sign from the robber-chief we all dismounted, and the horses were fastened beneath the trees, screened by their deep shadows.

Silently the captain drew me and two chosen from his band to a side gate which led round to a small door at the back of the house; he tried it noiselessly—it was fastened—the robber-chief drew a small instrument from his pocket, which he applied to the lock and, with a smart wrench, forced it open; he gave a little low laugh of triumph, and entered, motioning to us three to follow him closely.

There was a dark passage, a staircase, another passage or gallery, along which the robber led the way stealthily but steadily. He paused, and I felt him lay a detaining hand upon me while with his other he raised a portion of a heavy draperied curtain which hung across a doorway; through the aperture thus made I obtained sight of a dimly lighted chamber in which sat, leaning her head upon her hand, her elbow resting on the table, and the rays of the lamp falling on her drooping hair which concealed her face, a form I instantaneously recognised. The irrepresssible bound of my throbbing heart communicated itself to the robber's knowledge, who, thinking I was about to start forward, strained his grasp upon my arm with the force of a vice.

"*Not yet!*" he whispered in my ear, "I would see what comes of

this. She makes a beautiful picture, and I want to look upon her; so should you, as an artist. I shall want you to paint her portrait, so study her well."

Some slight echo of his whisper seemed to reach her ear, for she raised her head and looked up. Oh! the expression of that beloved face! It pierced my heart with its touching pallor of settled sadness and alarm; the latter became heightened into convulsive agitation as a farther sound made itself heard—the sound of an approaching footstep. The startled eyes were fixed upon a door at the opposite end of the chamber, which in a few seconds opened abruptly and a man entered—tall, handsome-featured, but repulsively dissolute in person and bearing. I had no difficulty in identifying him as the masked cavalier at the Palmadoros' ball; and the countenance that was now fully revealed to view nowise belied the then-assumed character of Mephistopheles.

Lady Gertrude rose from her seat and stood confronting her injurer with a look in which courageous resolve struggled with heart-dread. She laid one hand on the back of the chair, as if to steady her trembling frame, while she held herself erect in womanly, gentle dignity; her voice thrilled to my soul as she said, in a tone that strove to be firm:

"Sir Henry, you promised to leave your guest unmolested, unintruded upon; I claim your promise."

"I engaged not to visit you unsummoned for the space of twenty-four hours; I counted upon your generosity to send for me. You have shown me no courtesy, no kindness; how can you expect either from me?"

"I might expect them, in your character of host and entertainer," she answered, "I am in your own house—you cannot treat me otherwise than becomes its master towards a guest—a lady."

"But how my guest? Not voluntarily, not by your own will and deed, but in spite of them. I have endured your hatred long enough, proud lady; it is for you to endure my love now!"

He advanced towards her, when I broke from the robber's grasp and sprang forward. There was a scuffle, a confusion, in which I dimly saw the bandit-captain lay his hand on Sir Henry's throat, pluck him back and stab him to the heart; but my chief look was directed towards her, who catching sight of my face, uttered a cry of wild joy and flew forward, endeavouring to throw herself into my embrace; but her senses failing her, she fell prone at my feet, in a deep swoon.

I raised her, calling upon her by every fond name my racked heart prompted; fortunately without being understood by the Italian

ears around me. The robber-chief, rapidly bidding me look to the lady while he went to give instructions for the due plunder of the house, hurried away, leaving one of his men to watch us. I found this upon trying to get rid of the fellow's presence by sending him to fetch water to restore the lady from her fainting fit; he shook his head at my request, and said he was charged by *il capitano* not to lose sight of me. I endeavoured to urge upon him that there was no hope of recovering her without cold water, but he only shook his head again, and maintained a dogged silence.

Not many moments elapsed before the alert robber-chief returned; he bade me hasten to horse, carrying the lady softly and carefully with me, and using all means to restore her to herself, as he hoped to be with us by the time we should reach the robber-hold; and then he disappeared again to superintend the rifling of the plate-chest, &c.

I lifted my beloved in my arms, bore her tenderly downstairs, and succeeded in placing her commodiously on horseback before me, supporting her still fainting head upon my bosom, and sustaining her senseless form in my embrace.

As we rode thus, at a foot pace, through the shadowy wood, whilst on each side of us was an armed figure on horseback, keeping strict watch upon my every movement, the whole seemed some strange phantom dream, so wild, so unreal did it all appear.

At length that strange, shadowy ride through the wood came to an end, and I perceived that we were approaching a sort of ruined building, or dismantled tower and stronghold that was dimly visible among the trees, by the half-light of the rising moon. I had scarcely discerned the place and acknowledged to myself the desperate impossibility of attempting flight before arriving there, when I heard the sound of horses' feet at full gallop, and in another instant the robber-chief rode up and overtook our little party. He drew bridle, seeming in high spirits and full of gay excitement.

"All has gone well and prosperously!" he exclaimed. "Nothing could be better; the plate is secured; the wine and viands safely packed and brought away on our sumpter horses, and the whole is coming here at a brisk rate—it will be with us in no time; our supper will be a feast—a very banquet! *Evviva! Bravissimo! Per Bacco!* there's nothing like the life of a *cavaliere masnadiere* for rare good fortune and good adventure! And the lady? What, not yet recovered from her swoon! Be careful how you lift her from the horse, sirrah-artist; if you handle a paint brush with no steadier grip than you hold a lady, you'll never make a Raffaelle. Now, bear her

firmly into this room, here, to the left, and place her gently on the bed; don't leave her, sit by her and chafe her hands while I go and bid them fetch a flask of wine, against she revives."

"Water—send water!" I said.

He vanished, in quest of some of his people, and I was left alone with her; I heard the door closed upon us before I ventured to bend over her, and with my caresses endeavoured to breathe life and warmth into her senseless frame. "Dear one! my love! my wife! I am here, I am beside you; look up, revive! I am here to guard, to protect you. My dear one! my wife!"

The beloved eyes unclosed, the soft breath fluttered forth, and with a passion of sobs and tears expressing relief and joy unspeakable, she threw herself into my arms and wept out her happy comfort. But the thought of her near peril aroused me:

"Calm yourself, dearest! Endeavour to preserve the appearance of fainting; your dangers are not yet passed; your new captor will be here again shortly, and he must not know you have recovered. Lie still, love, and let him believe your swoon continues."

I had hardly composed her into her former attitude when returning footsteps admonished me to resume my own appearance of dispassionate ministration. I stood lightly fanning the reclining head, as the robber-captain re-entered, bearing a pitcher of fresh water.

"*Per Bacco!* a man must do his own errands here, these fellows are all so eagerly intent on the coming spoil; it is arrived, and they are all so busy unloading the horses that not a varlet among them can attend to the sick lady's wants, but you and I will be her nurses. Raise her head a little, I'll sprinkle her fair face with some of this cool well-water. *Diana!* how lovely she is! she looks like a beautiful statue lying there."

He was stooping forward when I suddenly exclaimed: "Hark, what noise was that?"

He listened, then crying: "*Maledetto!* Those fellows are squabbling about the division of the booty!" he darted out of the room.

For some time there was only the distant sound to be heard of voices loud and eager in dispute; then came a comparative hush, and then I could distinguish tokens of preparation for feasting and supper. This was what I had hoped; once let them be fairly engaged in the bewitching occupation of banqueting, I hoped I might find an opportunity of effecting our escape unobserved; I communicated my thought to her in whispered words, and we awaited with beating hearts a favourable moment for making our attempt.

I was just about to assist her to rise from the couch when I heard

some one coming, and I had but time hastily to give her a silent signal to remain quiet before a man entered, bearing a flask in his hand, with some bread and part of a cold fowl.

"Here, *Signor pittore*," he said, "I have brought you something to eat—you must be famished; there is all that glorious feast going on yonder, and they leave you to starve. It's hard enough to be appointed sick-nurse, here out of the way, while all the fun is going on over there at supper, but I've brought you a snack of the good cheer—just to stay your stomach and give you patience until you're discharged from your troublesome office."

"Thanks, good fellow, for your kind thought," I replied. "Don't be uneasy for me, I'm quite content here; I shall get out my sketch book presently and amuse myself with that. I mean to take your portrait from memory, so don't let me be interrupted; when you're gone I shall shut myself up and fasten the door that I may work in peace. I'll give a look to the lady now and then, while I follow my own pleasure of drawing at the same time."

The bandit nodded, grinned, and went away; as I hoped, he left the door unlocked outside—my hint of fastening it on the inside giving him the idea of my being one of themselves, at home and installed. The man was no sooner out of hearing than I motioned to my beloved that she should get up speedily and silently; she had quite recovered from her swoon, and seemed eager, energetic, and full of joyful alacrity. I drew her arm within mine and we stole softly from the chamber, not omitting to turn the key in the lock and withdraw it, that, in case the robbers returned, they might believe their fair captive safely enclosed. I had carefully noted the way on my entrance, and though all was dark, pitch dark, I found little difficulty in leading her along the vaulted, narrow space, which I knew opened to the portal through which we had passed on arriving.

Upon drawing back the heavy bolts which secured the entrance-gate, and emerging into the open air, we found resplendent moonlight; the space beneath the thick forest-trees lay in deep shadow, while their tops were silvered with beaming brilliancy; we lost no time in plunging into the favouring obscurity of the wood, and made our way onward as swiftly as possible, avoiding the main path, but keeping it sufficiently in view to guide us away from the robber-hold.

For some time we uttered no word, but proceeded rapidly and silently, I supporting my dear one's eager steps, she using her best efforts not to show any difficulty in maintaining this fast rate of walking; but at length she could not conceal that she was growing weary and overpowered with the unwonted fatigue. I proposed

pausing for a while, but the image of the robber-chief seemed to haunt her and impel her forward; for to my proposition she replied:

"I am strong, I am well—let us go on, dear love. That fearful man! I felt his eyes pierce through my closed eyelids. Let us go on, dear husband!"

At last I felt her totter and cling to my arm for support; I clasped her close and led her to a mossy mound beneath a tree; I had fortunately brought away the food and wine which the good-natured bandit had provided me with, and I now found them of essential service and refreshment to my drooping Gertrude. I made her swallow some, talking to her cheerfully and trustfully the while, and the repast administered by loving care and shared amid loving converse, was one of the most delicious we had ever eaten; it raised our spirits, gave a hopeful tone to our thoughts, inspired confidence of escape, and filled us with ease of heart and leisure for glad emotions; we were able to savour the joy of being once more together, alone, reunited after so much of torturing suspense and mortal dread.

Gertrude's fears of pursuit awoke us from our trance of felicity; she urged our continuing our way, lest our escape should be already discovered, and the robbers have set out in search of us: perceiving that she was really capable of proceeding, we once more went forward at a speedy rate; she now responded to my words with cheerful, animated discourse, as if to assure me she felt no remains of fatigue. We no longer hesitated to speak, believing that we were beyond the reach of discovery by our voices, and we enjoyed the fulness of unreserved enamoured talk—lovers' talk—beneath the forest trees and cloudless heavens. That night's wandering—agitated as it was by dread of hostile pursuit—had nevertheless unspeakable charms for my heart, and will ever remain one of the memorable times of my life, hallowed to my thought by dearly-cherished recollections.

Faint glimmering streaks of dawn appeared in the east, the moonlight faded, the stars paled and withdrew their diamond radiance; the rocks were touched with roseate hues, as we emerged from the shadow of the trees and, leaving the wood behind us, entered upon a long track of valley-road that led down from the mountains, across the plain below, to the distant seashore. The sight of this far-spread open space, I could see, struck a kind of dismay to the heart of my wife; she looked at me with a playful questioning in her eyes, while I laughingly answered her look by saying:

"How are we to trudge afoot all that way? you would ask, dear love; I fear you will repent having taken a husband who can provide

no carriage for a lady accustomed all her life to one. Come, tell me you already repent your choice in marriage."

"I shall not tell an untruth, even to obey the bidding of him to whom I vowed obedience," she answered, letting her blushing, smiling glance meet my appealing eyes. "How can I regret a carriage when I have this brave arm to lean upon? The chance is I shall learn to love walking,—arm-in-arm walking—so well that I shall never care to ride again. Beware you do not tire of giving your arm before I tire of walking."

"But yet, just now, I know that you are tired, love, for all your brave pretence, and I could well rejoice to meet with a carriage at this instant, were it ever so humble a one."

As if in reply to my speech, the sound of wheels came rumbling along; we stopped, and presently what should we see, at a turn of the road behind us, but a rude kind of cart, driven by a whistling lad who lounged along beside his mule, now halting to gather hedge-berries, now returning to wave off the flies from around his beast's head, with a green bough he held in his hand. I went up to him.

"Whereabouts do you come from, my fine fellow?" asked I.

"From the town up yonder," he answered, pointing over his shoulder in the direction he had come from, "I go there to sell fish, it takes a many hours, and it's poor pay, but I go overnight and return early of a morning, and in that way I manage it pretty comfortably; the dark hours are the coolest both for my mule and for me. Ain't they, my Mula, Mulettina?"

He patted the beast's back as he spoke, and gave it a handful of grass.

"And where are you going to? Back to your village, to fetch more fish?"

He nodded and pointed across the plain to a spot in the horizon. "Ay, over there; I shall reach it by noon, and then I shall get a siesta, till the boats come in with a fresh haul."

"You seem to study comfort, my friend," I remarked.

He nodded again, with a sharp glance up into my face.

"You can therefore feel for the comfort of others, my fine fellow. Now this lady and I have walked far, preferring, like yourself, the cool hours for journeying, and we want you to give us a seat in your cart; there is plenty of clean straw, there is a tented cover that you can draw close over us, as you do over your fish, to keep the sun off, and we'll give you these two bright golden pieces for your *pains, if you* consent."

"Consent! that I will! They're a fortune; they'll buy me lots of rest and ease, which I like, besides plenty of maccaroni, *frittura*, and wine."

"It's a bargain; here's one of the pieces, beforehand, to show you I mean to keep faith, and you shall have not only the other, but one more as well, if you take us there quickly and safely—I mean, comfortably. I, like you, prize comfort."

Upon the cushion of soft straw I made up a commodious couch for Gertrude, and soon the plodding motion, the soft air, her previous fatigue and present sense of security, lulled her into a sound sleep, while I sat beside her, holding her hand within mine and watching her with a feeling of tranquil joy and possession that filled my heart to overflowing.

We arrived at the little fishing-village without accident, and found it a rude hamlet containing merely a few scattered huts inhabited by fishermen and their families. Even had it not been so unattractive a spot we should not have cared to remain; it was too little removed from the robber band for my wife to feel safe while there. We therefore set sail in a little smack that was going to take a coasting trip along the beautiful shores which stretched for many a mile on the picturesque margin of the sea here. The afternoon was glowingly beautiful, and the light breeze from the water prevented our feeling the oppression of heat.

Deep embosomed in one of the small bays we came to, lay a picturesque spot, consisting of a ruined castle, a village church, and some close-nestled houses, set amid orange-groves and olive-grounds. Both my wife and I were struck with its sequestered beauty, and we desired the master of the little coasting-vessel to put us ashore there. It was so surrounded by precipitous thickly-wooded cliffs and steep vine-clad hills, that it seemed completely shut in landwards, and only approachable by water; it was a nook of peace and retirement, seemingly precisely suited to our present mood, when seclusion, tranquillity, and repose formed chief objects. We were casting a longing glance at one of the embowered *campagnas*, when a middle-aged woman came to the gate through which we were looking in at the pretty flower-grounds, and, with that frank, good-humoured smile that lights up an Italian face when speaking, asked us if we would like to walk in and see the garden:

"It is a little paradise," she said with a look of pride. "My husband is gardener here, and keeps the flowers in order for the Signor Padrone. The Padrone spares no expense in making the place beautiful, though he seldom comes to enjoy its beauty, but lives

most of his time in Rome; he has a brother a Cardinal, and his Eminence requires the Padrone's presence constantly to help him in his correspondence abroad; for the Padrone's a fine scholar, and writes all the languages."

"Do you think the Padrone would object to our renting this *campagna* of you during his absence? I should be very glad to stay here for a time; I have taken quite a fancy to the place. We seldom see so beautifully-kept a flower-garden as this is; most Italian gardens contain as many vegetables as flowers, all mixed together in confusion; but here there is so much neatness and tasteful arrangement that it is, as you say, a little paradise."

"The Padrone would, I know, be glad to have you here; he once before allowed us to let the place to some English people, who are quiet and orderly, and to be trusted with the care of a house and garden. They don't destroy, they respect and they enjoy: the Padrone said so when he gave us leave to let the *campagna* before; so we're safe in taking an English couple now."

Thus was the matter arranged, and my wife and I delightedly settled down in our new abode, thinking to stay here for a few weeks at most; but weeks crept on into months, and still no Padrone coming to claim his domicile, we lingered on and on, charmed with the haven of sweet peace and content in which we had found refuge.

Our first arousing from this delicious calm of existence came in the shape of an alarm. My wife and I had been rambling among the wooded cliffs, or rather, had been idling away a whole morning in a shady hollow we had found, not far removed from our own dwelling, when, on returning home, Mariuccia told us that a man had been loitering about, asking many questions about us—how long we had been there, what sort of people we were, &c., &c. My wife's fears at once made her dread some emissary of the bandit-chief, or perhaps himself in person. I endeavoured to laugh her out of her uneasiness, but I could see that she secretly thought the troop were lurking near, to pounce upon us, and reclaim their escaped captives; fortunately her solicitude was soon set at rest, for the man, on his reappearance, turned out to be the faithful Gregorio, who had traced us out, and come to assure himself of our safety. His joy at discovering us equalled the former affectionate help he had rendered us, and he begged that he might evermore remain in our service. We were only too glad of the good fellow's advent, for, besides his devoted personal attachment to us both, his quick-witted energy made him a valuable assistant. Our funds had by this time

dwindled to a very slender remainder, and we therefore sent Gregorio with a letter to our banker in Florence requesting he would apply for remittances to England, referring him to Lady Gertrude's steward at Ashdale; adding that it would not be very long before she herself returned thither to settle her affairs and announce her marriage. But still we lingered: we had spent so happy a life there, that we could not bear to break the spell of our enchanted existence. You, my Lilian, were born before we could prevail upon ourselves to quit that sweet sequestered Italian village within the little bay. A mere trifle, a casual incident, occasioned our leaving our pretty secluded homestead.

We were one day loitering arm-in-arm near the gate of the garden-grounds (Gregorio had just carried our little Lilian to her cradle, wearied out with a long game of romps) when a party of English fashionables, who had just landed from a yacht, to explore the picturesque neighbourhood, approached the spot where we stood, and stopped to look in at the flowery *campagna;* catching sight of my wife's face, one of the ladies recognised her and exclaimed:

"Lady Gertrude Vivian, I protest! Who would have thought of meeting your ladyship here?" while the eye-glass was turned towards me with that insolent tacit inquiry practised by ladies of the great world.

"Lady Gertrude *Hamilton,*" returned my wife with the graceful dignity so peculiarly hers. "Allow me to introduce my husband, Mr. Hamilton."

She then extended her courtesy to the whole party, requesting they would do us the pleasure of entering our Italian cottage, and partaking of some rural fare by way of luncheon after their morning's sail. The fashionables slid into gracious ease and familarity, and would fain have persuaded us to join their yachting excursion, but this we declined; and they left, full of the pleasant encounter they had had, and the agreeable hospitality with which they had been received.

This break in our charmed monotony caused us to relinquish it for a return to the world and a more animated existence. We repaired to Florence, where we spent some time revelling in the treasures of art enshrined within those noble galleries there. It was with an exquisite emotion of revived delight that my wife and I lingered together in the full enjoyment of each picture that we had once talked of in Venice when our tongues conversed upon art while our thoughts were engaged upon themes that give inspiration and profoundest beauty to art.

Once, in the octagonal room at the Uffizii, the gem-filled tribune,

we observed a young artist copying Raffaelle's Fornarina. Chancing to glance up at the lady who stood watching his work as she leaned upon my arm, the young man uttered a cry of delighted surprise and addressed her as his "benefactress," his "good angel," his "protecting genius." He proved to be the vine-dresser's son, who had saved the drowning lad from the waters of Lake Como; and he was profuse in his acknowledgments of the timely bounty which had secured to him the power of prosecuting his chosen profession. He told us he was now in the receipt of a good income, and that he was diligently saving up a sufficient sum to enable him to go and spend some time with his father on the banks of Lake Como. He took us to his frugal lodging, and showed us with pride a picture which he had painted from recollection of the "English lady," commemorating the incident of her generous gift, and her appearance when he had first beheld her. He said he was going to take it to his father, as the most acceptable gift he could make him; thereby preventing the request I was going to make, that he would allow me to become its purchaser. But I asked him whether he did not possess a certain original sketch of this picture; and upon his producing it I found it so completely invested with the charm of striking resemblance—forming for me its chief one—that I begged him to accept the sum for it which I thought it deserved.

I told my wife I was anxious to compare this sketch with my own unfinished portrait of her at Venice, and we proceeded thither to fetch the picture in question—and another memorial of past times, the little musical-box, associated with so many interesting bygone circumstances. I related to Gertrude the history of my becoming its possessor, together with my encounter with bright-eyed, true-hearted Stänerl. She joined me in my high appreciation of her frank, generous nature, and agreed that we should go round by Geneva on our return to England for the purpose of seeing her. On my mentioning the musical-box my wife told me that she had once, passing through a quiet canal in Venice, been struck with sounds marvellously like those of her own little casket-instrument, that she had paused to listen, but at the close of the strain concluded she must be mistaken, and had let the gondola proceed home, while she mused on the coincidence of the strain she had heard.

Ours was an agreeable return to Venice—the re-meeting with our pleasant friends, and the revisiting of all my old favourite haunts, and, above all, the seeing again my kind friend Mr. Maynard. He told me that our sudden disappearance from Venice had given rise to *scores of idle* stories and reports.

"There was no absolute evidence that you had gone off together," he said, laughing, "but there was excellent proof-presumptive of the fact, and time has confirmed circumstantial testimony."

On reaching Geneva we determined to take the Artigheims by surprise, therefore left the carriage at the hôtel, and walked together to Peter's house, Gregorio following us, bearing our little Lilian in his arms.

On entering we found Artigheim seated simply with two of his workmen, bending over some intricate portion of one of his elegant wares: he raised his eyes, looked over the tops of his spectacles and, recognising Lady Gertrude, rose to receive her with a low but manly obeisance.

"I hope your good wife is well? I hope she is at home?" she said. "Will you let her know that the lady who owed so much to her kind nursing, and another friend, are anxious to see her?" Peter Artigheim despatched one of the workmen in search of his mistress, and then Lady Gertrude introduced me as her husband to the worthy artisan.

Peter's grave countenance wore a very pleasant arch smile as he said: "Your ladyship's look is much altered since last I beheld it; it is now as gay as then it was sad. Let me congratulate you, sir, doubly and trebly, upon the change, for it is doubtless you who have wrought the change."

Lady Gertrude's smiling blush attested the truth of his words, as I returned him a suitable reply.

At that moment in came Stänerl; she was breathless and full of bright joy and hurry; she ran to Lady Gertrude, caught her hands in hers, pressing them to her bosom, and making as if she would have carried them to her lips; but Lady Gertrude prevented her, by kissing her affectionately on her clear, ruddy cheek. Then, Stänerl's eye catching a glimpse of me, it kindled with a flash of sparkling light, while a vivid scarlet darted across her face, and the next instant she flung her arms about my neck and exclaimed:

"Oh! it's my frightful, good-for-nothing lad! So you are come at last to see your Granny Stänerl! Here, let me hug you, do, you naughty, wicked boy, though you don't deserve it after letting so long a time pass without visiting your own Granny. Peter, this is my ugly, hideous urchin of a grandson that I've so often told you about; help me to scold him and bid him welcome."

"Mein Herz," laughed Peter, "he deserves no end of rating from his Granny, he has been falling in love and marrying, all without consulting his venerable Grannam's wishes on the subject."

Bright-eyed Stänerl glanced quickly from me to my wife, and from my wife to me again, and then said: "Well, since he has matched his frightful face and ruffly brown hair with so much beauty I think I must pardon him. Aha! I see now why he took such a fancy to the little musical-box. But come, let us all go upstairs, and I will show you a little musical-box of a baby girl that chirps and crows like a thrush or a nightingale."

"And here is one to match yours," I returned, taking my little Lilian from Gregorio's arms, and placing her in Stänerl's, "give it its great-grandame's blessing, and tell it to be a better child than its good-for-nothing father."

"It is no use bidding it be better looking," laughed she, "it has my frightful boy's big dark eyes and thick tumble of curls, all exactly the same; luckily it has its mother's beautiful mouth, and the shape of her lovely face, to make it worth looking at. What cheeks the rogue has! What dimples!" Bundling it up against her bosom and burying her face in its soft neck, Stänerl hurried away with the babe, leaving us to follow. Her husband, smiling in his calm, serious way, led us up after her, and we found her fondling the two children, mine and her own, in a transport of delighted bustle, in which we were soon all happily and tumultuously engaged, including grave Peter Artigheim himself.

We spent a charming month at Geneva, and then came over to England. Here we have stayed with little intermission, varying our springs and summers at Ashdale with autumnal trips to the Continent and with occasional winters in London. In home-happiness, in love, in friendship, in pursuit of my adored art, years have glided by on halcyon wing.

And now, my Lilian, you know the whole story of your father's life, of his love for your noble, beautiful, mother; of his sister Helen, your Aunt Darwin; of gentle, lame "Uncle Jasper" (as we all call him), and of his namesake and nephew, Jasper Woodley. Eh, Lilian? I pinch your cheek, which blushes so brightly at this last name, to show you that I know the reason of its conscious colour. Come, my Lilian, when your mother joins us, we will walk over to Hazelshaw and see if they will all drive back with us, and give us a week here, together, at Ashdale. A ramble through the woods and green lanes will do us good after this

"Rambling Story."

# TABLE TALK.

## BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

MR. T. F. DILLON CROKER favours me with a charming little posthumous poem by Barry Cornwall, written, evidently, on the occasion of her Majesty's accession to the throne. Mr. Croker says, "The verses are, I have every reason to believe, unpublished. I forward them in case they may be deemed worth printing as a sequel to Mr. Townshend Mayer's interesting notes." In the course of further correspondence Mr. Croker tells me that the poem came into his hands with a distinct assurance that it had never been in type. The many readers who have so heartily welcomed Mr. Mayer's paper will not fail to agree with Mr. Croker that these verses should be preserved :—

Joy to the Queen Victoria!
Be the Sun of her life serene!
May the Heaven that bendeth over her
Shed joy on the Island Queen.

Joy to the threefold Nation!
Peace to her vallies green!
But if war should come, then Victory
Be Thou by the Nation's Queen.

Be her heart like the Oaks of England,
And her eyes like the azure sheen!
And in calm or storm, Victoria!
Be ever the People's Queen!—B. C.

It is notable testimony to the great name and character of the august lady whose accession to the throne of these islands inspired these lines that in the thirty-eighth year of the Queen's reign the poet's good wishes will find as genuine a response in the hearts of all English readers as they would have done had they seen the light in 1837. Mr. Croker gives me at the same time sight of a short note of Barry Cornwall's, without date, but written from 25, Bedford Square, and addressed to Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, New Burlington Street, showing that the poet had, at Mr. Colburn's request, written a short review of Bulwer's "Richelieu."

---

MANY things in civilisation have a market value and an intrinsic value, the intrinsic value being inconvertible into terms of market

value by any process of arithmetic. This law applies especially to old books. Many a faded volume is purchaseable in the way of trade for a very definite and even for a very small sum of money, while in the intrinsic sense it is priceless. I have no doubt that the man who keeps a stall at the corner of Farringdon Road for the sale of works which have run an honourable career through the hands of readers, could tell you the exact trade price and the retail price of two old copies of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* and a *Postal Guide* bearing date of about a generation ago, and probably the amount named would be small; but it does not follow that those erewhile exceedingly useful practical works have not, for more or less occult reasons, an intrinsic value, and if a friend were to make me a present of those books I should be bound to look at them from the intrinsic point of view. That is just what has been done, I find, by the secretary of a Working Men's Club beyond the Tweed. This club, it appears, made an appeal to Scotchmen resident in a Midland town for help in the formation of a library in connection with the institution, "old books" being specially mentioned as ensuring a grateful reception. The appeal was not without result, and from the secretary's letter of grateful acknowledgment, to which honourable publicity was given by a local journal, I learn that among the anonymous contributions was one comprising two old *Bradshaws* and an ancient copy of the *Postal Guide*. If the contributors were other than Scotchmen there need be no hesitation in putting down this gift to what the late Artemus Ward was accustomed to describe as "a goak." But Scotchmen are conventionally supposed to be not given to indulgence in jokes, and many people say they are somewhat prone to temper their generosity by thrift. Now, without subscribing to these prejudices, I am bound to give some heed to them, and hence I think it would be rash to jump to the conclusion that the donor of these "old books" was deliberately perpetrating a practical joke when he looked up his old railway and postal guides to send as a present to his countrymen in the far north. There is a considerable amount of solid reading in *Bradshaw* and the *Postal Guide*, and the fact that they are not generally regarded as suitable for the evening entertainment of working men is no proof that an individual may not have so regarded them. The promoter of the welfare of the Scotch Working Men's Club asked for donations of "old books." He has received at least three, and if the selection of the benefactor has been unfortunate the intention was probably good. Of the many theories that might be advanced in explanation of the benefaction,

I prefer that one which assumes the giver to have had his eye fixed solely upon some original conception of the intrinsic value of the books.

---

My readers, I imagine, have all heard the story of the meeting of local poets in the town of Paisley, and are aware that the notion of such a meeting is thought to be very droll. Not that poets are by any means unsocial creatures. In all ages they have met for the purpose of exchanging melancholy thoughts and lofty aspirations. The idea is odd only when we think of what we should call in these days a "Public Meeting of Poets," analogous with a gathering of Trades-Unionists, a Teetotal Assembly, or a demonstration of young men in behalf of the Early Closing Movement. A Class Agitation by poets is a curious idea mainly, I suppose, because we are accustomed to think of poets as existing only at the rate of five or six at a time; but here the facts are against us. If a meeting of poets were to be convened in London to-day there might be quite a numerous gathering, large enough for resolutions, amendments, and discussions and divisions, and "carried by a large majority," and all the rest of it. A literary friend has been at the trouble of enumerating our poets (exclusive of Irish, Scotch, and Welsh), and he counted up to seventy, and then stopped. Seventy, he assures me! Not literary men who also have written poems—for all literary men, and nearly all men have done that—but he positively affirms, only persons whose recognised designation would be "Smith, the poet," "Jones, the poet," and so forth. He even states that he omitted from the list George Eliot and Dr. John Henry Newman because, although both have written celebrated poems, neither is *par excellence* a poet. It seems surprising, and he says it appeared incredible to him until he tried it, which he invites any doubter to do for himself. Seventy poets, at least—he does not know how many more there may be—in our happy island together! I should not like to give the full list of names, because it may be that a good many poets would complain with justice, of being left out; but suppose I name twenty by way of specimen:—Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. R. H. Horne, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Morris, Mr. D. G. Rossetti, Miss Christina Rossetti, Miss Jean Ingelow, Lord Houghton, Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. William Allingham, Mr. Alfred Austen, Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. W. C. Bennett, Mr. Charles Mackay, Mr. Philip James Bailey: I will go no farther. Every poet not mentioned in this fragment of a list will, of course, understand that his name is among

those of the other fifty. What an age must this be, when the names of seventy poets can be run off in a breath! The Augustan era bequeathed us about six, the age of Elizabeth some half a dozen!

---

It is a great satisfaction to me to find so good a master of political economy as Professor Fawcett protesting to his constituents, at Hackney, against the conventional and almost universally received fallacy that what is called the law of supply and demand cannot be permanently influenced from without, and ought not to be interfered with by legislation or otherwise. The member for Hackney would not have considered this point worth referring to if he had not observed that which has often been to me a great matter of astonishment—the fact that learned men, public writers, orators, politicians, and even statesmen and political economists, are in the habit of insisting, as if it were a behest of nature, that supply and demand are a law unto themselves, beyond all human power of control or influence. Five minutes' reflection ought to convince us that supply and demand, the cost of articles, the price of labour, the condition of the labour market, and all the rest of it, are affected by every Act of legislation relating to commerce and by almost every Act of Parliament whatsoever, by Trades Unions, by class combinations, by the state of education of the people, and by nearly every circumstance that touches the relations of men and women living together in society.

---

A fair reader, who, by withholding her address, leaves me no option but to give my reply in "Table Talk," asks for some particulars of the old reading and the new of the lines from Tennyson's "Sea Dreams," to which I have made reference once or twice. The old reading—

> It is not true that second thoughts are best,
> But first, and third, which are a riper first—

appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* on the first publication of the poem. The new reading—

> Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
> Not first, and third, which are a riper first?—

was first given in the "Enoch Arden" volume, and is confirmed in the Cabinet Edition. My correspondent asks also to whom Tennyson refers in the twenty-second verse of his "Dream of Fair Women," and also to whom he alludes in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses of the same poem. I handed over the question to a

poetic friend, on whose responsibility I am to say that the first lady—

> A daughter of the gods—

is Helen of Troy, child of Zeus and Leda say some, of Zeus and Nemesis say others. The second lady is generally thought to be Œnone, wife of Paris :—

> My youth, she said, was blighted with a curse,
> This woman was the cause.

---

My outspoken and eloquent contributor who concludes his article this month on "The £. *s. d.* of Literature" has brought some new arguments, I think, into the field in arraignment of our anonymous newspaper press system; but I am not sure that he has not at the same time put weapons into the hands of his opponents in the controversy. He will perhaps be asked whether it should be the aim of a journalist under any system to write himself into office, or into a seat in Parliament, by force of leading articles. So strongly do I think that this objection is suggested by certain passages in the paper that, without committing myself to agreement with the writer on the whole question of anonymous journalism, I am tempted to be first in the field in defence of that part of his position by asking, Why should not leading article writing of transcendent merit be as good a qualification for political and administrative work as the display of great ability in pleading at the Bar and cross-examining witnesses? The tacit assumption that the two qualifications are not in any way on the same level is one of the assumptions against which the writer of "£. *s. d.*" will most vehemently protest. Before quitting this subject I am bound to make my acknowledgments to a correspondent who calls my attention to the fact that when the writer of "£. *s. d.*" in Part I., which appeared in November, spoke of Lever's hero being called upon to "make mincemeat of Sir Charles Lyell and Professor Huxley as Brougham did of Professor Thompson and his Theory of Light," he should have said "of Professor Thomas Young and his Theory of Light," and I am referred to Tyndall's lectures on Light in evidence.

---

A LEARNED Netherlander in this country, writing to me on philological questions suggested by some of my recent notes, insists that the first cognate language for an Englishman is Dutch. "English and High German," he declares, "are but second cousins, while English and Dutch are next of kin—the one completes the other, the one explains the other." But here is the great difference—that when

in England a word has to be coined, it is coined in the Latin or Greek mint, but the Dutch makes new words out of the old stock. My Dutch friend, naturally, I suppose, prefers the Dutch method. Here are some of his examples:—"For the Dutch schoolboy, a *hemisphere* is simply a *half-round*, *hydrogen* is *water-stuff*, *arithmetic* becomes *reckon-craft*, *astronomy* makes *star-craft*, the *university* is the *high-school*, and a *university professor*, a *high-teacher*. The following are *curiosa* to the English ear, but *naturalia* to the Dutch:—*Telescope*, *far-gazer*; *physician*, *cure-lord*; *surgeon*, *heal-master*; *education*, *up-feeding*; and *advantage*, *fore-share*." By force of analogy I am asked to admit the benefit of this system. Thus, when the student in music has once learned to know what a quaver is, he will quickly understand the duration of a semi-quaver, &c., provided that he has previously learned to understand such words as demi-god and semi-circle; but there is no accountable reason for calling one note a quaver and another a breve. The Dutch music-master speaks of a whole, a half, a fourth, an eighth, &c., uniformly throughout. Undoubtedly these are advantages; but is not the Dutch language over-strained in the perpetual process of growth upon the original stem? One great beauty of English is its variety of tone and texture. Moreover, does not the English mixture of blood and race at once explain, and in a manner render necessary, the composite character of our language? Look at the Latin element in our character cropping up in Ritualism; the Teutonic element remaining steadfast in Puritanism; the Dutch and Belgian element asserting themselves in special forms of domesticity. If our language battened on itself like the Dutch, there are elements in our nature which would pine for want of verbal expression.

---

Professor Clifford, in his lecture on "Body and Mind," makes on behalf of science the claim that she has substantially turned the corner which M. Auguste Comte insisted could not be turned. He assures us that the great metaphysical problem may be, in a measure, solved by the scientific process, and that the whole solution may be regarded as a mere question of time. It is hard to contradict Professor Clifford, but it would not be so hard, I think, to show that he has not made out his case. To say so much is about as far as I can go on so mighty a subject in a brief paragraph of table-talk, but I will add that when Professor Huxley adopted Bishop Berkeley's Ideal Theory, he, to my mind, at once removed all ground for that last sentimental objection to science which lingered in many minds—the objection *that it seemed* to leave no world outside the world of materialism.

Professor Clifford's lecture looks like an attempt, from a Berkeleyan point of view, to postulate something about that outer world of which, on the Berkeleyan theory, nothing can be postulated.

---

ANOTHER coincidence, both in fancy and form of expression, between the work of two great poets, has been brought under my notice. I do not remember to have seen these two passages brought together. Keats, in his poem commencing

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill,

writes :—

Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of summer beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own delight and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand
That very instant will not one remain,
But turn your eye and they are there again.

Tennyson, Cabinet Edition, volume 5, page 144, in "Geraint and Enid," writes :—

A shoal
Of darting fish, that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes at Camelot,
Come slipping o'er their shadows on the sand,
But if a man who stands upon the brink
But lift a shining hand against the sun,
There is not left the twinkle of a fin
Between the cressy islets white in flower.

LONDON : GRANT AND CO., PRINTERS, TURNMILL STREET, E.

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 012 106 220

Stanford University Library
Stanford, California

In order that others may use this bo
please return it as soon as possible,
not later than the date due.